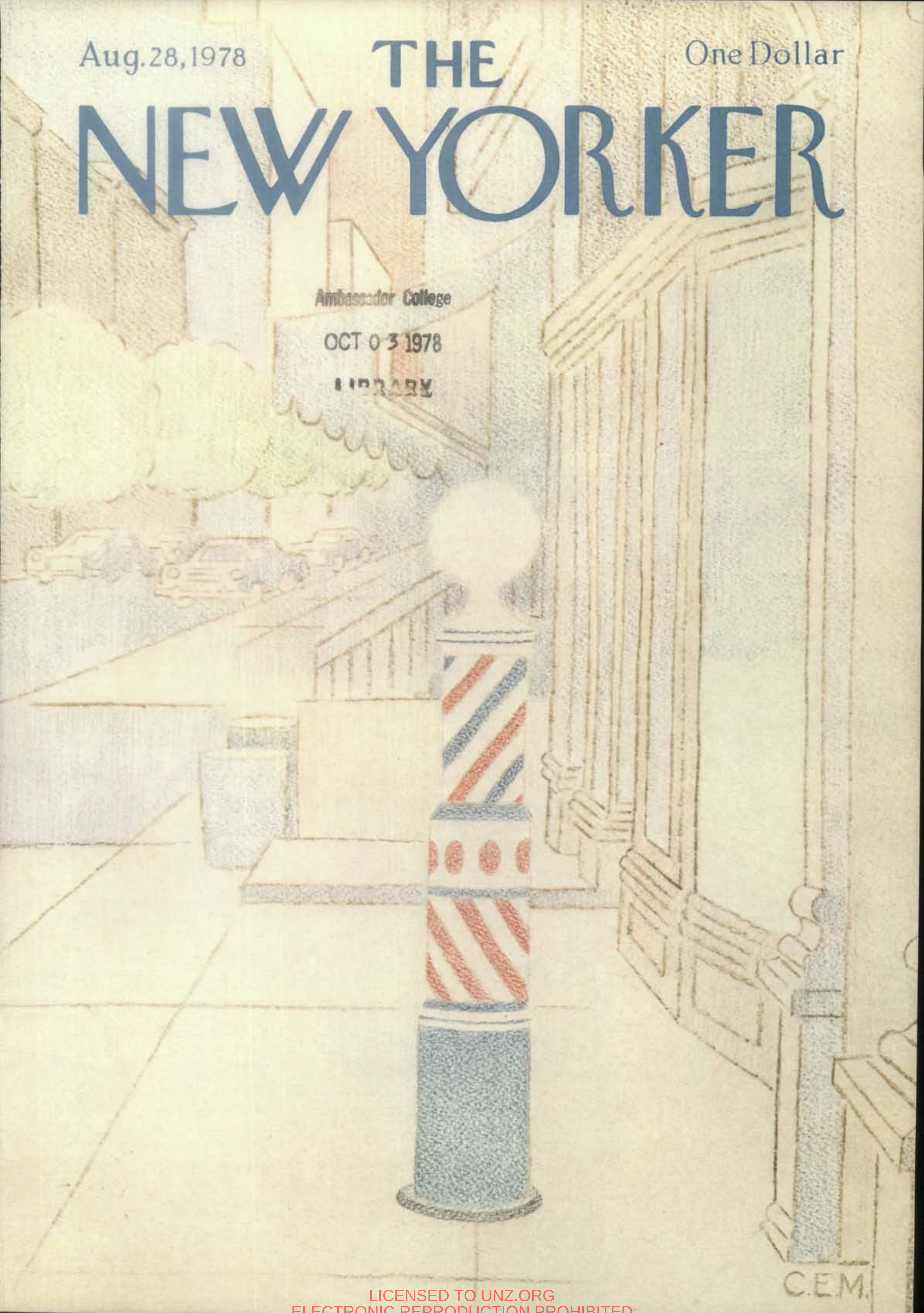
Aug. 28, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

One Dollar



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Those blooming geniuses.

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The herb's really a jewel,
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In herban renewal."

Or Haskell Sarver's bit of whimsy:

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Have no fear!
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stangea,
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And tho will I."

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it liberates the rainbow
fused into glass . . ."

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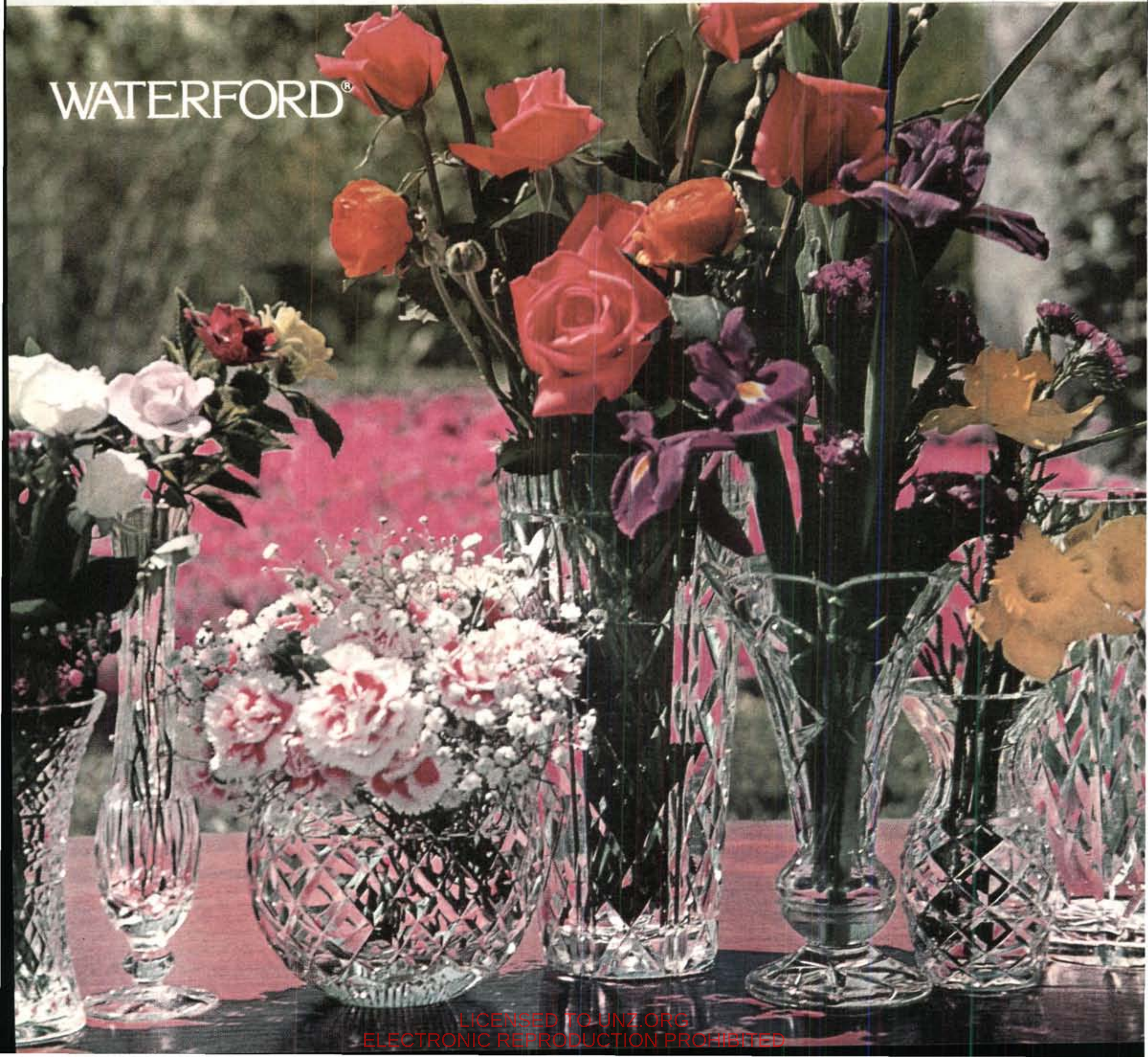
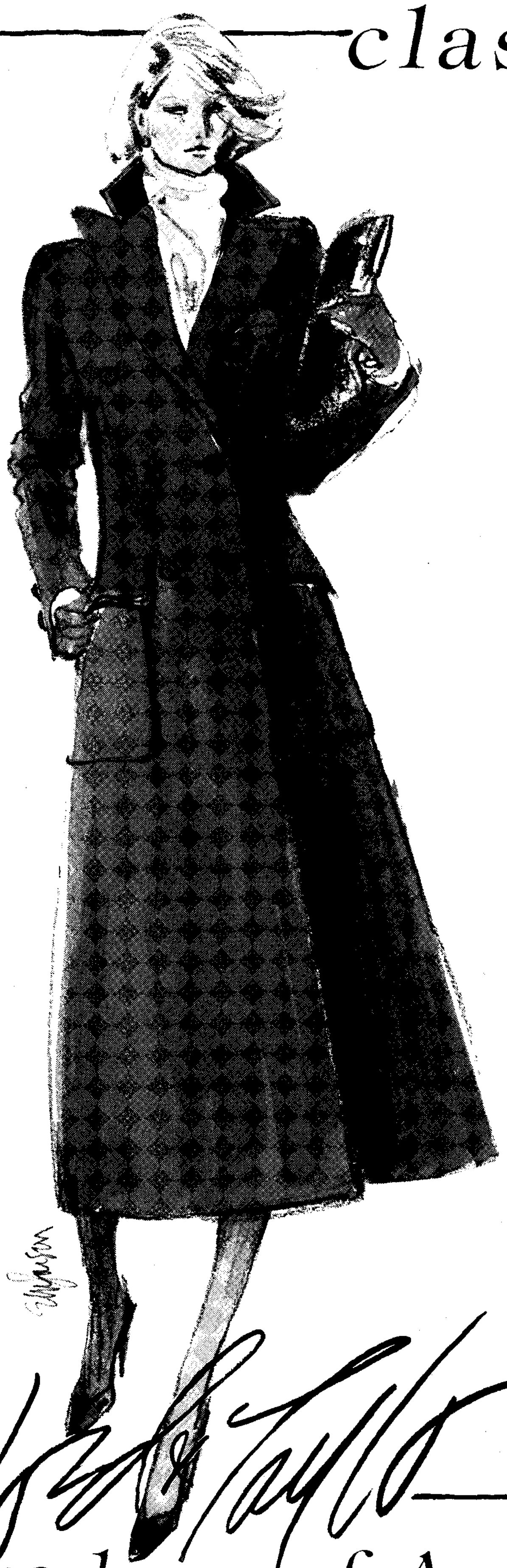


classics in action



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(In the absence of our usual newspapers, you can get ticket and other last-minute information by calling *869-3010.)*

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CHAPTER TWO—A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. The four-person cast is admirable. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DA—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCIN'—Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DEATHTRAP—A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood (who will take a week's vacation beginning Monday, Aug. 28), Marian Seldes, Victor Garber, Marian Winters, and Richard Woods. Directed by Robert Moore. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FAMILY BUSINESS—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE 5TH OF JULY—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

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I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Hollywood in turmoil over the advent of the "talkies." This first collaboration by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman has been given a charming production, with John Lithgow and George S. Irving as a pair of nitwits who can do no wrong. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 27.)

ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PIANO BAR—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3.)

P. S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PUSHING THIRTY—An entertainment conceived and performed by Jonathan Hadary. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Mondays through Thursdays at 11. Closes Thursday, Aug. 31.)

RIDICULOUS THEATRICAL COMPANY—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **STAGE BLOOD:** Mondays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **BLUEBEARD:** Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

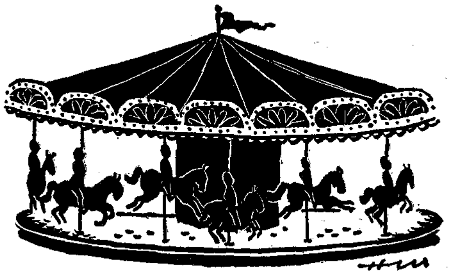
RUNAWAYS—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STOP THE WORLD–I WANT TO GET OFF—A mindless, tiresome revival of a show better left on the shelf. Sammy Davis, Jr., is the star, and Marian Mercer is a valiant second-in-command. (8/14/78) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 27.)

TIMBUKTU!—Eartha Kitt, Gilbert Price, and Ira Hawkins in a silly reworking of the musical "Kismet." (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TRIBUTE—Jack Lemmon is superb in this rueful comedy (by Bernard Slade) about a dying man who seeks belatedly to achieve a successful relationship with his son. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA:** Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,616 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father, and Barbara Coggin and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE GIN GAME:** Jessica Tandy and E. G. Marshall in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-seven years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough are the cast. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; special matinée Wednesday, Aug. 30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Singers David Summers and Nedra Dixon share the stage Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge, with good musicians performing in a picture-window music corner. Saxophonist Jeff Hittman leads a quartet through Saturday, Aug. 26. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Except for a few artfully got-up punk-rock groupies (orange-dyed hair, torn T-shirts, and Buddy Holly horn-rimmed glasses are all acceptable trappings), the patrons here resemble the clean-cut Pepsi generation that makes up the studio audiences on "Saturday Night Live." **NRBQ**, a jazzy rhythm-and-blues-and-rockabilly group, performs on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 23-24; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26, **WENDY WALDMAN**, a talented California songwriter, will sing some of her songs; on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 27-28, soul singer Lenny Williams will be present; on Thursday, Aug. 31, the Good Rats, a cheerful, exuberant rock band, will be onstage; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1-2, Dexter Wansel and his Philadelphia-soul band Mars will perform. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A lot of people like to hang out here, checking everyone at the bar in the overhead mirrors or listening in on the literary gossip. A lot of people also think of Bradley's as piano-bass heaven: **JIMMY ROWLES** works with bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** through Sunday, Aug. 27. On Monday, Aug. 28, another fine duo, **JOHN BUNCH** and **SAM JONES**, will move in. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If one cannot fly to Rio, this is the next best thing. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. In short, a lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, music from Carnival. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Pianist Monty Alexander, who has a penchant for crescendo-laden solos, leads his trio Sundays through Thursdays. Music at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Punk rock, which is generally loud, back-to-basics, simple pre-Herman's Hermits rock and roll, had its origins at this club. The bands that play here nowadays are called the Shirts, the Planets, the Communists, the Erasers, the Student Teachers, the Mumps. Many of the musicians like to appear as menacing and threatening as possible—much the way the early Rolling Stones did. Would you want your daughter to marry a Student Teacher? Monday is showcase night. Nightly from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER**, a first-edition stride pianist—he's in his early seventies and was a contemporary of Fats Waller and other Harlem players fifty years ago—has moved in to play solo piano weeknights at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. On Sundays from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-

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1860)—Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM**, his clear, easy tone still intact, is playing and singing a hip thirties repertoire, backed by a trio. Through Friday, Aug. 25. On Monday, Aug. 28, trombonist George Masso's trio will arrive. Music from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban and featuring (beginning Monday, Aug. 28) cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON**. On Tuesday, Aug. 29, trombonist **EDDIE HUBBLE** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Aug. 27, from eight-thirty, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, guitarist **JOE PUMA**, and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **AL GAFA**, and bassist **MORRIS EDWARDS**; and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a trio. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**TOOTS THIELEMANS**, who plays jazz harmonica and whose best-known works are "Bluesette" and the theme from "Sesame Street," is leading a quartet here Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A taste of Austin, Texas: slick young lawyer types, cosmic cowboys, and pecan pie (but where are the chicken-fried steaks?). The entertainment usually consists of progressive country bands. (Progressive country bands tend to be bands that write their own material and get high.) Weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

LES MAREYEURS, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE**, a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and his own capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here through Saturday, Aug. 26, with strong bass support from **RON MARKOWITZ**. On Tuesday, Aug. 29, singer **BARBARA LEA** will take over. Music from eight-thirty to one.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **JAY MC SHANN**, who led the last of the great Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties, has returned to this bandstand. McShann no longer has a big band, but he still has a bead on Kansas City music—i.e., the blues. Drummer **JOE MORELLO**, bassist **JACK SIX**, and tenor saxophonist **HAL ASHBY** help him out. Through Saturday, Aug. 26. On Tuesday, Aug. 29, clarinettist **EDDIE BAREFIELD** will bring in an ensemble. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. It has also drawn reggae singer Max Romeo, who will work with a nine-piece band Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 24-26. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Sunday, Aug. 27, through Monday, Sept. 4.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—

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The **PERSUASIONS**, an a-cappella quintet, sing stunning street-corner renditions of rhythm-and-blues and gospel numbers through Saturday, Aug. 26; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, will be devoted to the music of **ARTIE TRAUM**, **PAT ALGER**, and a few other Catskill folkies. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

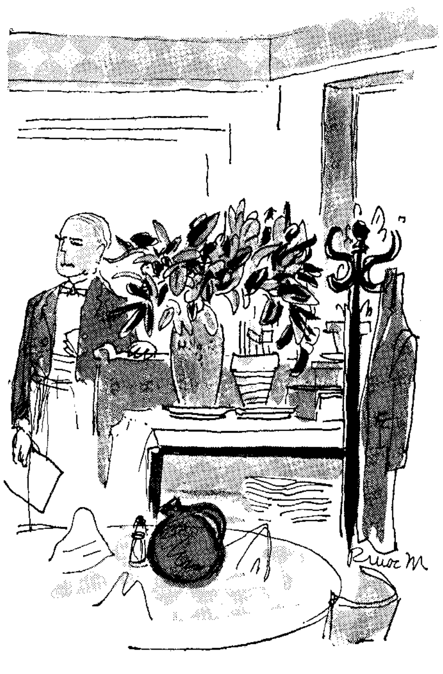
RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet have the run of this Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The entertainment may not be consistently first-rate anymore, and some of the "refurbishing"—especially the button-tufted royal-blue plastic walls in the foyer—not as tasteful and cozy as in the past, but the club is still one of the very few cabarets where the show can be seen from the bar area for the price of a ginger ale. Various and assorted cabaret performers are currently appearing here in one- or two-night engagements. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are usually showcase nights. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave., S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A comfortable new upstairs jazz room—one can hear the music in the ground-floor bar, too. So far, the management has lured in fine players. Alto saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE'S** quartet will be here through Saturday, Aug. 26; and beginning Wednesday, Aug. 30, saxophonist Robin Kenyatta will head up a quintet for five nights. Music from ten to two.

SIBI, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—**BOBBY COLE**, a pianist with a sure, subtle touch and a vocalist with a hoarse, raspy voice, has settled in with what seems at first like a fifties lounge repertoire—"Cry Me a River," "When Your Lover Has Gone," and "From This Moment On"—until he drops in "Wild Horses," by the Rolling Stones. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Singer Trudy Richards Moreau, who was known as Trudy Richards when she was with the Charlie Barnet band some thirty years back, is here Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 24-26; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, **AL HIBBLER**, who sang with the Jay McShann and Duke Ellington bands in the forties, will be on hand. Shows begin about nine.



SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **KENNY BARRON**, who usually works in Ron Carter's rhythm section, leads his own trio through Saturday, Aug. 26; pianist David Lahm's quartet will perform on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 27-28; and on Tuesday, Aug. 29, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** will bring in his quintet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dining. Closed Monday, Aug. 28, through Monday, Sept. 4.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** deliver their durable bebop messages through Sunday, Aug. 27. On Tuesday, Aug. 29, the alto saxophonist and searing blues singer **EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON** will move in with a quartet, and, one hopes, will do "Juice Head Baby," "Alimony Blues," "They Call Me Mister Cleanhead," and his other wonderful blues classics. Mondays are claimed by the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Sadik Hakim has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and aging swing musicians who can still swing. The **COUNTSMEN**, a quintet co-piloted by two Basie exes—trombonist **DICKY WELLS** and saxophonist (and occasional vocalist) **EARLE WARREN**—perform here through Thursday, Aug. 31. On Friday, Sept. 1, tenor saxophonist George Kelly will come in with his Jazz Sultans. Live music from nine nightly, except Mondays, when the management presents jazz-history sessions on film, records, or slides. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 8.

RAINBOW and **AC/DC**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, Aug. 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

STUDIO RIVBEA SUMMER CONCERT SERIES—New music and new jazz in a ground-floor loft. Friday, Aug. 25, at 9: Hamiet Bluiett Trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26, at 9: Don Pullen Quartet. (Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. 777-8656.)

SHAUN CASSIDY—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Aug. 26, at 7:30.

BLACK SABBATH—Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Aug. 27, at 8.

BOSTON—Madison Square Garden. Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 29-30, at 8.

TEDDY PENDERGRASS and **LINDA CLIFFORD**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday, Aug. 31, and Saturday, Sept. 2, at 8, and Friday, Sept. 1, at 8 and 11:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LOUIS I. KAHN (1901-74)—Early architectural sketches, together with later drawings in pastel, pen-and-ink, charcoal, watercolor, and pencil, made during his travels in Europe and Egypt. Through Sept. 9. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open daily, except Sundays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Twenty-four self-portraits by this celebrated Austrian drafts-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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man, nearly all of them pencil drawings or watercolors. Through Thursday, Aug. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works by eighteen artists who showed with the New Museum before it settled down in its present quarters. Among them are Jonathan Santlofer, Marianne Stikas, and Brenda Goodman. Through Thursday, Aug. 31. (Opens at noon.)... ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Some of those that are open pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.)... **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.

Alfresco Sculpture—At Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus: **CHAIM GROSS**, bronzes, and **LILA KATZEN**, metal pieces in a variety of sizes.... **NED SMYTH**: Multi-part concrete pieces positioned around the plaza in formal arrangements. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)... **ARTHUR WEYHE**: A huge free-form sculpture, remotely resembling a Coney Island roller coaster and incorporating tree trunks the size of telephone poles. The site is a large plaza affording a sweeping view of the East River. (Waterside, accessible to visitors by a footbridge across the East River Drive at 25th Street.)... **GEORGE SUGARMAN**: "Yellow Ascending," a twenty-four-foot sculpture of enamelled welded-steel units, erupts from a base in front of City Hall.

PHOTOGRAPHY

American Photography Since 1960—The shift in photography from the documentary to the expressionistic, from the public event to the private is the basis for an exhibition of about two hundred works mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. Close to a hundred photographers are represented. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: More than a hundred and sixty nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs from the collection of Sam Wagstaff, which includes such names as Julia Margaret Cameron, Robert Frank, Doris Ulmann, and William Eggleston. Through Friday, Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.)... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two shows. The first is of a hundred and twenty-five prints that **EDWARD WESTON** gave to his sister, Mary Weston Seaman, over a period of years.... ¶ The second show is called "The Great West, Real/Ideal," and it ranges from Betty Hahn's color-screen prints of the Lone Ranger and Tonto, to Ansel Adams' sharp-focus wilderness scenes, to Geoff Winningham's pictures of plastic culture in Houston. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays.)... **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Callahan, Siskind, Gowin, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 25.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Images of Women: Master Drawings of Five Centuries" has ninety works (from the Lehman Collection) by artists who include Dürer, Ingres, Menzel, Valadon, and Matisse. Through Oct. 1.... ¶ A show of engravings by Abraham Bosse which record the social customs of seventeenth-century Paris. Through Oct. 29.... ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Sunday, Aug. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Ninety portrait drawings, impromptu for the most part, of twentieth-century artists and writers. Through Sept. 24.... ¶ An exhibit of etchings by Jim Dine. Through Sept. 5.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Group show of contemporary American photographers. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden. 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Friday and Saturday evenings, Aug. 25-26, starting at 8, will be taken up by "performance artists" (the live-action wing of conceptual art).

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, collages, and reliefs of the Italian abstractionist Alberto Burri. Through Sunday, Aug. 27.... ¶ A selection of nearly two hundred works by the Dutch printmaker Hendrick Nicolaas Werkman. Through Sept. 17.... ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans, from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art About Art" is a lighthearted exhibition that demonstrates how American artists (from Warhol to Grooms and back again) appropriate the works of others for their own purposes—sometimes in homage and sometimes as a starting point but more often in fun. Through Sept. 24.... ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred twentieth-century drawings acquired by the museum during the past five years, by artists such as Chuck Close, Claes Oldenburg, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ad Reinhardt. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)... ¶ Informal concerts of classical and contemporary music Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—An exhibition of collages that has as its earliest example a 1920 Joseph Stella and as its most recent example a work by Ray Johnson made seven years ago. Through Sept. 8. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Archer Collection of Pahari miniatures consists of eighty paintings of the seventeenth century to the nineteenth, many of them portraits of maharajas and illustrations of religious epics. Through Sept. 17. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Embroidery Through the Ages," a show of textiles reaching back to the fourteenth century, taken from the museum's collection or on loan from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)... ¶ Performances by dancers in the garden Tuesday evenings at 7.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Through Oct. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

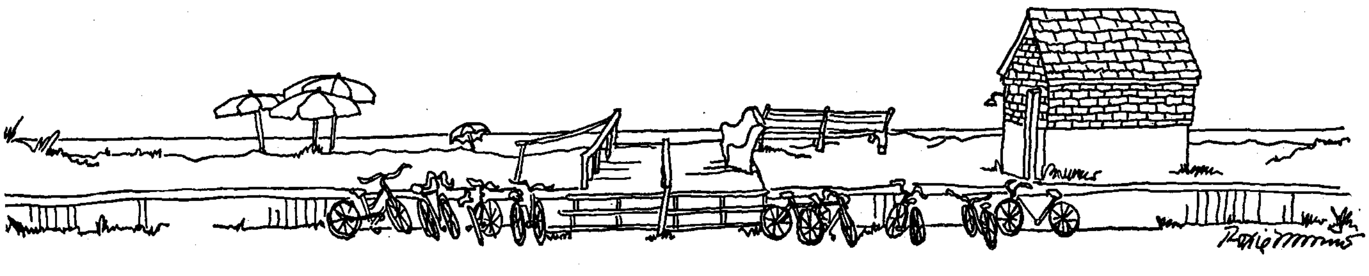
MUSIC

New York City Opera—Opening performances of a special two-week engagement of Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta," after which the company will go into repertory and continue through Sunday, Nov. 12. There will be alternating casts: Gianna Rolandi, Joanna Simon, Jacque Trussel, and Alan Titus, or Elizabeth Hynes, Susanne Marsee, Howard Hensel, and Charles Roe. Conducted variously by John Mauceri, Lloyd Walser, and Brian Salesky. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Thursday, Aug. 31, at 7:30; Friday, Sept. 1, at 8; and Saturday, Sept. 2, at 2 and 8.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 23: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as flute soloist in an all-Mozart program, with Anthony and Joseph Paratore, pianos. ... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 24: The Beaux Arts Trio and Oscar Shumsky, viola, in a chamber-music program.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26: Oscar Shumsky conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Paul Schenly, piano, and Ida Kavafian, also violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: Robert Tear, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; and Martin Isepp, piano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 25, at 2: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony and the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, conducted variously by Seiji Ozawa, Arthur Fiedler, and Gunther Schuller.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein conducting the Boston Symphony, with Shlomo Mintz, violin.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 27, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Haydn's "The Seasons," with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; the Messrs. Tear and Shirley-Quirk; and the New England Conservatory Chorus.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 1, at 7: Gordon Lightfoot....



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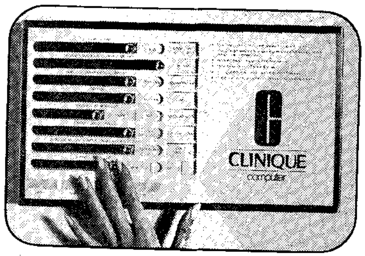

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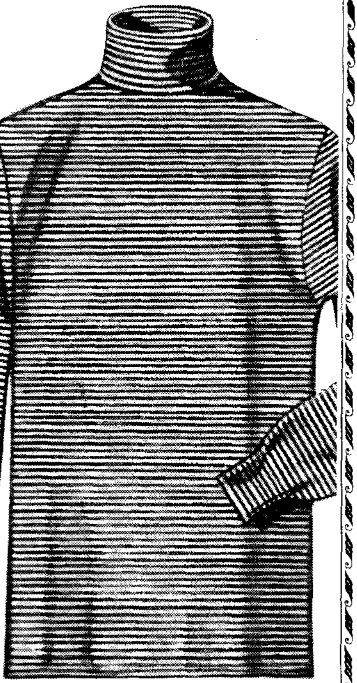

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¶ Sunday, Sept. 3, at 7: George Benson. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 8:15: Gunther Schuller conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in a program of American music. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 24, at 8:15: Sarah Caldwell conducting the orchestra in an all-Berlioz program, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 25, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting the final concert by the orchestra, a program entitled "Those Fabulous Philadelphians." . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 27, at 8:15: The Johnny Cash Show. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 28, at 8:15: Frank Sinatra. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 29, at 8:15: Helen Reddy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 8:15: Neil Sedaka. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 31, at 8:15: Gordon Lightfoot. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 1, at 8:15: Liza Minnelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 2, at 7: Merle Haggard, Larry Gatlin, and Jeanne Pruett. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 3, at 7: Tammy Wynette, Johnny Rodriguez, and Johnny Paycheck. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 4, at 7: Kenny Rogers, the Oak Ridge Boys, and Dottie West. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by Joyce Cuoco and Youri Vamos, Margaret Beals, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 8:40; Thursday, Aug. 24, at 3; Friday, Aug. 25, at 8:40; and Saturday, Aug. 26, at 3 and 8:40. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 27, at 2. . . . ¶ California, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 28-29, at 8. . . . ¶ Seattle, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1-2, at 8.

Boxing—Wilfredo Benitez vs. Randy Shields, welterweights, and Vito Antuofuermo vs. Willie Classen, middleweights, both 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Aug. 25. Preliminaries at 8; first main bout at 9:30.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers. (Tampa. Saturday, Sept. 2.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3.)

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Seneca Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 23; the Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 25; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 26. . . . **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 28, through Monday, Oct. 23. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 28, and the Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 2. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. The Choice Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 26. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

Tennis—Lionel Tennis Week: Guillermo Vilas, Ilie Nastase, Ion Tiriac, Vijay Amritraj, Peter Fleming, and three others, in round-robin play. (Heritage Hill Country Club, Somers, N.Y. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 23-25, at 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 26-27, at 3; and Monday, Aug. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 355-3611.) . . . ¶ United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Tuesday, Aug. 29, at 6:30; Wednesday, Aug. 30, through Thursday, Sept. 7, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 8-9, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 10, at 2. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Final night Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 8. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, Aug. 24, through Saturday, Oct. 7. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 23-27.)

ET ALIA

"Echoes of the Drums"—An exhibition of North and South American Indian culture from the collection of the Museum of the American Indian. Included are totemic house posts, sports and games equipment, beadwork, jewelry, musical instruments, masks, books, and photographs. Through Oct. 31. (U.S. Custom House, Bowling Green. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.** Raúl Juliá, a star if ever there was one, makes a magnificent Petruchio, and Meryl Streep, a beauty with a flair for knockabout comedy, is fine as Katherine, both of them breaking out of the general inept facetiousness of this production. There are good supporting performances by Larry Pine and Joel Brooks, but the other actors don't stand a chance. Handsome settings by Wilford Leach, who also directed. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Final concerts in the park. Zubin Mehta is conducting the third program in **CLOVE LAKES PARK,** Staten Island, Thursday, Aug. 24, at 8:30, and in **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens, Saturday, Aug. 26, at 8:30; and he will be conducting the last program in **MARINE PARK,** Brooklyn, Monday, Aug. 28, at 8:30, and in **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** Bronx, Tuesday, Aug. 29, at 8:30.

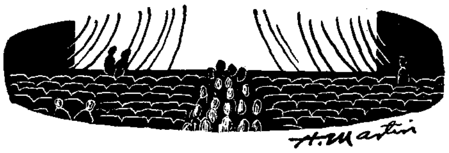
Wollman Rink—The final performances in the Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 6: Harry Chapin and Tom Paxton. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 25, at 6:30: Meat Loaf and Prism. . . . ¶ Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 28-30, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1-2, at 7: Chicago, Bill Conti, and Gary Yudman. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A three-week festival of jazz, dance, chamber music, cabaret, country music, Hispanic specials, musical comedy, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Wednesday, Aug. 23, the Pushcart Players (for children) at 11, the Battery Dance Company at 2:30, and "A Touch of Old Chinese Culture" at 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 24, Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers at noon. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 25, the Bamiki Company (for children) at 11, Theatre for the Forgotten at 2:30, and Saeko Ichinohe and Company at 5. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26, the Berkshire Highlanders Bagpipe Band at noon, the King/Lincoln Square Drama Workshop at 2:30, and the Destiné Afro-Haitian Dance Company at 5. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 27, the Berkshire Highlanders Bagpipe Band at noon, the Two Penny Circus at 2:30, the Everyman Company of Brooklyn at 5, and Ring Lardner's "Carmen" and Menotti's "The Telephone" presented by the After Dinner Opera Company at 6:15. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 28, the INTAR Hispanic Theatre (in Spanish and English, for children) at 11, the David Amram Quintet at noon, the New York City Housing Authority Ensemble at 2:30, and the Malachy Theatre Company at 5. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 29, the Jewish Theatre Collective (for children) at 11, the Latin American Theatre Ensemble at 2:30, and The Family, Inc. at 5. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** Thursday, Aug. 24, at 8, Larry Gatlin and Con Hunley. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 25, at 8, the Honolulu Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26, at 8, the Fred Benjamin Dance Company. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 28, at 8:15, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 29-30, at 8, a musical revue entitled "Broadway Soul at Lincoln Center."

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Irving Berlin's **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN,** with Lucie Arnaz and Harve Presnell. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5. Closes Saturday, Sept. 2. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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27	28	29	30	31		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 27: "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman."
Aug. 28: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 29: "Chulas Fronteras" and "Always for Pleasure."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 29: "Outrageous!" and "Putney Swope."
From Aug. 30: "3 Women" and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 29: "Star Wars" and "Barbarella."
From Aug. 30: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 29: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."
From Aug. 30: "Madame Rosa."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Heaven Can Wait."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Hooper."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Néa."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Slave of Love."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Interiors."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Eyes of Laura Mars."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Young Frankenstein."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jaws 2."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Girl Friends."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cat and Mouse."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Buddy Holly Story."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 24: "Madame Rosa."
From Aug. 25: "Who'll Stop the Rain."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heaven Can Wait."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 29: "Star Wars."
From Aug. 30: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 24: "Tintorera."
From Aug. 25: "Who'll Stop the Rain."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Hooper."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Foul Play."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Young Frankenstein."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 29: "The Last Waltz."
From Aug. 30: "Jaws 2."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Madame Rosa."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 24: "Hooper."
From Aug. 25: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Young Frankenstein."
Theatre 2: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 3: "Lumière" and "Cries and Whispers."
Theatre 4: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 26: "The Cheap Detective."
From Aug. 27 at 8: "Lin Tse-hsu" ("The Opium War"). Opening Night will be a benefit performance.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Magic of Lassie."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Grease."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Aug. 24: "Madame Rosa."
From Aug. 25: "Who'll Stop the Rain."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 29: "Star Wars."
From Aug. 30: "An Unmarried Woman."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Viva Italia!"

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Foul Play."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Foul Play."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 31 (tentative): "Madame Rosa."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Young Frankenstein."
Theatre 2: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 3: "Hooper."
Theatre 4: "The Cheap Detective."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Hazel's People."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 24: "The Last Waltz" and "Lenny."
From Aug. 25: "The Cheap Detective" and "The Deep."

TIMES SQUARE

(Only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Jaws 2." (†)

Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8368)
"Hooper." (†)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through Aug. 24: "The Buddy Holly Story." (†)
From Aug. 25: "Who'll Stop the Rain." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Young Frankenstein." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 3: "The Driver."
Theatre 4: "The Bad News Bears Go to Japan."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Foul Play." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Eyes of Laura Mars." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Heaven Can Wait." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Tintorera" (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Star Wars." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

(Only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 23: "Idi Amin Dada" (1974), directed by Barbet Schroeder, a documentary film; and "Maîtresse" (1976), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.
Aug. 24: "The Late Show" (1977), directed by Robert Benton, with Art Carney, Lily Tomlin, Bill Macy, Eugene Roche, Joanna Cassidy, and John Considine; and "Born Yesterday" (1950), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford.
Aug. 25-26: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "The Devil Is a Woman." (†)
Aug. 27-28: "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "The African Queen" (1951), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.
Aug. 29: "Last Days of Samurai" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Hiromachi Horikawa; and "Samurai Rebellion." (†)
Aug. 30: "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier" (1961), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean-Louis Barrault; and "Day for Night." (†)
Aug. 31: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (†) and "My Sister Eileen." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 23: "Rasputin and the Empress" (1932), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with John, Ethel, and Lionel Barrymore; and "The Royal Family of Broadway" (1931), directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner, with Fredric March, Ina Claire, and Henrietta Crosman.
Aug. 24: "The Human Condition: Part III, A Soldier's Prayer" (1961), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.
Aug. 25: "One, Two, Three" (†) and "A Foreign Affair." (†)
Aug. 26: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey; and "Elvira Madigan." (†)
Aug. 27: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman.
Aug. 28: "Winter Light" (1963), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin; and "Diary of a Country Priest." (†)
Aug. 29: "Claire's Knee" (†) and "The Invitation." (†)
Aug. 30: "Carmen" (1916), a silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Pola Negri; and "The Loves of Carmen" (1948), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford.
Aug. 31: "The Lost Patrol" (1934), directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Reginald Denny, and Alan Hale; and "Gunga Din." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 24: "Word Is Out" (1978), a documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women; and "Gay U.S.A."
Aug. 25-26: "Handle with Care" (†) and "Two-Lane Blacktop." (†)
Aug. 27-28: "Cría!" (1977), in Spanish, directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice.
Aug. 29: "Animal Crackers" (1930) and "Horse Feathers" (1932), both films with the Marx Brothers.
Aug. 30-31: "My Uncle Antoine" (1971), in

French, directed by Claude Jutra, with Jacques Gagnon; and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 26: "Rock and Roll Your Eyes" (1975), Emerson, Lake, and Palmer in concert.

Aug. 27-29: "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), the Beatles; "Let It Be" (†); and "The Beatles at Shea Stadium."

From Aug. 30: "Woodstock" (1970), directed by Michael Wadleigh, a film of the 1969 festival.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 23: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1945), directed by Albert Lewin, with Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders, and Angela Lansbury; and "The Legend of Lylah Clare" (1968), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Kim Novak, Peter Finch, Coral Browne, Rossella Falk, and Valentina Cortese.

Aug. 24-26: "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, Nanette Fabray, and Oscar Levant; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954), directed by Stanley Donen, with Jane Powell, Howard Keel, and Jeff Richards.

Aug. 27-29: "Forbidden Planet" (†) and "The Time Machine." (†)

From Aug. 30: "Les Girls" (†) and "Yolanda and the Thief." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Aug. 24: "Ladies of Leisure" (1930), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Graves, Marie Prevost, and Lowell Sherman; and "Rain or Shine" (1930), directed by Frank Capra, with Joe Cook, Louise Fazenda, and Joan Peers.

Aug. 25-26: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

Aug. 27-28: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Pierre Renoir.

Aug. 29: "Falstaff" (1967), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Jeanne Moreau, John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford; and "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles.

Aug. 30-31: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (†) and "It's a Wonderful Life." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 23: "Random Harvest" (1942), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Greer Garson, Ronald Colman, Philip Dorn, Susan Peters, and Reginald Owen; and "Blossoms in the Dust" (1941), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Marsha Hunt, Felix Bressart, and Cecil Cunningham.

Aug. 24: "Romance" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, Lewis Stone, and Elliott Nugent; and "Inspiration" (1931), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery.

Aug. 25-26: "Freaks" (†), "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (†), and "Mark of the Vampire." (†)

Aug. 27: "Midnight" (1939), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, John Barrymore, and Francis Lederer; and "Practically Yours." (†)

Aug. 28: "Stand Up and Cheer" (1934), directed by Hamilton McFadden, with Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, Shirley Temple, and James Dunn; and "The Little Colonel" (1935), directed by David Butler, with Shirley Temple, Bill Robinson, Evelyn Venable, and Lionel Barrymore.

Aug. 29: "What a Woman!" (†) and "This Thing Called Love." (†)

Aug. 30: "Balalaika" (†) and "The Cat and the Fiddle." (†)

Aug. 31: "The Hucksters" (1947), directed by John Conway, with Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr, Sydney Greenstreet, and Ava Gardner; and "Please Believe Me" (1950), directed by Norman Taurog, with Deborah Kerr, Robert Walker, Mark Stevens, and Peter Lawford.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 24 at 2:30: "Looking Up" (1977), directed by Linda Yellen, with Marilyn Chris, Dick Shawn, and Harry Goz. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6: "Jackson County Jail" (1976), directed by Michael Miller, with Yvette Mimieux, Tommy Lee Jones, Robert Carradine, and Severn Darden. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 8:30: "Demon!" (1977), directed by Larry Cohen, with Tony Lo Bianco, Deborah Raffin, Sandy Dennis, Sylvia Sidney, Sam Levene, and Robert Drivas. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 2:30: "Jackson County Jail." . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 6: "Bad Girl" (1931), directed by Frank Borzage, with James Dunn and Sally Eilers. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at noon: "Lifeguard" (1976), directed by Daniel Petrie, with Sam Elliott, Anne Archer, and Kathleen Quinlan. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 2:30: "Shining Star" (1977), directed by Sig Shore, with Harvey Keitel, Ed Nelson, Cynthia Bostick, Bert Parks, and Earth, Wind and Fire. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 5: "92 in the Shade" (1975), directed by Thomas McGuane, with Peter Fonda, Warren Oates, Margot Kidder, Burgess Meredith, Sylvia Miles, and Elizabeth Ashley. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at noon: "Lifeguard." . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 2:30: "Special Delivery" (1976), directed by Paul Wendkos, with Bo Svenson and Cybill Shepherd. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 5: "The Gunfighter" (1950), directed by Henry King, with Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell, Mae Marsh, Karl Malden, and Helen Westcott. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at noon: "A City at Chandigarh" (1966), directed by Alain Tanner, with an English narration. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 2:30: "Demon!" . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 6: "Crazy Mama" (1975), directed by Jonathan Demme, with Cloris Leachman, Stuart Whitman, and Ann Sothern. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at noon: "A City at Chandigarh." . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 2:30: "Baboona" (1935), directed by Martin and Osa Johnson, a Travelogue documentary. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 6: A program of animated short films done between 1908 and 1918 by Emile Cohl. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 2:30: "Crazy Mama." . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 6: "Assault on Precinct 13" (1976), directed by John Carpenter, with Austin Stoker, Darwin Joston, and Laurie Zimmer. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 8:30: "Orca" (1977), directed by Michael Anderson, with Richard Harris and Charlotte Rampling. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Always for Pleasure—A documentary film, directed by Les Blank. (Little Theatre; starting Aug. 29.)

Balalaika (1939)—Perfect for a mixed-media show at the Russian Tea Room—but at a theatre, without distraction? Nelson Eddy, in another uniform, smiling vacuously, and that beautiful, blank songbird Ilona Massey. M-G-M loaded this flop operetta with such sure-disaster songs as "Ride, Cossack, Ride," "In a Heart as Brave as Your Own," "Shadows on the Sand," "The Magic of Your Love," and, to cap it all, "My Heart Is a Gypsy." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 30.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 29.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Buddy Holly Story—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Gemini 1. . . . ¶ Criterion; through Aug. 24.)

Cat and Mouse—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Cinema II.)

The Cat and the Fiddle (1934)—Ramon Novarro is a disaster, but Jeanette MacDonald has some nice light-comedy scenes, and this M-G-M musical, based on a Broadway show, has pace and flavor. At times, William K. Howard's direction suggests the choreographic style of René Clair. With Charles Butterworth doing one of his classic befuddled roles, Vivienne Segal, Frank Morgan, and Jean Hersholt. A good score by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach that includes "The Night Was Made for Love" and "Poor Pierrot." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 30.)

The Cheap Detective—Written by Neil Simon for Ray Stark, this has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—along with a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. (7/3/78) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Guild; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 25.)

Chula Fronteras—A documentary film, directed by Les Blank. (Little Theatre; starting Aug. 29.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 29.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 30.)

The Deep (1977)—Don't plunge. From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (7/4/77) (Olympia; starting Aug. 25.)

The Devil Is a Woman (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directs her in a clever, perversely dehumanized picture said to have been one of his favorites. With Lionel Atwill and Cesar Romero. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 25-26.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and intensity. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 28.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1932)—Fredric March goes in for hilarious makeup that includes a change in the shape of his skull and an alarming number of huge teeth, and his rampaging Hyde is so exuberantly athletic he seems to be modelled on Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. The director, Rouben Mamoulian, rather overdoes the pseudo-science at the beginning, but at some levels this story seems to work in every version, and this one, set in a starched mid-Victorian environment, suggests the lust that has to come out—and the attraction of the gutter. With Miriam Hopkins, shiny-eyed with sexual mischief, as the trollop, and Rose Hobart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 25-26.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Aug. 29.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, so exquisitely fresh that she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 26.)

Eyes of Laura Mars—A thriller about a killer, set in New York, eyeballs being the theme. One gets the point—and guesses the murderer—very early on. Faye Dunaway, who has a genuine sweetness and a genuine acting talent, plays a fashion photographer. But the film, directed by Irvin Kershner, is nothing if not trite. (8/14/78) (Coronet, and Loews State 1.)

Forbidden Planet (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifted its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue; the language is flat. (Regency; Aug. 27-29.)

A Foreign Affair (1948)—This deliberately cynical political farce by the team of Charles Brackett (producer) and Billy Wilder (director) often seems on the verge of being funny, but the humor is too clumsily forced. (The next picture Brackett and Wilder made was "Sunset Boulevard;" the jump was enormous.) As Phoebe Frost, a spinster congresswoman from Iowa investigating the morale of the American forces in Occupied Berlin, Jean Arthur looks far from her best; she hasn't much to do but look primly shocked at corruption, and then, turning womanly, get into a glittering evening gown, put a flower in her hair, and go after an Army captain—lacklustre John Lund. It's a formula that suited her better some years earlier, and so Marlene Dietrich, as Phoebe's rival—worldly-wise Erika von Schlutow, former mistress of a high-ranking Nazi and now a singer in a cellar called the Lorelei—comes off rather better, though her songs are unmemorable. With Millard Mitchell, and, in a bit part, Freddie Steele. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 25.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Loews Ciné, Cinema 3, Paramount, and Forum.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naive, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 25-26.)

Girl Friends—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is the interesting one of the counterpull between the wish for sociability and the wish to be alone, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate. (8/21/78) (Cinema I.)

Les Girls (1957)—George Cukor directed this backstage-story musical (it's about a lawsuit over a former showgirl's memoirs), and the color consultant, George Hoyningen-Huené, gave it a classy look, but, with one exception, nobody connected with it was really at his best—not Gene Kelly, who was the star, or the scenarist, John Patrick, and certainly not the choreographer, Jack Cole. (He hit rock bottom, with horrible quasi-cultured numbers.) Even the Cole Porter score is weak, and the whole show is overproduced. The exception is the tall, blithe, and beautiful comedienne Kay Kendall, who does a funny, drunk "La Habanera" and has a number with Kelly in which she seems to be outdancing him and having an easy, amused time of it. Her role isn't large enough, though. The cast includes Henry Daniell, Taina Elg, Jacques Bergerac, Patrick MacNee, and that bane of fifties movie musicals—the movie executives' idea of "adorable"—Mitzi Gaynor. From a story by Vera Caspary. (Regency; starting Aug. 30.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Ziegfeld.)

Gunga Din (1939)—An exhilarating, slapstick trouble-in-the-colonies adventure film that does for its genre almost what "Beat the Devil" did later to the international thriller. Stealing the plot of their own "The Front Page," Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur threw this wonderful hokum together. (It was supposedly "inspired" by the Rudyard Kipling poem.) The stars are Cary Grant, having the time of his life in a roustabout role, dapper Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the eternal vulgarian, Victor McLaglen; they are supported by Eduardo Ciannelli as a mad high priest and Sam Jaffe as the loyal Indian, Gunga Din. George Stevens directed this rousing, superbly photographed production. Joel Sayre and William Faulkner did some of the rewrite work. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)

Handle with Care—Underadvertised, this high-spirited small picture has the fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions; the story deals with the collision of their free-floating ids. As the Samaritan hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up—Paul Le Mat has some of the James Dean-Beau Bridges sensitivity. As a trucker's wife who's as tough as they come, Marcia Rodd has timing comparable to Lily Tomlin's in "The Late Show;" her scenes with Ann Wedgeworth, as a bedraggled passionflower who, it turns out, is married to the same trucker, are the best comic teamwork in recent movies. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—it's a little mild, maybe, but very pleasant. Released in some areas under the title "Citizens Band." (10/24/77) (Cinema Village; Aug. 25-26.)

Hazel's People—With Geraldine Page, Pat Hingle, and Graham Beckel; directed by Charles Davis. (New Yorker.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Hooper—With Burt Reynolds, Jan-Michael Vincent, Sally Field, and Brian Keith; directed by Hal Needham. (Eastside Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Aug. 24.)

How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman (1971)—Directed by the Brazilian filmmaker Nelson Pereira Dos Santos. In Tupi, a Latin-American Indian language. (Little Theatre; through Aug. 27.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent

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study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." We are inside the skulls of people who look at the world as if it were partitioned off from them—as if they were separated from it by glass, which they are scared of breaking, because their control over themselves is so shaky. Magnificent performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. The film is a noble endeavor that shows us knotted spirits in a world constricted by aesthetic and psychoanalytic jargon. (8/7/78) (Baronet.)

The Invitation (1973)—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by the Swiss filmmaker Claude Goretta. This tale is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 29.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's most relentless lump-in-the-throat movie. The hero (James Stewart) is a self-sacrificial good man who runs a small-town building-and-loan association that is threatened by the local ogre, the wickedly selfish Lionel Barrymore. The picture is fairly humorless, and, what with all the hero's virtuous suffering, it didn't catch on with the public; the Capra view of small-town life didn't match the post-Second World War mood (it might have seemed patronizing even in the post-First World War period). Thinking he has no resources left, the hero is on the brink of suicide when he is given a vision of what life would be like for his family and his town if he had never been born. Donna Reed plays his wife, Gloria Grahame is the town "fast" girl, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own slurpy, bittersweet way, it's well done. But Capra takes a serious tone here though there's no basis for the seriousness; this is doggerel trying to pass as art. (Marlo Thomas played the suffering protagonist in the 1977 TV remake "It Happened One Christmas.") (Thalia; Aug. 30-31.)

Jaws 2—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (D. W. Griffith, and Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Aug. 30.)

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (Olympia; through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Aug. 29.)

Lenny (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for those who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but his Lenny is a nice boy, whereas Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. With Valerie Perrine, Gary Morton, Jan Miner, and Stanley Beck. (Olympia; through Aug. 24.)

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Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for very likely the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Once Belonged" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 27-29.)

Lin Tse-hsu ("The Opium War")—With Chao Tan and Ching Yin, directed by Chen Chun-li. From the People's Republic of China. In Mandarin. (Guild; starting Aug. 27, at 8. Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. He's lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (Art; starting Aug. 30.)

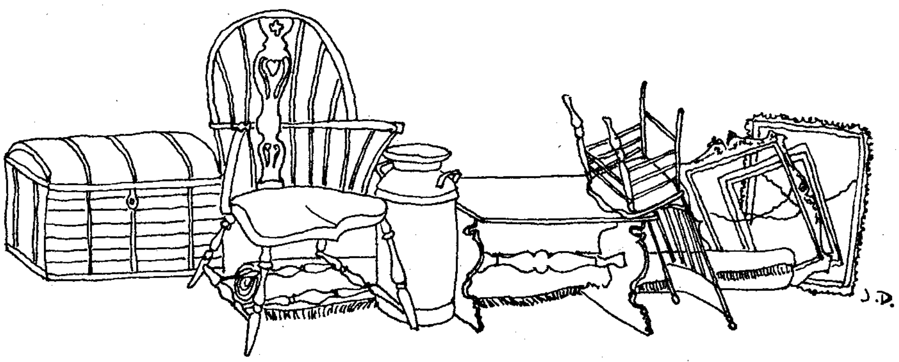
Lumière (1976)—Jeanne Moreau wrote, directed, and stars in this elevated daydream about the life of an actress. The picture is delicately dissociated; it nibbles around the edges of its subject. And it shares a weakness of many other high-flown junk movies: it is less interested in pace than in culture. In French. (12/20/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Waverly. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, and Festival; through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 31, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Aug. 30.)

The Magic of Lassie—A musical, with Lassie, James Stewart, Mickey Rooney, Pernell Roberts, and Stephanie Zimbalist; directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall.)

Mark of the Vampire (1935)—Uninspired and choppy, this is a lesser effort of Tod Browning's, though it's handsomely staged and well photographed (by James Wong Howe). The cast includes Carol Borland as an amusing female vampire, Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 25-26.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—Frank Capra's attempt to repeat the country-boy-defeating-the-city-slickers formula of "Mr. Deeds" succeeded commercially, but this one has more of the heartfelt in it than is good for the stomach, and it goes on for *over* two hours. James Stewart is the naïve small-town hero sent to the Senate; Jean Arthur is the cynical young secretary who is at first horrified by his simplicity. When the young Senator's illusions are shattered, he stages a filibuster, defeats the villains, and reëstablishes the whole government on a firm and honorable basis. No one else can balance the ups and downs of wistful sentiment and corny humor the way Capra can—but if anyone else should learn to, kill him. Sidney Buchman wrote the screenplay, from a story by Lewis R. Foster. The cast includes Claude Rains as a corrupt senator, Guy Kibbee as a venal governor, Beulah Bondi as Ma Smith, Edward Arnold, Thomas Mitchell, Ruth Donnelly, and Eugene Pallette, who gets stuck in a phone booth. Members of the U.S. Senate were so outraged about the picture that there was actually talk of a retaliatory bill against the movie interests; the storm blew over when it became apparent that the public loved the film. (Thalia; Aug. 30-31.)



My Sister Eileen (1942)—Ruth McKenney's *New Yorker* stories about her and her younger sister's experiences in Greenwich Village were turned into a Broadway hit, and then into this less than dazzling romantic comedy (and later into a Broadway musical, which was also filmed, in 1955). As Ruth, leggy Rosalind Russell is too boisterously aware that she's the life of the party, and as Eileen, Janet Blair is very pretty but not much else. (The actual Eileen McKenney married Nathanael West and died with him in an automobile crash in 1940.) Alexander Hall directed. With Brian Aherne. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 31.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Murray Hill, Sutton, Beekman, 86th St. East, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Néa—With Samy Frey and Ann Zacharias, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Trans-Lux East.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving perhaps her best performance—as the comedian's mother, whose unused brains and talent have turned her into a morose, irrepressible, howling freak. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 31.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—Machine-gun-paced topical satire of East-West relations, in which the characters shout variations of stale jokes at each other—people are described as sitting around on their assets, and we're invited to laugh at the Russians for rejecting a shipment of Swiss cheese because it is full of holes. The director, Billy Wilder, shot this example of an assembly-line approach to gags in Berlin and Munich (where the Brandenburg Gate was reconstructed). James Cagney expertly mugs his way through the role of an American Coca-Cola executive in Europe; he complains that the East Germans are hijacking his shipments, "and they don't even return the empties." When his wife (Arlene Francis) says that their marriage has gone flat, like a stale glass of beer, Cagney replies, "Why do you have to bring in a competing beverage?" The gags are almost all on this level, and the little sops to sentiment are even worse; the film was a huge success. With Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, and Lilo Pulver. Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond wrote the script, based on a Ferenc Molnár one-act play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 25.)

Outrageous! (1977)—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Art; through Aug. 29.)

Practically Yours (1945)—Fred MacMurray, a presumably doomed aviator in the Pacific, broadcasts a last message to the other members of his combat group. "I wish I could walk with Peggy through Central Park again and kiss the tip of her nose," he says. His friends naturally assume that he is talking about a girl, although the Peggy he has in mind is a little dog (with a passionate dis-

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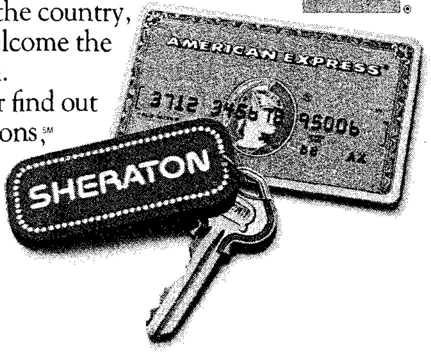

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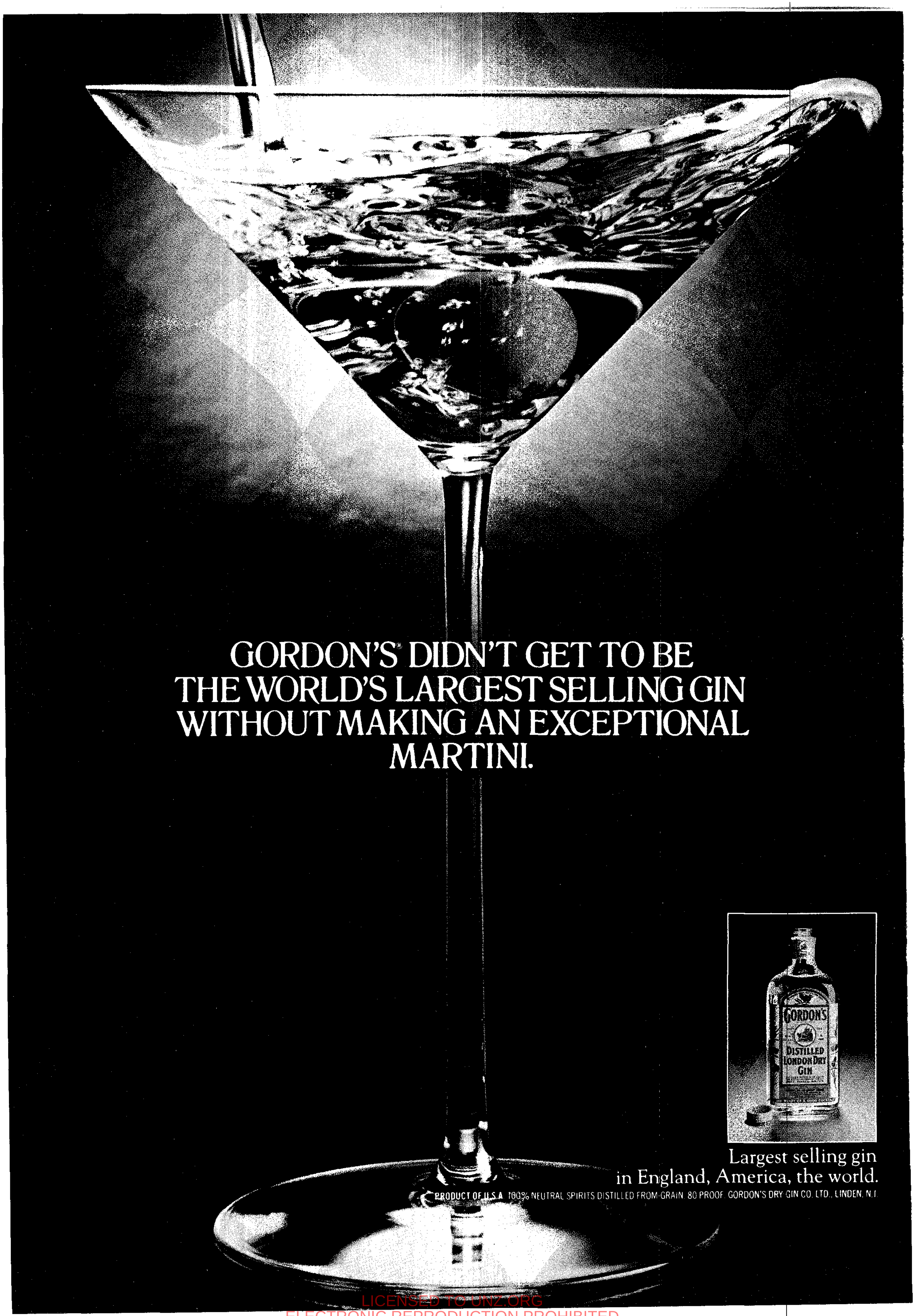
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position). Norman Krasna wrote this comedy of confusion in his usual pushy madcap style; when MacMurray gets back, he finds he is engaged to Claudette Colbert, who's a complete stranger to him. There's one funny sequence with a self-inflating boat inflating in the subway. Mitchell Leisen directed; with Robert Benchley, Cecil Kellaway, Gil Lamb, Rosemary DeCamp, and Tom Powers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 27.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Art; through Aug. 29.)

Revenge of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. A beloved film, recommended for its funniness about Clouseau's quite impervious inefficiency, and for his splendid decisiveness in mangling the pronunciation of English. (7/31/78) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and National. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Aug. 25.)

Samurai Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed sword fight. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 29.)

Slave of Love—With Yelena Solovei, directed by Nikita Mikhalkov. In Russian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

Star Wars (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality, by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Victoria. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Playboy; through Aug. 29.)

This Thing Called Love (1940)—One of those laborious forties comedies in which the independent-minded heroine has no common sense. This one is a bedroom farce. Rosalind Russell is the insurance-company executive who insists on a companionate "trial" marriage and a kissless honeymoon, and Melvyn Douglas is her unlucky groom. The picture—it opened at Radio City Music Hall—aimed at nothing more than light hilarity (which it achieves only fitfully), but it was banned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, probably because of Douglas's energetic scrambling efforts to seduce his wife. This is the sort of comedy in which by the time she's ready to say yes he's got poison oak. With Binnie Barnes, Allyn Joslyn, Lee J. Cobb, Gloria Dickson, Don Beddoe, and Gloria Holden. Alexander Hall directed; based on a 1928 play by Edwin Burke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 29.)

3 Women (1977)—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged, Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. The film is full of Altman's overheards and murmurs, with a hallucinating quality typified by his recurring use of self-absorbed twins who never speak except to each other. A fine, musing film. (4/18/77) (Art; starting Aug. 30.)

The Time Machine (1960)—Entertaining George Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Regency; Aug. 27-29.)

Tintorera—With Susan George, directed by Rene Cardona, Jr. (Rivoli. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Aug. 24.)

Two-Lane Blacktop (1971)—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Cinema Village; Aug. 25-26.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting Aug. 30.)

Viva Italia!—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. Full of a particularly Italian sort of comic conviviality and, sometimes, a particularly Italian note of resolve in the face of distress. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Paris.)

What a Woman! (1943)—By rough count, this is the one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth picture made in the forties about a career girl who is interested only in her job, and not in men. Of its sort, it's better than some, largely because Rosalind Russell has a clown's all-out silliness and wildness in the way she gets some of her effects. This time, she plays the country's No. 1 hot-shot literary agent. Brian Aherne is a writer assigned to do a magazine profile of her, and Willard Parker is a college professor-author whom she wants to star in the movie of his best-seller. Aherne acts in his usual asexual, bemused manner, and Parker is frenetically stolid. With Alan Dinehart and Ann Savage. Directed by Irving Cummings. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 29.)

Who'll Stop the Rain—With Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty; directed by Karel Reisz. (68th St. Playhouse, U. A. East, Festival, and Criterion; starting Aug. 25.)

Yolanda and the Thief (1945)—Fred Astaire was paired with Lucille Bremer in this stupefyingly baroque M-G-M musical set in a mythical South American country and encumbered with what the director, Vincente Minnelli, once called "an insane plot." Astaire is cast howlingly against type as a crooked gambler; when he learns that the beautiful heiress Yolanda believes she has a guardian angel, he pretends to be the angel in order to swindle her. It's the most extreme of the big-musical mistakes; it's full of surreal dreams and fiestas, and because it goes beyond parody, it perhaps needs to be seen by anyone who wants to know what killed the M-G-M musicals. Yolanda's bathroom has cascading fountains, and the ballets, staged by Eugene Loring and costumed by Sharaff at her maddest, include such decorator delights as laundresses washing linen in a pool of gold coins. The cast includes Frank Morgan, Mildred Natwick, and Mary Nash. (Regency; starting Aug. 30.)

Young Frankenstein (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (59th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

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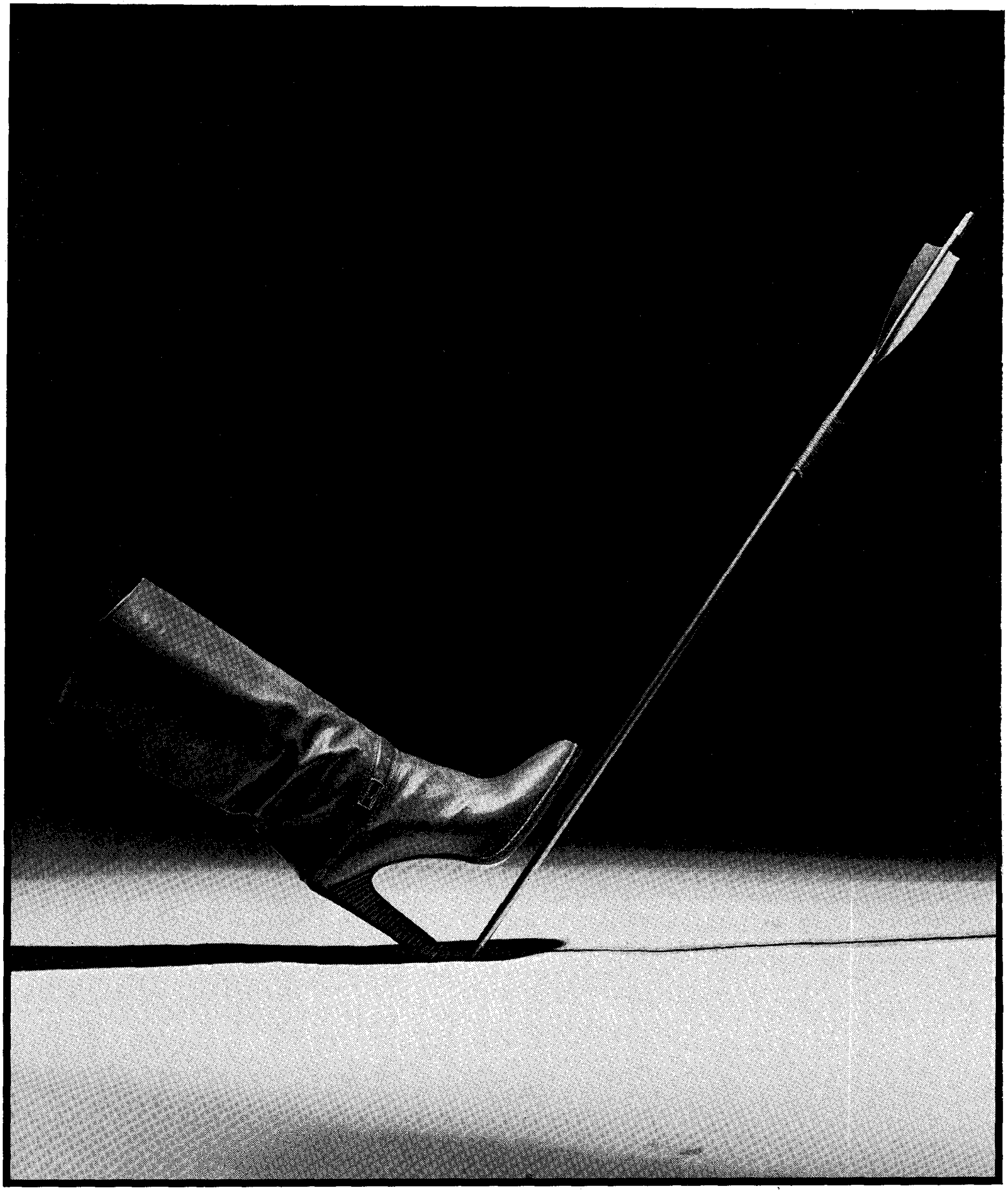

Joan and David's direct hit.

Archetypically speaking, the short boot is it.
From this year's Coty Award winners, Joan and David Helpern.
High heel. Short shaft. Superb wine calf.
That's perfection! 170.00. Shoe Salon

Neiman-Marcus

DALLAS FORT WORTH HOUSTON ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR ST. LOUIS CHICAGO WASHINGTON, D.C. NEWPORT BEACH

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

I like to think of myself as one not easily dazzled, but the recently publicized plans for the new Senate Office Building-cum-Hanging Gardens have sent the old Cognitive Faculty into ecstasies of awe. Two baths per senatorial office! Sixteen-foot ceilings! Private top-floor restaurant! A hundred and thirty-five million dollars, or one-point-three-five mil per people's choice! Mere naïve splendor seems an insufficient explanation for the phenomenon, and I have been puzzling about it. Clearly, the senators will be doubling up in their new cubbies. (Else why *two* baths per office?) Clearly, they intend to meet their awesome tasks of Farsight & Divagation by *standing on each other's shoulders*. (Else why sixteen-foot ceilings?) We payers can only applaud such daring. Assuming an average senatorial height of six feet and an average senatorial head-and-neck of eleven inches, we get a total average Magnitude of eleven feet one inch—enough to see all the way to the Promised Land, and then some. Imagine Senator Javits standing on (seniority) the broad and eloquent shoulders of Senator Moynihan, or Senator Case perched atop Senator Williams, or Senator Ribicoff aboard Senator Weicker, or Senator Cranston supported by the subtle, red-hatted Senator Hayakawa, all peering, peering, peering into the future—*and not one brow bumped* (clearance of four feet something)! Imagine the senators, at the end of a hard day of Leadership, doing their agile, elegant back flips—*hup!*—as they unteam and head for their separate, solid-silver showers. I earnestly suggest that an additional fifty million dollars be appropriated for the shoeshine stand.

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Crash

DIFFERENCES between verb endings in Attic and Ionic Greek were being discussed—and also such absorbing concepts as double accusatives, epic correptions, and aorist optative middles—when we stopped by the Graduate School and University Center of the City University of New York, on West Forty-second Street, the other morning to take a look at a new crash program in ancient Greek which was being offered by the Graduate School in coöperation with the School of Humanities of Brooklyn College this summer, in a joint effort known as the Sixth Annual Latin and Greek Institute. For the past five years, the two schools have offered a similarly intensive course in Latin—during which students are expected to give up all else in life for eleven weeks—and this year it added Greek both to its program and to its name. When we arrived in a classroom on the fifteenth floor, we found an instructor, Dr. Hardy Hansen, teaching a class of ten students the first book of the Iliad. "ἦ τοι ὅ γ' ὣς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἕζετο," he read aloud, and he followed this up with three or four more lines, then asked the students to read the lines, to translate them, and to comment on the vocabulary, grammar, and metrics.

During a break, we spoke with some of the students. We already knew—having paid a visit to the summer Latin Institute a few years ago—that the programs are supposed to enable students who have little or no background in the languages to master material that is normally covered in anything from four to six college semesters. "Everybody is completely involved in this thing," said a young man named Elliott Levy, who is a history major at Yale. "During the first six weeks, when we did almost nothing but study forms and syntax, I think the instructors actually worked harder than we did. *We* spend our entire day here in classes and taking tests and so forth, and then we have to read four or five hours every evening, but the instructors are on twenty-four-hour call every day. The latest I've ever telephoned an instructor was midnight, but I know of some students who have called even later."

"I did once," said a young woman named Evelyn Satterfield, who told us that she was working on a doctorate

Richard Edes Harrison

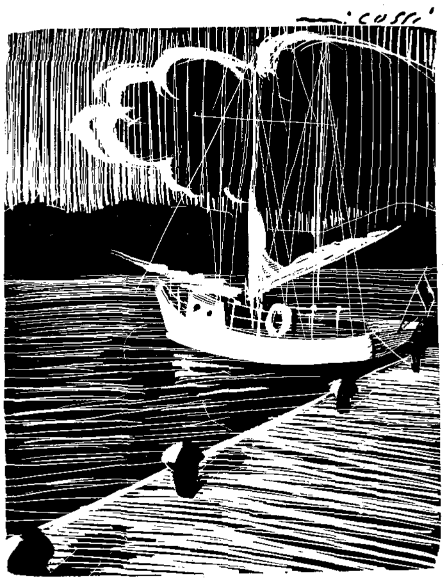
in comparative literature at Rutgers. "When I started out, I didn't know one word of Greek. Well, in about the second week I got so worried by some point of grammar that I called an instructor at three in the morning. She said, 'Evelyn, go to bed.' " Miss Satterfield laughed, and continued, "I think she did it as much for my own good as for hers. Everything is so concentrated here that there's a tendency to sort of panic, to let this thing take over your whole life. The only thing I've *really* missed this summer is the beach."

We learned that the students, who were in their ninth week, not only were continuing to study grammar and forms, to read the Iliad, and to take various optional classes at lunchtime and during breaks but were also beginning to take elective courses during the afternoon, which allowed them to choose among Euripides, Thucydides, and the New Testament. Before long, the students settled into small groups and began discussing things like Porson's law (a rule of metrics that is also known as the law of the final cretic), so we took an elevator to the tenth floor, walked past a khaki-clad young fellow who was doing yoga in the middle of a corridor, and stopped in at the office of Dr. Floyd L. Moreland, who is the head of the Latin and Greek Institute. Dr. Moreland, a dark-haired, eager-looking man in his mid-thirties, is an enthusiastic supporter of the classics, who helped start an intensive program at the University of California at Berkeley a few years ago. Then, in 1973, while holding a full-time faculty position at Brooklyn College, he started the summer Latin program here.

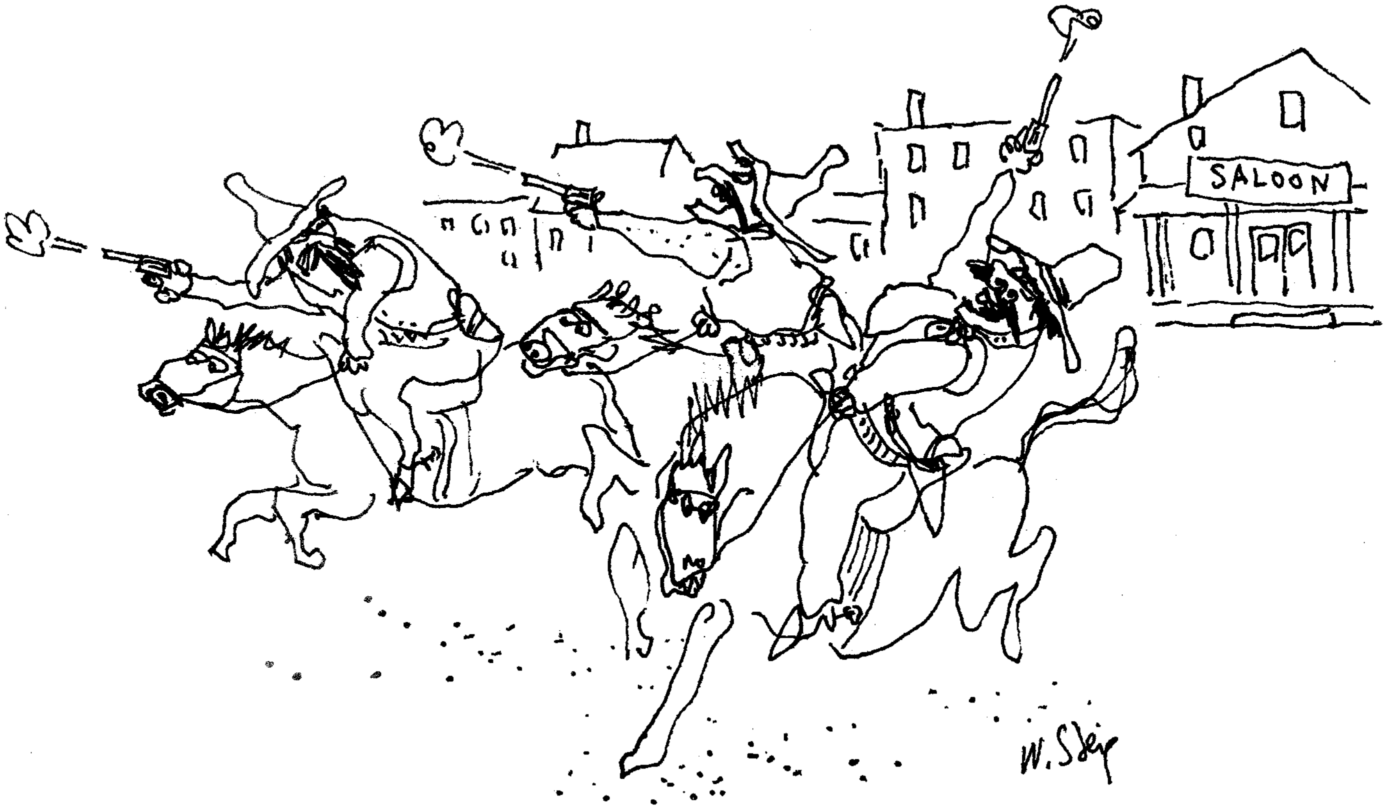
"From the beginning, we wanted to add Greek, but a lot of people were dubious," Dr. Moreland said. "Greek is much more complicated than Latin, and the idea of cramming so much of it into eleven weeks was more than some people could accept. Well, we were convinced that it could be done, and now that we're practically through our first summer we think the results are phenomenal. Out of thirty applicants for the Greek program, we accepted twenty-four, and we've still got twenty-one—a remarkably low rate of attrition. Meanwhile, our Latin program is sailing along with thirty students, out of an original forty. Though there are some roughly similar programs in other parts of the country, none is so intensive as ours—we live and work in a virtual hothouse atmosphere—and none has a lower instructor-to-student ratio. We have three instructors in Greek and five in Latin. And, even though it's a push for everyone concerned, we do have some fun. A couple of weeks ago, for example, the Greek program had a morphology bee—students versus faculty—and the faculty won by only a point. Though the students don't know it yet, they're all going to get diplomas, in the appropriate language, when they've finished their courses. Here's the one we're going to give in Greek." He produced an impressive-looking document whose first words were "ἀγαθῇ τύχῃ," and said, "That's the dative of manner, and it means— Let's see. Well, I would say it means either 'with good wishes' or 'good luck,' depending on how you want to translate it."

Summer Headquarters

The granite steps and granite-paved plaza in front of Grant's Tomb, on the hill at Riverside Drive and 122nd Street, the other Wednesday night at a quarter to seven: An orange sun was descending into hot mists over the Hudson, a soft breeze was stirring the tall rows of plane trees just below the plaza, and there was a burst of bells from the seventy-four-bell carillon on top of the tower of Riverside Church, across the street, while six thousand people from New Jersey, Long Island, lower Westchester, and all five boroughs were settling down on aluminum-frame-and-plastic-webbing lawn chairs, on folding wooden auditorium chairs, on campstools, on unfolded copies of the *Voice*, on steamer blankets and bath sheets and cushions and handkerchiefs, on sweaters, T-shirts, tennis jackets, bicycle seats, and paperbacks, and on hard granite for a two-hour free concert by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—the fifth of ten Wednesday-night Grant's Tomb concerts put on this summer by Jazzmobile, Incorporated, the nonprofit organization that has been putting together free outdoor concerts by jazz greats in Harlem and the rest of the city for the last fourteen summers. (The concerts are free for the audiences; the musicians themselves always get a good fee.) The Grant's Tomb concerts, now three years old and already a New York summer institution as beloved as Minnie Guggenheimer's Lewisohn Stadium Concerts once were, are the most visible of a total of six hundred concerts that Jazzmobile is presenting this summer, here in the city and in New Jersey, White Plains, Yonkers, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Schenectady, Wilmington, Baltimore, and Washington, D.C., and the concerts are only one part of the Jazzmobile program, which goes on the year round and includes free thirty-week college-accredited jazz workshops at I.S. 201, at Madison Avenue and 127th Street, given by twenty-four top jazz musicians for six hundred students, including students from Juilliard and the Manhattan School of Music; as many as fifty free lecture-demonstrations before grade-school groups of five or six hundred; a project of instruction in dance, poetry, art, theatre, and music in two upper West Side and Harlem school districts; and the direct commissioning and performing of jazz compositions for large orchestras. Jazzmobile, which gets its money from the city, the state, the federal government, and private corporations, now operates on an annual budget of eight hundred thousand dollars; it began with ten thousand dollars and a mobile float owned by Ballantine Beer, when Billy Taylor, the pianist, orchestra leader, composer, and arranger, who is still Jazzmobile's president, thought something had to be done to bring the best jazz to young people in Harlem who couldn't afford the price of a ticket to the Newport Jazz Festival, or even to the Apollo Theatre.



For the fifth Grant's Tomb concert, the 1978 float, which is decorated with white wrought-iron New Orleans-style scrollwork and has a sign on it saying, "JAZZ—AMERICA'S CLASSICAL MUSIC," was drawn up near the far end of the Grant's Tomb plaza. The sign is a slogan of Billy Taylor's, and is an idea he presented with great scholarship in a Ph.D. thesis he wrote at the University of Massachusetts three years ago. Art Blakey, who was driving up for the concert with his eight-year-old son, Takashi, and his drums and some



Influx of Evil

* *

music stands from his home near Atlantic City, got caught in traffic, so we had a chance to walk around among the crowd—mostly black, partly white, with some Koreans and Puerto Ricans—before the delayed start of the concert:

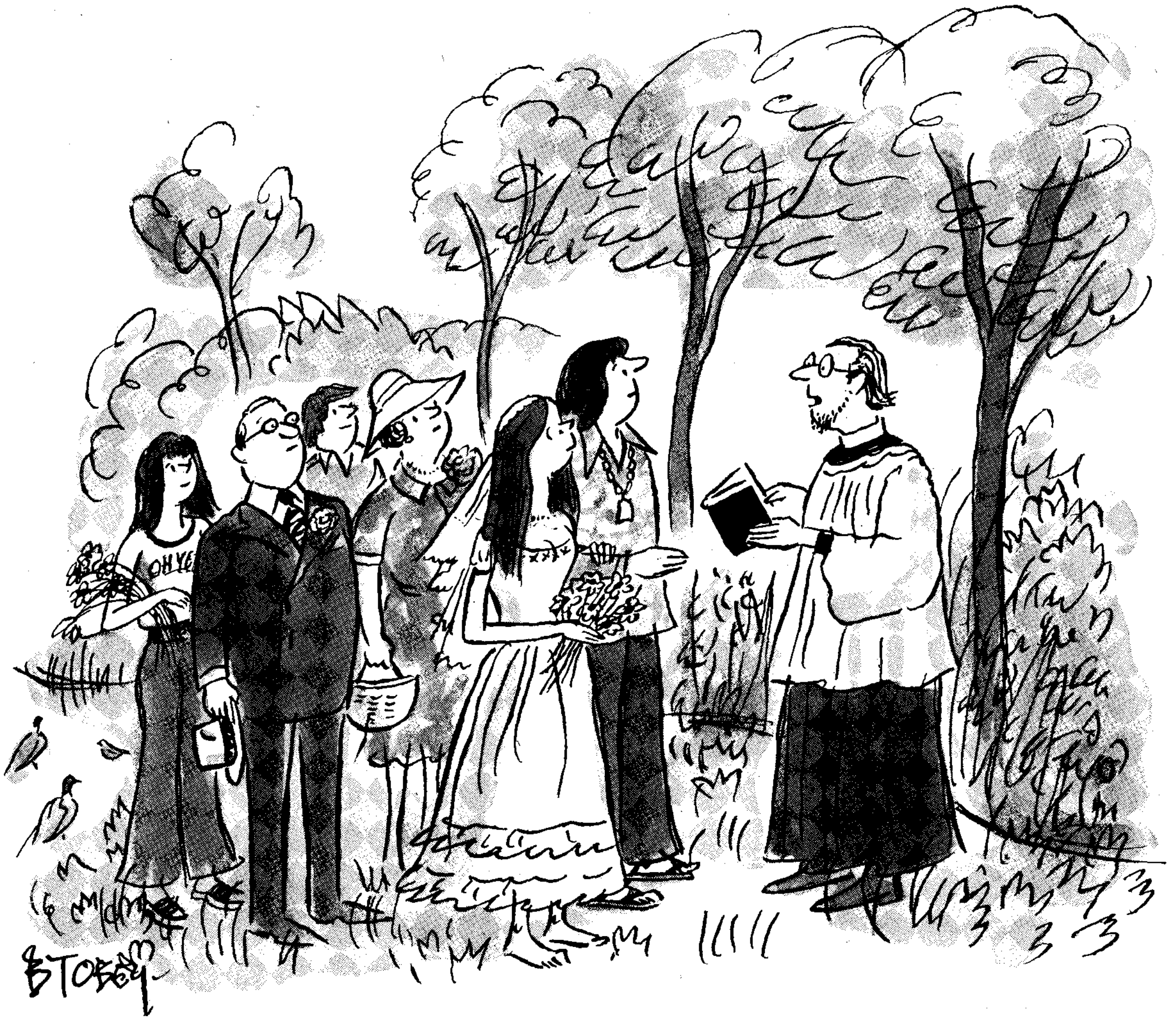
"How y'all tonight?" "Hi, darling!" "Hey, Big Daddy, *qué pasó bien?*" A green van at the curb selling hamburgers, cheeseburgers, fried chicken, and porgy and whitefish sandwiches. A woman making beef-in-the-pocket on a portable gas grill: ground beef, green peppers, onions, hot sauce, and lettuce on pita bread. Two Puerto Rican boys selling bottles of beer out of big plastic Kraft pickle tubs filled with ice. A man selling "I ♥ HARLEM" T-shirts. A small boy astride the shoulders of one of the giant granite eagles guarding the Tomb. Two picnickers at the base of a flagpole eating cold chicken and potato salad off pewter plates and tossed green salad from wooden bowls, and drinking a bottle of Chenin Blanc. A man wearing a necklace made out of the jawbone of a lamb handing around Styrofoam cups of Yago Sant'Gria. An old Korean feeding his small grandson spoonfuls of Häagen-Dazs boysenberry sherbet. Bottles of Champale and of Night Train Express wine, little plastic barrels of grape juice, cans of black-cherry soda, orange soda, iced tea, and root beer, cartons of orange juice. Peanuts, Popsicles, potato chips. A large, happy, wisecracking, chomping, and sipping hum and babble and bustle.

A young man named C. Steven McGann, who works for the National Planning Data Corporation, an Ithaca, New York, group that assists corporations setting up affirmative-action programs, took us in tow and introduced us around. "The Tomb concerts are a kind of summer headquarters for Harlemites," he said. "Almost everybody here is a familiar face." McGann was wearing a khaki shirt, white shorts and knee socks, a white tie, and brown tassel loafers. "I have an M.A. from Cornell in government, and I was a congressional interne for Ronald Dellums, but everything about me is still right here, and down that hill is home," he said. "If I've been fortunate, it's largely because many of the kids I grew up with are no longer around competing with me for jobs. Vietnam got them, or drugs, or jail. My qualifications are good, but I always remember I'm nothing particularly special—there were kids I grew up with who were more intelligent, stronger, more handsome. I can't say I'm the best, but I know I have to take on the qualities of those who are not around." McGann introduced us to some of his friends: an artist from Trinidad; a public-relations woman for the Urban League; the assistant dean of students at Medgar Evers College, in Brooklyn; a student at Teachers College; a guard at Teachers College.

Art Blakey drove up to the back of the float in a 1974 Ford station wagon, and he and the Messengers got to work. The audience hushed, and Blakey's driving drumrolls reverberated off the granite front of the Tomb like firecrackers. As they have for the last twenty-four years, Blakey's furious swells forced his front line—in this case, Bobby Watson, alto sax; David Schnitter, tenor sax; Valeri Ponomarev, trumpet; and Curtis Fuller, trombone—to exert themselves and play their best. The applause for each solo was heartfelt.

During an intermission, we said hello to Judge Bruce Wright, of the Criminal Court, and now a candidate for the Civil Court, who in the late fifties travelled all over the world with Blakey, acting as his lawyer and road manager. "Blakey told me backstage at the Olympia Theatre in Paris that I was so far from being a musician that I didn't even know how to tap my foot properly," the Judge said. "But I never miss these concerts, because I like sassy, roughshod jazz, and this is a perfect place for the demonic, unflagging energy of Blakey and his aggravation—as he always calls his band."

S. David Bailey, the executive di-



"Before we start, I think you should know we're surrounded by poison ivy."

• •

rector of Jazzmobile, came over to us. A Second World War fighter pilot (P-51s and P-39s), he took a job as Gerry Mulligan's drummer after the war when he couldn't get a flying job, and later played for Billy Taylor, Clark Terry, and the like. "What we've been doing for fourteen years is preparing an audience," he said. "Most people leave liking what they've heard, and every time we play we get some new adherents. We give people an option—we take the music to people's doorsteps, and then they have a chance to like a kind of music they may not have heard before. And we've also helped give work to jazz musicians who have kept to a noncommercial path. The current jazz revival is no fluke—the music would have been beyond reviving without groups like ours. And the musicians feel comfortable, too, because it is out of the loins of our audiences and their grandparents that this music comes. And, as Billy Taylor says, there's nothing like playing outdoors. Exuberance is not restrained, interaction is freer, and people respond just a little more quickly, a little more readily to the nuances of a performance as it unfolds."

At the National Shoe Fair (The Coliseum. Estimated Attendance: 11,000)

"RALPH. Giorgio. Hey, all the big hitters are here today."

Looking everywhere for a tennis shoe with a protective toe pad to reduce that dad-blamed "server's drag."

"All the leather boots we stock are imported. Very few of them are domestic. They're from Italy, Spain, Brazil, Taiwan, the Orient—the company names wouldn't even mean anything to you."

Looking for something in a wine-colored square-dance shoe.

"We won't take any more business than we know we can do this year. Can I get a sample in each style?"

Looking for a shoe that will stimulate the nerve endings in the feet, the nerve endings attached to the liver, adrenal gland, hip joint, back of head, sciatic nerve, throat, and tonsils, to name a few, like shoes the self-realized yogis used to wear thousands of years ago in ancient India.

"Samples? No problem. I'll air-freight them to you right from the factory."

Looking for something in an exotic-leather Western boot, light-brown baby shark preferred, but brown genuine kangaroo, chocolate genuine elephant, natural paradise reptile, or granite-gray genuine anaconda O.K., too.

"I hate to grab you like this, but I figured this might be something for you. Feel that suède. I just want to give you a pattern."

Looking with exhaustive thoroughness for a pair of terry-cloth bath slippers to wear on shopping sprees at the 7 Eleven.

"You know how many smooches you've got from me these past three days?"

"Hey, Bonnie—ha ha ha. C'mere—ha ha ha. It's a swap scene."

Looking with bated breath for honey-wheat thigh-high zip-up leather boots with four-inch heels.

"Finally, I hooked up with some guy in Los Angeles. I told him, 'The shoe sells itself. A sure winner for impulse sales.' "

Looking high and low for rubber-like features at popular prices.

Looking for high fashions, and steel shanks for all-day comfort.

Looking for high-top sneakers with a comb pocket on the ankle, like those worn by the stars of the movie "Grease."

"This guy here—you tell him to come back. Bring him to the show in Mexico next year. Hear me?"

Looking for high-heeled Mary Janes. Looking for strippy glitter sandals.

"Take care, Dick."

Looking for a child's slipper shaped like a racing car, with snap-on plastic wheels and non-skid soles, that comes in a see-through box that looks like a pit stop.

"Take care, Larry, Ben, Ruby, Harry, Milt, Peachie, Bernie, Ulla, Irene, Riccardo, Miron, Jerry, Joel, Allyn, Nat, Oscar, Vivian, Audrey, Jann, Art, Georgette, Barry, Brad, Kevin, Terry, and Wes."

"Take care."

Recognition

ONE recent afternoon, a dreary, soupy day before the summer rains, eighty-nine-year-old Dominick Longobardi, the most widely recognized man in the South Village, was in the middle of his daily route when we met him, with his black-and-white Chihuahua, at the Canevari Meat Market, on lower Sullivan Street. Health and weather permitting, Dominick Longobardi walks every day from Broome Street to Washington Square Park and along Macdougal, Sullivan, and Thompson Streets, where he greets tourists and talks to them about himself and the neighborhood, shows them pictures that he always carries with him, and, in turn, manages to have his picture taken. He also runs errands for local shopkeepers. He had stopped by the Canevari Meat Market to pick up a bank deposit for Mrs. Caroline Canevari, a handsome middle-aged woman with short gray hair, who has been a shopkeeper in this vicinity for thirty-five years. Mrs. Canevari has an easy-to-talk-to expression on her face, which belies her local title of "lady butcher," and it was clear from looking at her when Mr. Longobardi walked in that thirty-five years had been time enough for her to hear most of Mr. Longobardi's stories and see most of his photographs. He is nonetheless always welcome to rest in her store while she goes about her business. "How are you, young boy?" he said to us. He gives the impression of inhaling as he speaks, and he has a thick Italian accent. His Chihuahua stood watchfully by his side while he collected Mrs. Canevari's package. Mr. Longobardi is a tiny man with large hazel-brown eyes and a broad, full gray mustache. He wore a baggy olive sports jacket with bulging pockets, a paisley shirt with a turquoise-and-silver-eagle string tie, and a captain's hat. He looked like an organ-grinder out of a "Little Old New York" photograph.

Before we could return Mr. Longobardi's salutation, he launched into a speech that quickly covered three points: that there weren't as many Italian people in the neighborhood as there had been when he moved there, as a seven-year-old from Salerno; that he had lived in the South Village longer than anyone else, and had seen more changes; and that, in general, nothing was the way it used to be. "Come, I'ma show you," he said, and we followed him outside. "When I first move here, the whole street fulla pushcarts," he said, pointing around Sullivan Street and up to the corner of Houston Street. "I'ma living here before you was born. Before your mama was born. You see 144 Sullivan? That was the first pizzeria. They bring all the Italians over, they work in the basement, seven dollars a week."

As Mr. Longobardi continued his walk, we walked along with him, and learned several other things: that there used to be a five-cent Italian movie house in what is now an expensive loft building, and a ristorante where you could eat for twenty-five cents on the spot where a Guatemalan boutique now stands; that when he was young he would pick wild mushrooms on Forty-second Street and sell them downtown; that he drove a truck for the John Wanamaker department store for twenty years and was invited to old man Wanamaker's funeral; and that everyone in the neighborhood knows him. He fished in one of his sports-jacket pockets and produced a tightly packed wallet bound by a rubber band. He opened it, and flipped through some photographs and cards. Pulling one out, he announced, "Atsa my card." It looked like this:

NO PHONE NO ADDRESS

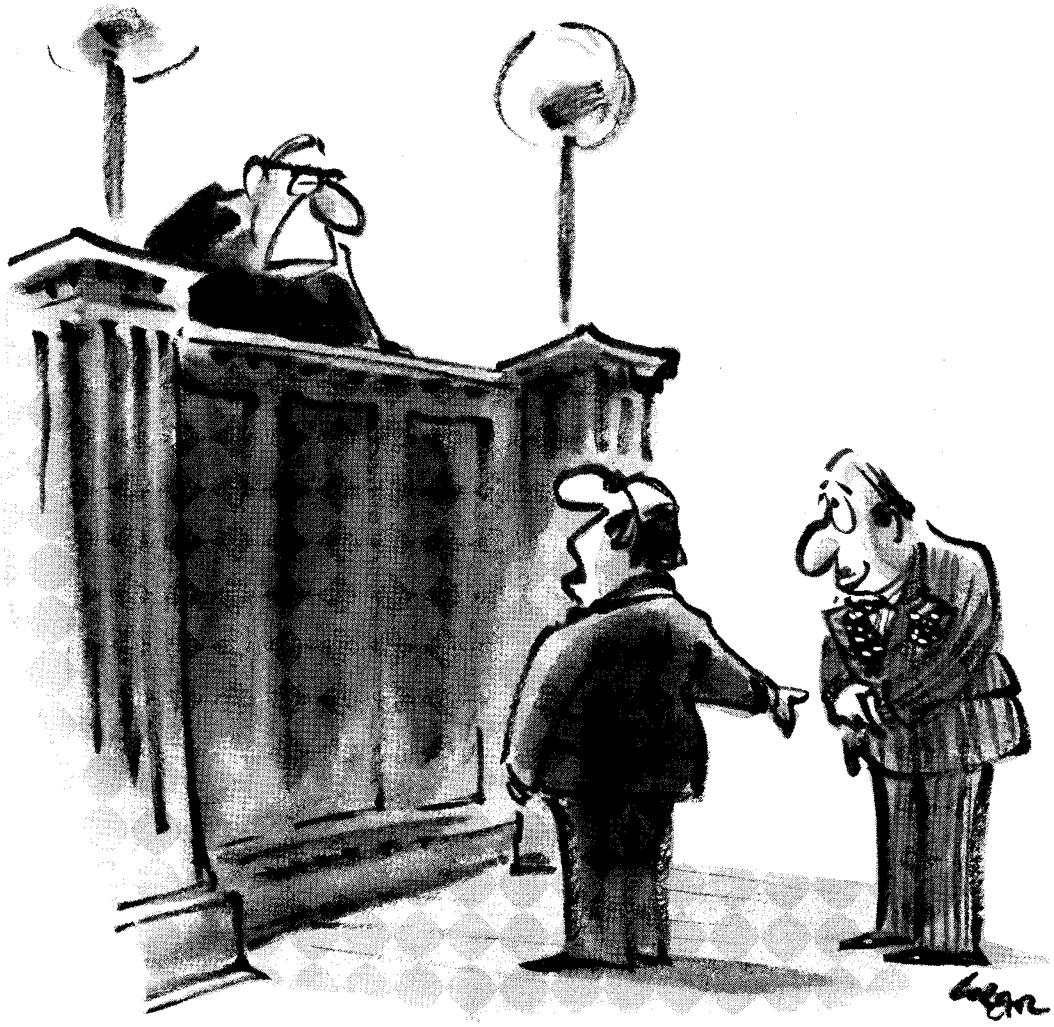
RETIRED

NO BUSINESS NO MONEY

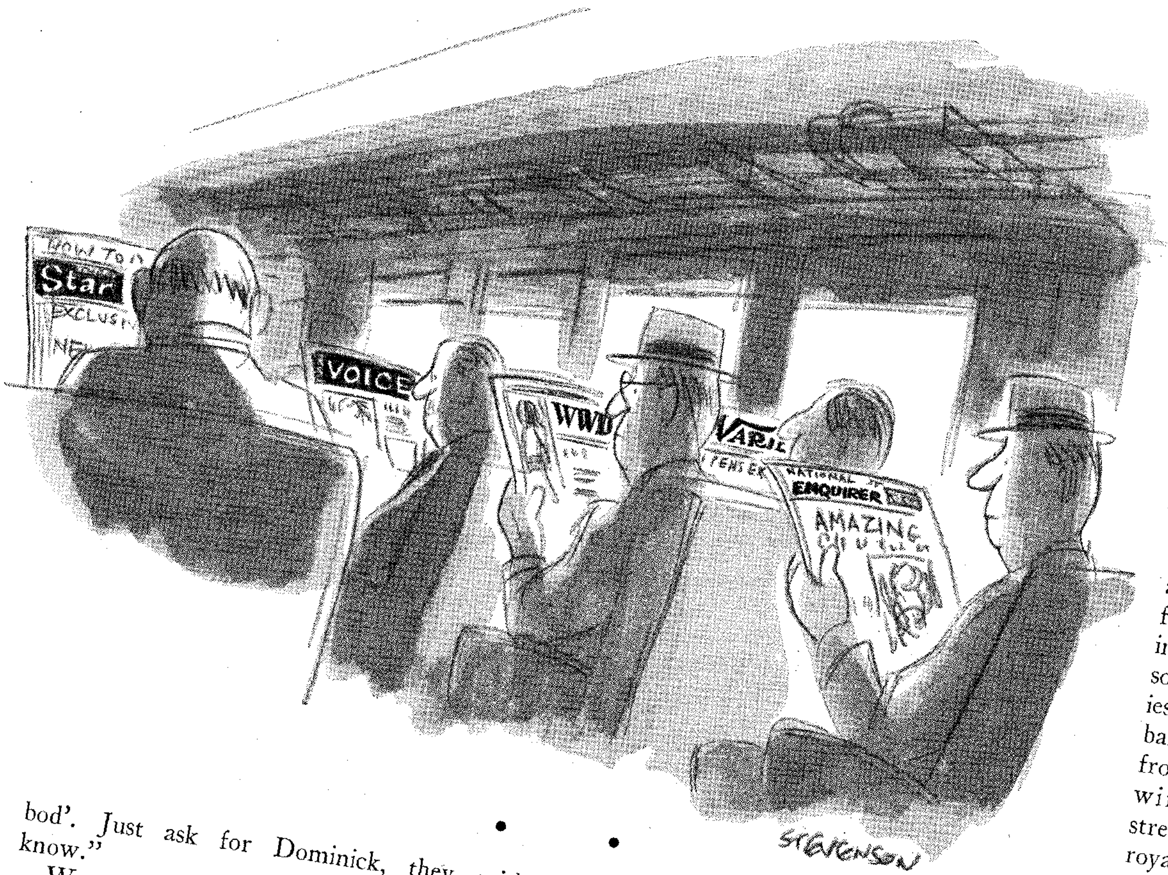
On the reverse side, it said "God Bless America," and under the words was a line drawing of a small dog.

"But there's no name on your card," we said to him.

"I'ma no need," he replied. "Everybod' know me. I'ma know every-



"Your Honor, my client pleads guilty to being misled by his advisers."



bod'. Just ask for Dominick, they know."

We continued walking with Dominick past Houston Street toward the bank near Washington Square Park, followed at several paces by the Chihuahua. Now and then, he stopped young people on the street with the greeting "How are you, young boy?" or, as often, "How are you, big girl?" and sometimes they stopped long enough for him to tell his stories and show his pictures and cards. Dominick carries with him over a hundred photographs, business cards, notes, letters, and clippings. The featured part of his collection of photographs includes pictures of him wearing a black top hat and a white apron, and surrounded by children, selling watermelon at a long-ago Feast of St. Anthony; standing in front of an orange grove in Florida, at his daughter's place; sitting uncomfortably on a bowed horse on a flat, dry field in California, at his nephew Joe Longobardi's place; and standing in front of a line of golf carts at the Hollywood Lakes Country Club, in Hollywood, Florida, where his son Sam Longobardi is the manager. He also likes to display a professional photograph of a woman who looks as if she might be a night-club singer, with the inscription "To Dominick, Thanks for the beautiful earrings. Love, Nikki Dante;" several snapshots of smiling nuns; a little snapshot of Jimi Hendrix; and photographs of himself taken at the Feast of St. Anthony with John Lindsay, with Vito Battista, and with one of forty busts of himself that an artist at the Feast had made. We noticed as we walked with Dominick that some longtime residents of the neighborhood were not so interested when they saw him approaching.

Dominick remains active in this way throughout all four seasons. Spring is probably his busiest time of the year. It is the season that brings the most visitors to the neighborhood, primarily because of the street festivals, and Dominick will pack a shopping bag of extra, framed photographs for the larger audiences on his rounds. In the autumn, many young women looking for new studio apartments will stop and ask Dominick first, and N.Y.U. students and marginally employed young people will sit with Dominick at the local cafés and listen to his neighborhood history. Winter is his most profitable season: he sells Christmas trees on the corner of Sullivan and Houston Streets.

But if summer is not his most commercial season, it is his most peripatetic, and it is when he is most visible in the neighborhood. "In the summer, whole street fulla people when I was young. Alla time. Not like-a now," he said unhappily. Indeed, as we crossed Houston Street again, it *was* very quiet. Most of the local residents who could afford summer vacations had left; the kids who used to go screaming off to St. Anthony's School were either at liberty for a few weeks in summer camp or in servitude in a relative's business concern; many of the local shopkeepers, who rarely allowed themselves a Saturday off during the rest of the year, had shuttered for two weeks, some for a month; the old people who normally populated the street in cooler weather and filled the air with complaints and stories could be found sleeping in folding chairs outside the social clubs and groceries, or could be just barely seen peering out from their apartment windows above the street, looking like royalty on old Italian and Portuguese postage stamps.

Back in the Canevari Meat Market, Dominick was greeted cordially by two longtime neighborhood residents, Stella Barbieri and Mike Catanzaro, who were seated near the meat case. Dominick reached into his left jacket pocket and pulled out some dog candy for his Chihuahua and for Mrs. Barbieri's dog, and from his right jacket pocket he produced an unboxed bottle of Revlon perfume, which he offered to Mrs. Canevari. Then he sat down with the others and, for a few moments, stared out at the empty street, which was threatened by rain. "Before Caroline was born," he began suddenly, "I'ma sell watermelon, corn, all kinda fruit I'ma bring in a truck from New Jersey. I'ma bring the grapes to a big basement on Broome Street, there were some other men, big, big, barrels, and make-a the wine." He turned to us and said, "I still make-a the wine—at 142 Sullivan Street. Wait, I show you a picture."

He found a billfold in one of his pockets, and as he began to leaf through it we asked him again about his unusual business card.

Instead of answering, he offered us another business card, this one bearing his name, address, and telephone number. On the back of the card was printed "FATEVI I FATTI VOSTRI," above the same line drawing of a small dog that appeared on the back of the first card.

"What does this mean?" we asked.

"It means, 'Mind your business,'" Dominick said.

DRIFTER

LIKE continents, our facial features are adrift. They move across the bone plates of our heads. How we look to others—this special arrangement of eyes and ears, nose and mouth—is therefore only a momentary glimpse at a continually adjusting object, an object that on occasion arranges itself in such a way as to be judged beautiful and worthy of praise. Some faces are considered so marvellous that they are collected, like money.

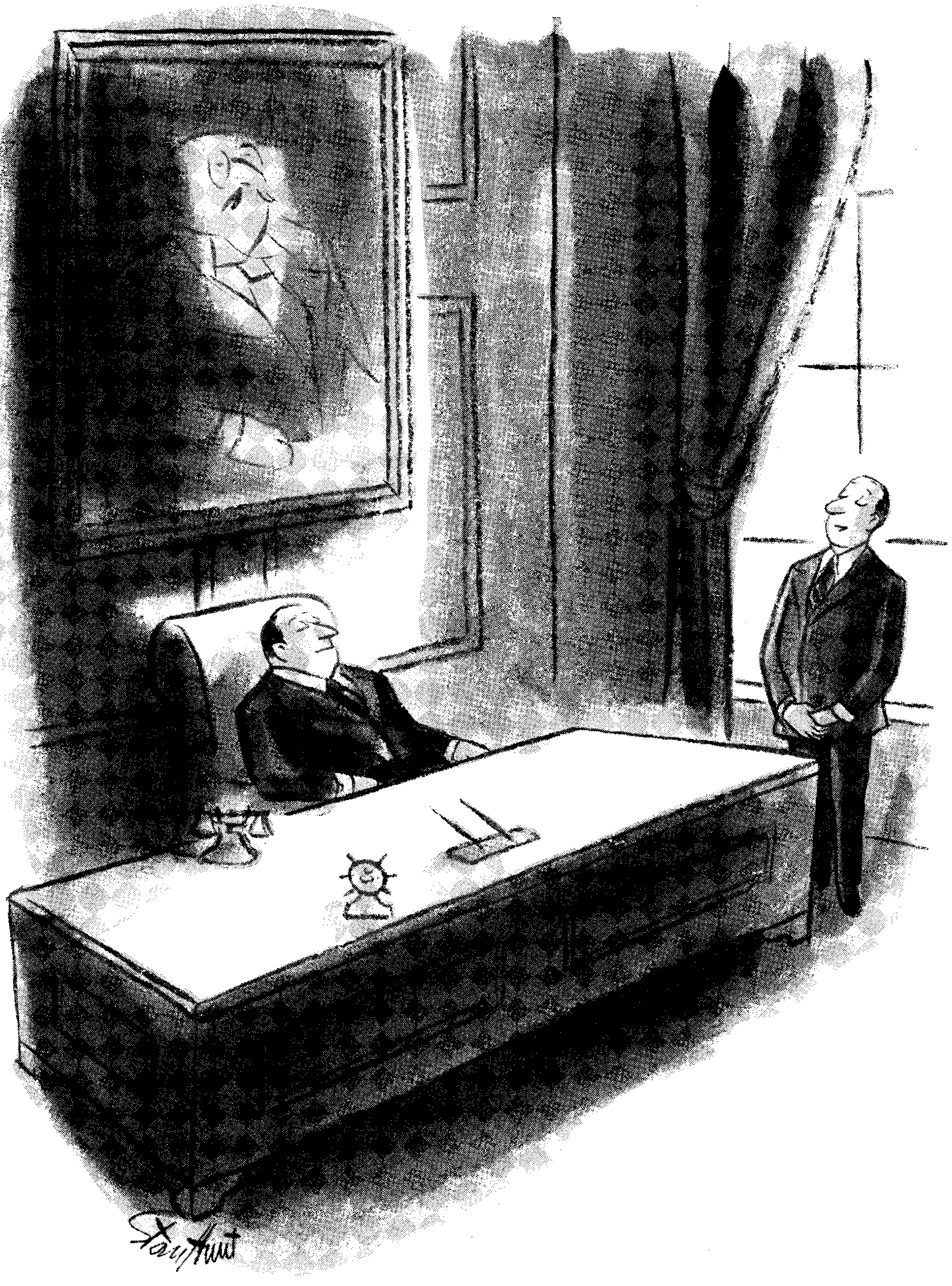
Furthermore, our eyes are not moving capriciously but are slowly working their way toward the ears, to form a "seat" for the gathering of perceptual information. In a similar way, although for different reasons, thousands of years ago the toes—once dispersed, functionless, albeit adorable, appendages—drifted to the ends of the feet in an attempt to flee the body.

The movement of the eyes is the physical result of a psychological or mystical craving to see everything and do everything, at times simultaneously, and to leave no object, event, or concept virginal. How horrible to be new, a child, and to learn that everything has already been done! When children are first confronted by a library they hate their parents. This persists until the moment, years later, when they discover that new concepts, objects, and events are continually being invented. Some children never learn this, and retain their infantile and precise despair, expressed in the obvious question "Why was I born into this world, when there is nothing left for me to do?" Imagination is a significant aspect of human development, almost as important as forgetting, which is the primary way new objects, events, and concepts are invented.

Human beings want to know everything without turning their heads. We are afraid that if we turn to the left we will miss something on the right. Turn your head now; look to your left. At once, you will notice at the other corner of your vision a sudden, potentially threatening blur. Possibly something has escaped from a dream, something frightening. Quickly you turn to confront the invader, to kill it with attention. A cigarette burn on the table dissolves under your gaze. Exhausted, you turn back to regain the previous moment, confident that events have remained frozen in your absence. But everything has changed. Her position has shifted on the couch, a shoe covers her foot. (You remember that it was naked.) All that is left of the world is memory. Bravely you continue to caress her hair, pretending she is not a stranger. And she, for an instant, notices, then dismisses the fact that while you were gone your eyes have drifted ever so slightly apart.

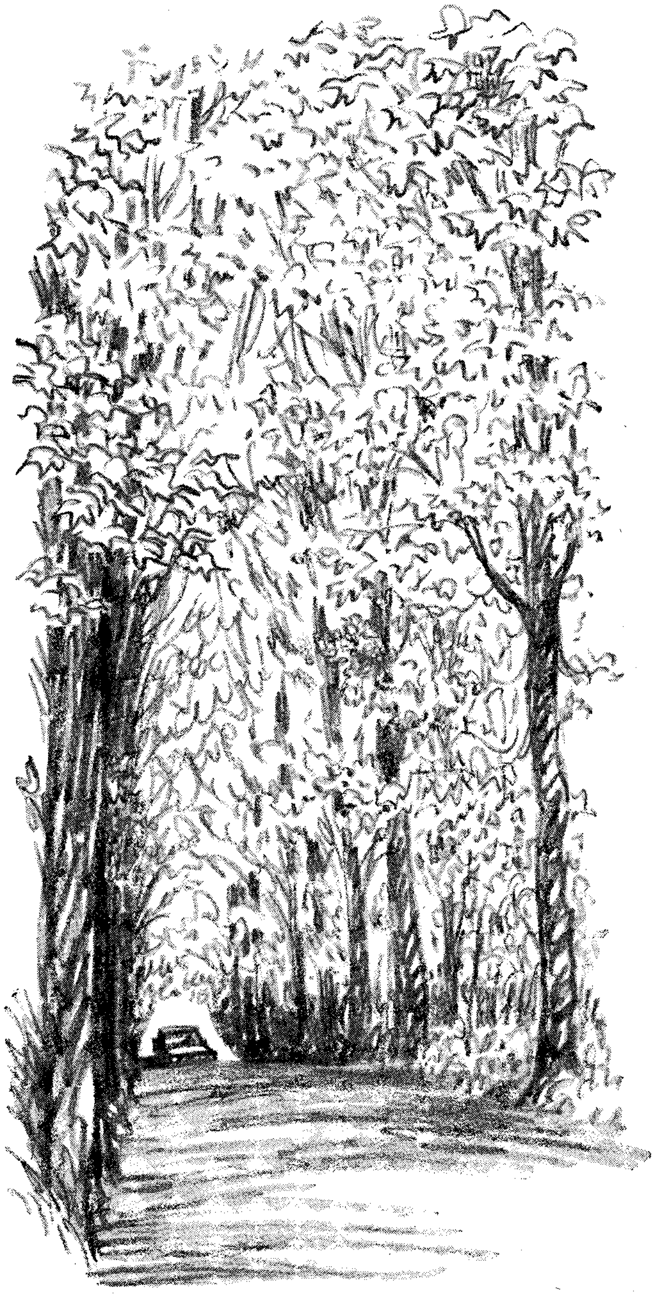
An unpleasant odor enters through the kitchen door. Somehow it contains noise. Without speaking, you both laugh and in so doing erase everything. You start again, reconstructing a new history from your laughter.

—MICHAEL MEYERS

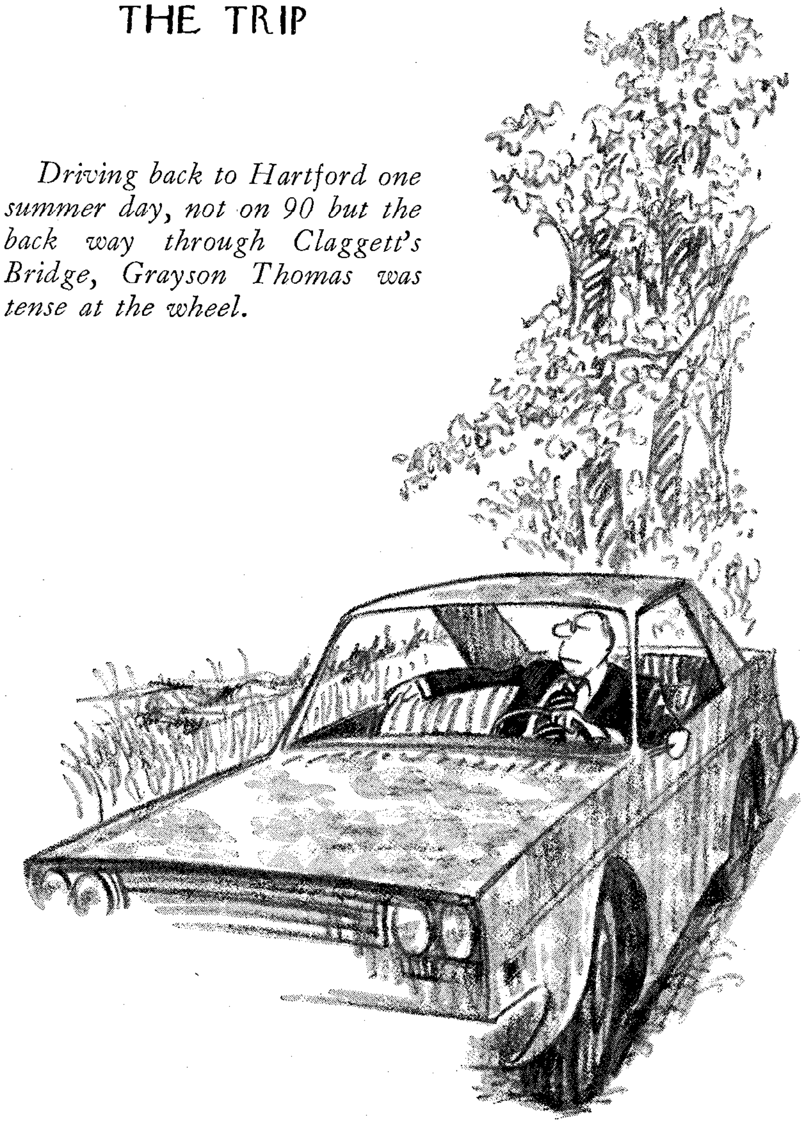


"Of course, you're the final arbiter, sir."

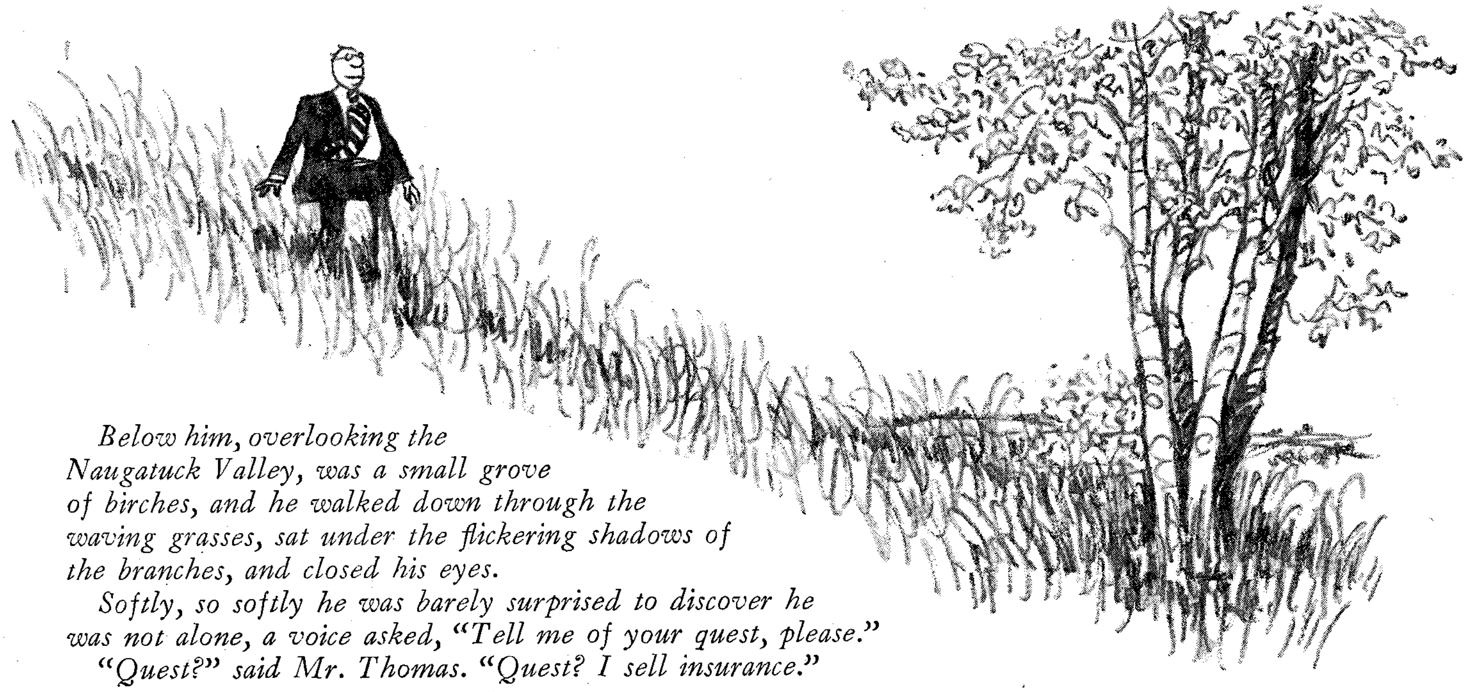
THE TRIP



Driving back to Hartford one summer day, not on 90 but the back way through Claggett's Bridge, Grayson Thomas was tense at the wheel.



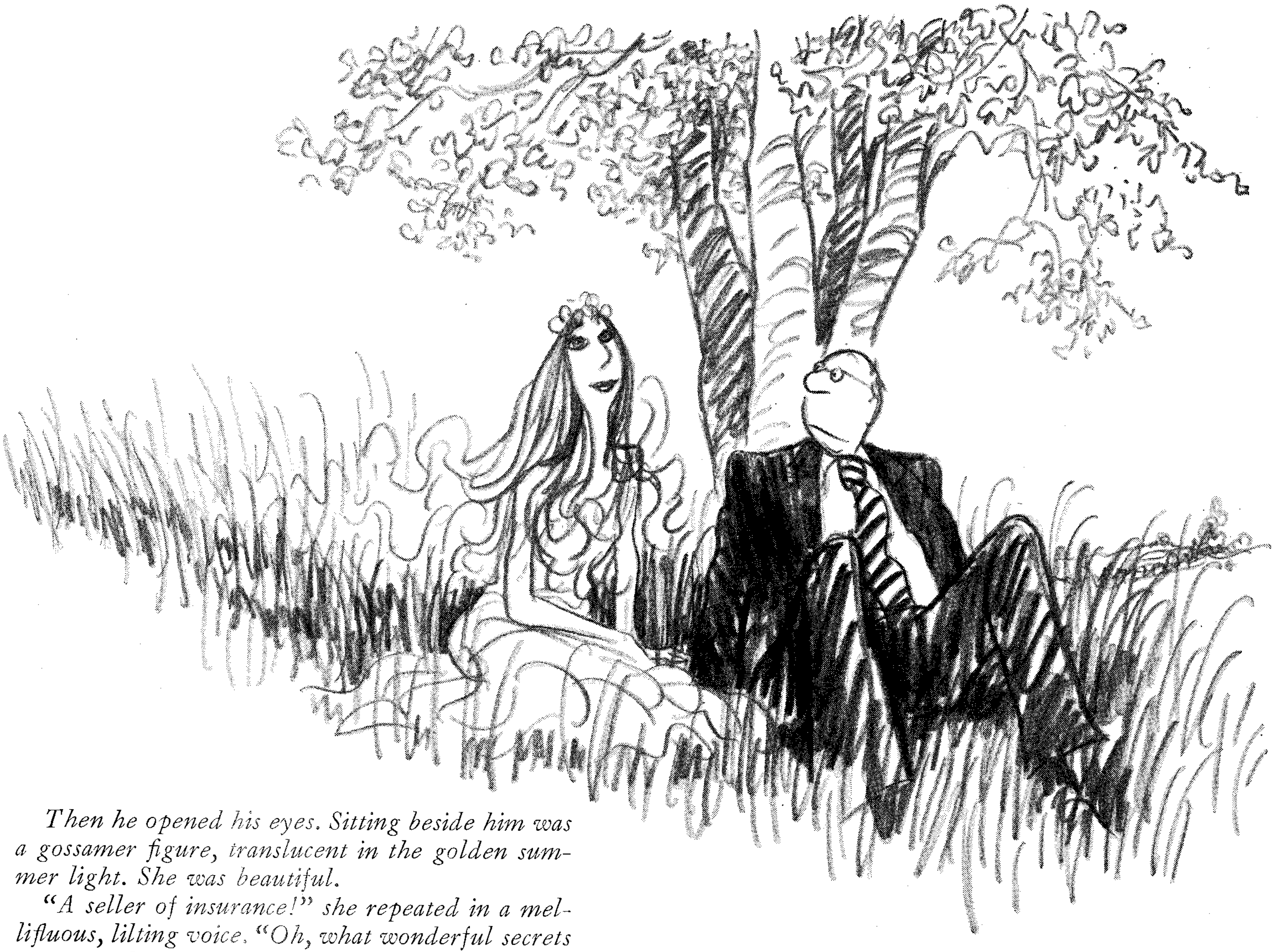
He hadn't written up a single policy on the entire swing through Pittsfield, but the still, sultry afternoon seemed to be calling him. There was plenty of time. Mr. Thomas pulled off the road and stopped.



Below him, overlooking the Naugatuck Valley, was a small grove of birches, and he walked down through the waving grasses, sat under the flickering shadows of the branches, and closed his eyes.

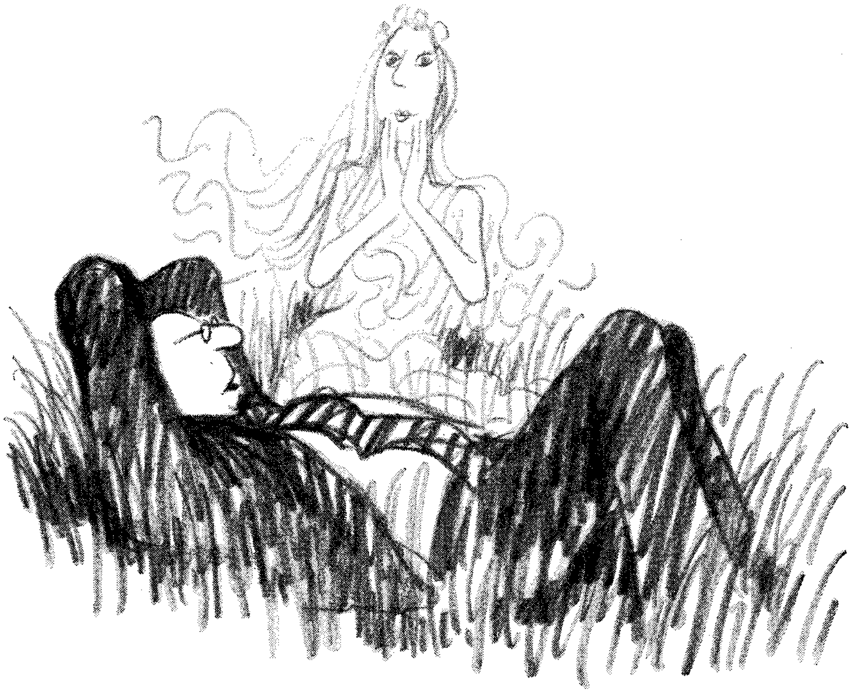
Softly, so softly he was barely surprised to discover he was not alone, a voice asked, "Tell me of your quest, please."

"Quest?" said Mr. Thomas. "Quest? I sell insurance."



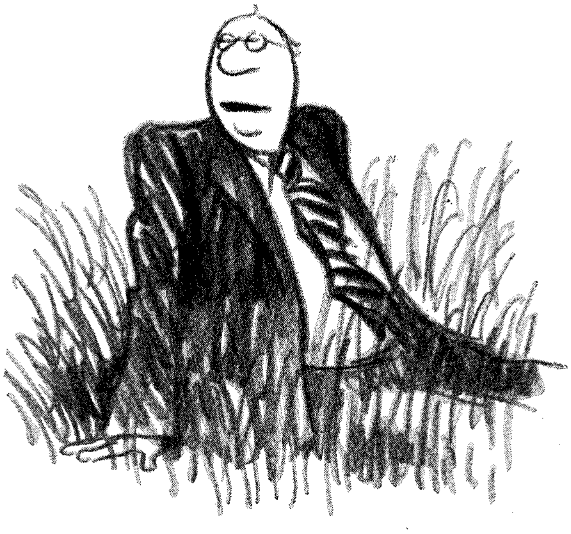
Then he opened his eyes. Sitting beside him was a gossamer figure, translucent in the golden summer light. She was beautiful.

"A seller of insurance!" she repeated in a mellifluous, lilting voice. "Oh, what wonderful secrets you must know!"



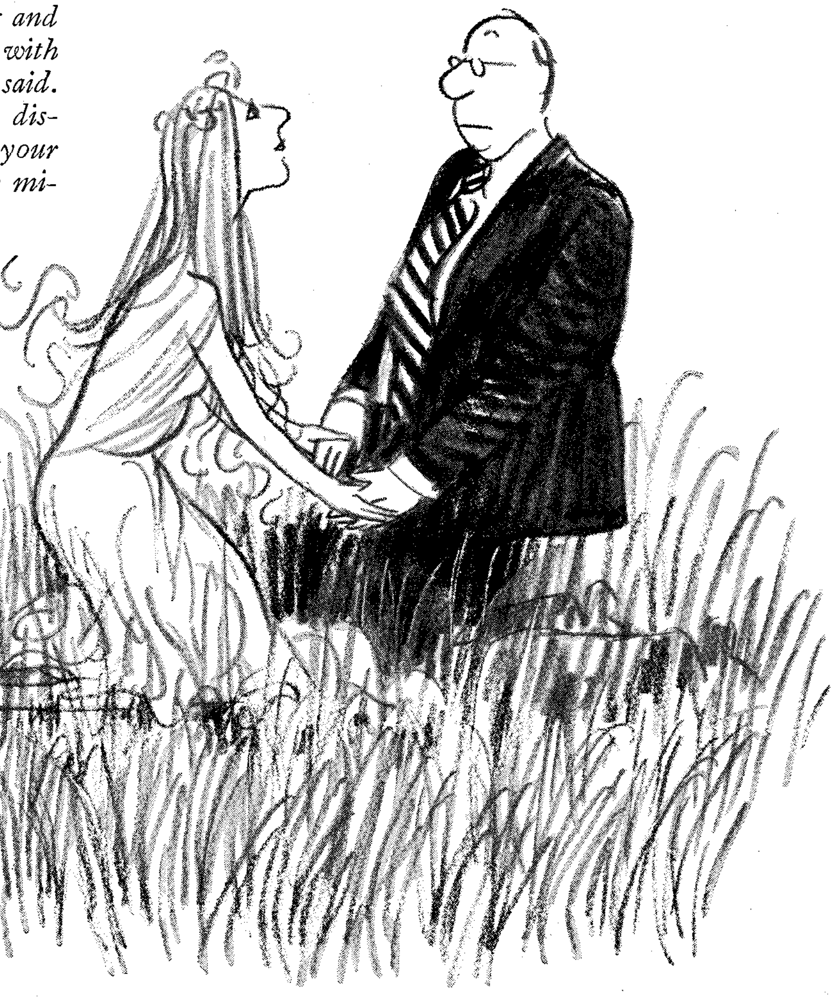
"Actuarial tables are what I know," said Mr. Thomas. "Life expectancy. Accident risks. Incidence of arson." He sighed.

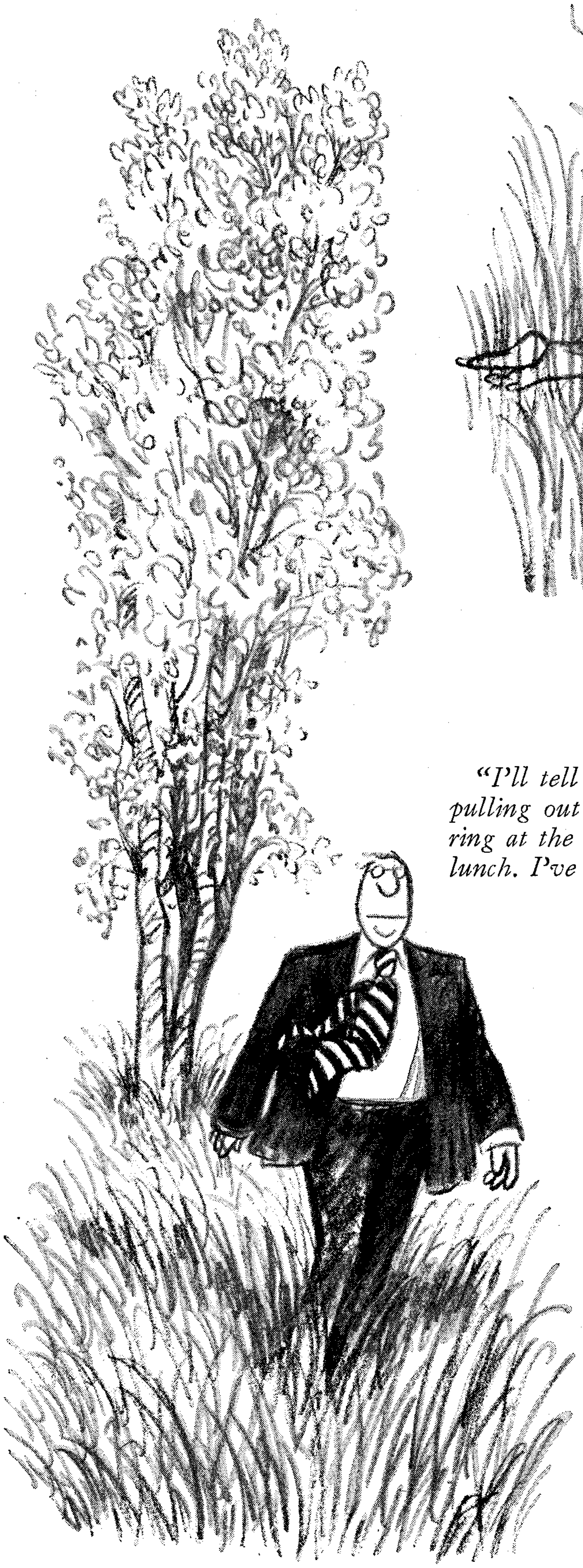
She drew back in awe. "Life! Death! The future! How great is the knowledge of your tables!" she cried.



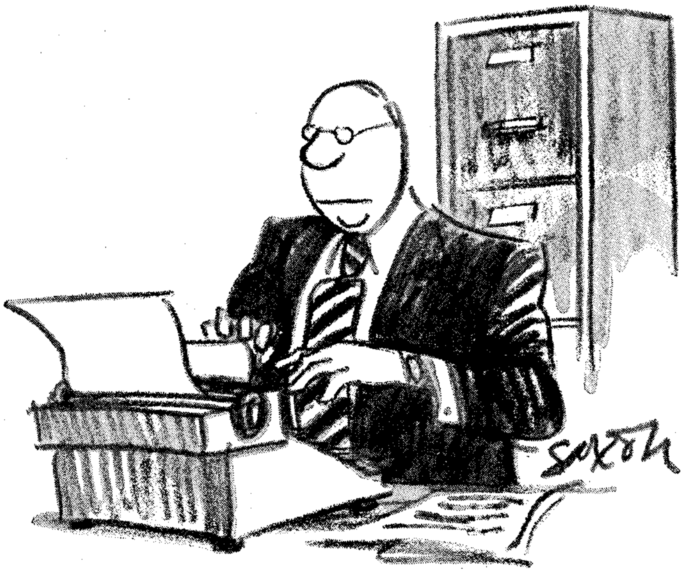
"Male children born today will live to be sixty-nine," said Mr. Thomas, in spite of himself. "Teen-age boys will probably have an automobile accident of some kind."

She sank to the earth on her knees and took his hands. "Oh, let me come with you and learn your wisdom," she said. "Let me be with you and be your disciple, your friend. Let me stay by your side under the stars and hear of the miraculous actuaries who guide you!"





"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Thomas, pulling out one of his cards. "Give me a ring at the office, and maybe we can have lunch. I've really got to get a move on."



Grayson Thomas made it back to Hartford by four-thirty. He walked purposefully to his desk and slipped a sheet of paper into the typewriter. "Expenses of Trip," he wrote. "Solid prospect, Claggett's Bridge. Disbursements . . ."

THE MESSENGER

I

1
In the strange house
in the strange town
going barefoot past the parents' empty room
I hear the horses   the fire   the wheel   bone wings
your voice.

I make my corners:
this table
this letter
this walk.

2
The night you died
by the time I got there to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital
the guard said It's no use your going up.
That was the first time you spoke to me dead—
from a high corner of the lobby.

The next night a friend said, Well these deaths
bring our own deaths, close.

3
But this is the voice
younger than mine; leaning over
the fake-gold Navy officer's sword
the square real gun.

4
Every night the freight train crossed the grown-over road
at the foot of the Neilsens' field, trailing its rusty
whistle. The fire; the wheel; fireflies.
The wall of stars. Real horses. I could go
anywhere. I could go to where you are.
I lie under the bank, my face on the wall of wet grass.
I can't go anywhere, No such thing my dear.

My mother has flour on her hands,
on her cheekbone. My father smiles his one smile
gray and white on the wall. She pushes
her hair back from her eyes. His eyes settle.
On us. Red animal smiles float up in the Pacific.

II

1
You are the messenger,
my half brother, I have seen you before,
you have visited me before,
in the hallways of a school, a hospital,
in a narrow hotel room once,
once on a dirt road in August.

2
I lean on the oak grain of this desk,
the grain of your body, your hair,
your long back. This plum
is darker than your mouth

I drink its salty sweetness   its leaf-smell
from your tongue. Sleep;
your dark head at my breasts

                    Turns
to a boy's head, you are Allan   my brother
Johnny DeSoto, nine
Philip   my brother
David

Your hand is my father's sure, square hand,
it is not too late, digging down through the sand
to show me the water

You turn, say something in your sleep

You are my sister   I hold you warm in my hand   her breast
You trace my breasts

3
My eyes were clenched, they are opening . . .
everything, nothing . . .
we aren't afraid.
The earth drips through us. . . .

Now I want to live forever
Now I could scatter my body easily
if it was any use

now that the earth
has rained through us
green   white
green green grass.

4
You say you came to say if I live without you
I'll live. That's always been your story.

III

The dogwood blossoms stand in still horizontal planes
at the window. In mist. Small khaki figures
climb away up the gray hill. Carrying precision tools wrapped in oilcloth.

Some push their bicycles. —Wait, I'm coming, no this time I mean it

now I could scatter my body
if it was any use

saying again
*if you do not teach me I shall not learn**

—First, you see, you must be still. Touch nothing.
A long time. To look at nothing, to listen to nothing.
Here, in this room. First, you see, you must open your clenched hands.
You must carry your mother and your father at your breasts.

I stand on all fours, my fur
is warm; warm organs, the male and the female.
The earth is light and warm around us.
We lick our cracked old worries
like blood away from our faces, our haunches, we
nudge each other, all our white fur, goodbye, goodbye. . . .

saying again there is a last
*even of last times**

I wake up with one hand clenched in the other hand.
My head rests on oilcloth. A quiet voice laughs to me,

—You were going to go without me?
That was always your story.

—Jean Valentine

*From the poem "Cascando," by Samuel Beckett

THE BUS

WHY I undertook that particular tour in 1956 is something I haven't figured out to this day—dragging around in a bus through Spain for twelve days with a group of tourists. We left from Geneva. I got on the bus around three in the afternoon and found the seats nearly all taken. The driver collected my ticket and pointed out a place next to a woman who was wearing a conspicuous black cross on her breast. Her hair was dyed red, her face was thickly rouged, the lids of her brown eyes were smeared with blue eyeshadow, and from beneath all this dye and paint emerged deep wrinkles. She had a hooked nose, lips red as a cinder, and yellowish teeth.

She began speaking to me in French, but I told her I didn't understand the language and she switched over to German. It struck me that her German wasn't that of a real German or even a Swiss. Her accent was similar to mine and she made the same mistakes. From time to time she interjected a word that sounded Yiddish. I soon found out that she was a refugee from the concentration camps. In 1946, she arrived at a D.P. camp near Landsberg and there by chance she struck up a friendship with a Swiss bank director from Zurich. He fell in love with her and proposed marriage but under the condition that she accept Protestantism. Her name at home had been Celina Pultusker. She was now Celina Weyerhofer.

Suddenly she began speaking to me in Polish, then went over into Yiddish. She said, "Since I don't believe in God anyway, what's the difference if it's Moses or Jesus? He wanted me to convert, so I converted a bit."

"So why do you wear a cross?"

"Not out of anything to do with religion. It was given to me by someone dying whom I'll never forget till I close my eyes."

"A man, eh?"

"What else—a woman?"

"Your husband has nothing against this?"

"I don't ask him. There he is."

Mrs. Weyerhofer pointed out a man sitting across the way. He looked younger than she, with a fair, smooth face, blue eyes, and a straight nose. To me he appeared the typical banker—sober, amiable, his trousers neatly pressed and pulled up to preserve the crease, shoes freshly polished. He was wearing a panama hat. His manner expressed order, discipline. Across his knee lay the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, and I noticed it was open to the financial section. From his breast pocket he took a piece of cloth with which he polished his glasses. That done, he glanced at his gold wristwatch.

I asked Mrs. Weyerhofer why they weren't sitting together.

"Because he hates me," she said in Polish.

Her answer surprised me, but not overly so. The man glanced at me sidelong, then averted his face. He began to converse with a lady sitting in the window seat beside him. He removed his hat, revealing a shining bald pate surrounded by a ruff of pale-blond hair. "What could it have been that this Swiss saw in the person next to me?" I asked myself, but such things one could not really question.

Mrs. Weyerhofer said, "So far as I can tell, you are the only Jew on the bus. My husband doesn't like Jews. He doesn't like Gentiles, either. He has a million prejudices. Whatever I say displeases him. If he had the power, he'd kill off most of mankind and leave only his dogs and the few bankers with whom he's chummy. I'm ready to give him a divorce but he's too stingy to pay alimony. As it is, he barely gives me enough to keep alive. Yet he's highly intelligent, one of the best-read people I've ever met. He speaks six languages perfectly, but, thank God, Polish isn't one of them."

She turned toward the window and I lost any urge to talk to her further. I had slept poorly the night before, and when I leaned back I dozed off, though my mind went on thinking wakeful thoughts. I had broken up with a woman I loved—or at least desired. I had just spent three weeks alone in a hotel in Zakopane.

I was awakened by the driver. We had come to the hotel where we would eat dinner and sleep. I couldn't orient myself to the point of deciding whether we were still in Switzerland or had reached France. I didn't catch the name of the city the driver had announced. I got the key to my room. Someone had already left my suitcase there. A bit later, I went down to the dining room. All the tables were full, and I didn't want to sit with strangers.

As I stood, a boy who appeared to be fourteen or fifteen came up to me. He reminded me of pre-war Poland in his short pants and high woollen stockings, his jacket with the shirt collar outside. He was a handsome youth—black hair worn in a crewcut, bright dark eyes, and unusually pale skin. He clicked his heels in military fashion and asked, "Sir, you speak English?"

"Yes."

"You are an American?"

"An American citizen."

"Perhaps you'd like to join us? I speak English. My mother speaks a little, too."

"Would your mother agree?"

"Yes. We noticed you in the bus. You were reading an Amer-

Gahan Wilson

"I would like to play for you now a song of my people."

ican newspaper. After I graduate from what you call high school, I want to study at an American university. You aren't by chance a professor?"

"No, but I have lectured at a university a couple of times."

"Oh, I took one look at you and I knew immediately. Please, here is our table."

He led me to where his mother was sitting. She appeared to be in her mid-thirties, plump, but with a pretty face. Her black hair was combed into two buns, one at each side of her face. She was expensively dressed and wore lots of jewelry. I said hello and she smiled and replied in French.

The son addressed her in English: "Mother, the gentleman is from the United States. A professor, just as I said he would be."

"I am no professor. I was invited by a college to serve as writer-in-residence."

"Please. Sit down."

I explained to the woman that I knew no French, and she began to speak to me in a mixture of English and German. She introduced herself as Annette Metalon. The boy's name was Mark. The waiters hadn't yet managed to serve all the tables, and while we waited I told the mother and son that I was a Jew, that I wrote in Yiddish, and that I came from Poland. I always do this as soon as possible to avoid misunderstandings later. If the person I am talking to is a snob, he knows that I'm not trying to represent myself as something I'm not.

"Sir, I am also a Jew. On my father's side. My mother is Christian."

"Yes, my late husband was a Sephardi," Mrs. Metalon said. Was Yiddish a language or a dialect, she asked me. How did it differ from Hebrew? Was it written in Latin letters or in Hebrew? Who spoke the language and did it have a future? I responded to everything briefly. After some hesitation, Mrs. Metalon told me that she was an Armenian and that she lived in Ankara but that Mark was attending school in London. Her husband came from Salonika. He was an importer and exporter of Oriental rugs and had had some other businesses as well. I noticed a ring with a huge diamond on her finger, and magnificent pearls around her neck. Finally, the waiter came over and she ordered wine and a steak. When the waiter heard I was a vegetarian he grimaced and informed me that the kitchen wasn't set up for vegetarian meals. I told him I would eat whatever I could get—potatoes, vegetables, bread, cheese. Anything he could bring me.

As soon as he had gone, the questions started about my vegetarianism: Was it on account of my health? Out of principle? Did it have anything to do with being kosher? I was accustomed to justifying myself, not only to strangers but even to people who had known me for years. When I told Mrs. Metalon that I didn't belong to any synagogue, she asked the question for which I could never find the answer—what did my Jewishness consist of?

According to the way the waiter had reacted, I assumed that I'd leave the table hungry, but he brought me a plateful of cooked vegetables and a mushroom omelette as well as fruit and cheese. Mother and son both tasted my dishes, and Mark said, "Mother, I want to become a vegetarian."

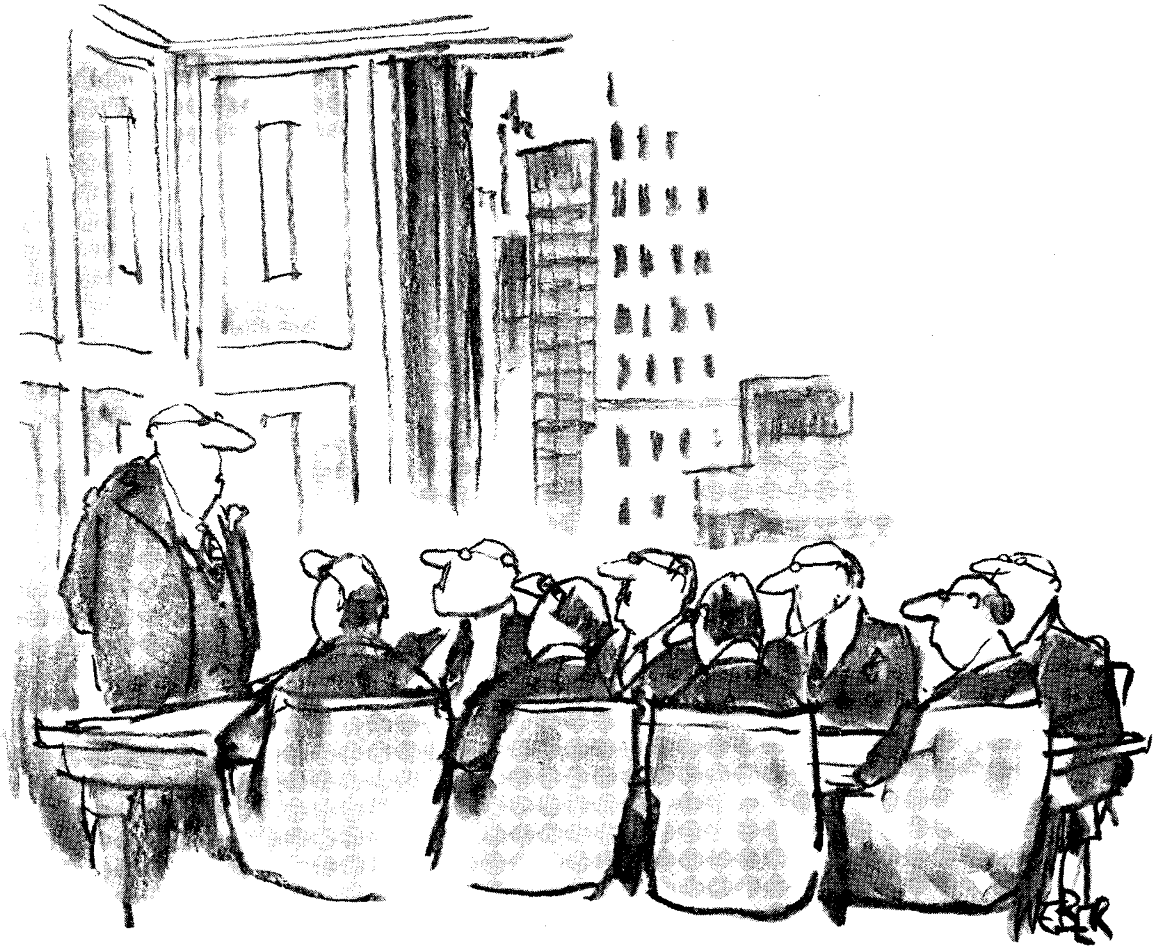
"Not as long as you're living with me," Mrs. Metalon replied.

"I don't want to remain in England, and certainly not in Turkey. I've decided to become an American," Mark said. "I like American literature, American sincerity, democracy, and the American business sense. In England there are no opportunities for anyone who wasn't born there. I want to marry an American girl. Sir, what kind of documents are needed to get a visa to the United States? I have a Turkish passport, not an English one. Would you, sir, send me an affidavit?"

"Yes, with pleasure."

"Mark, what's wrong with you? You meet a gentleman for the first time and at once you make demands of him."

"What do I demand? An affidavit is only a piece of paper and a signature. I want to study at Harvard University or at the University of Princeton. Sir,



"We've had the T-shirts made, gentlemen. The question now is, shall we wear them?"

• •

which of these two universities has the better business school?"

"I really wouldn't know."

"Oh, he has already decided everything for himself," Mrs. Metalon said. "A child of fourteen but with an old head. In that sense, he takes after his father. He always planned down to the last detail and years in advance. My husband was forty years older than I, but we had a happy life together." She took out a lace-edged handkerchief and dabbed at an invisible tear.

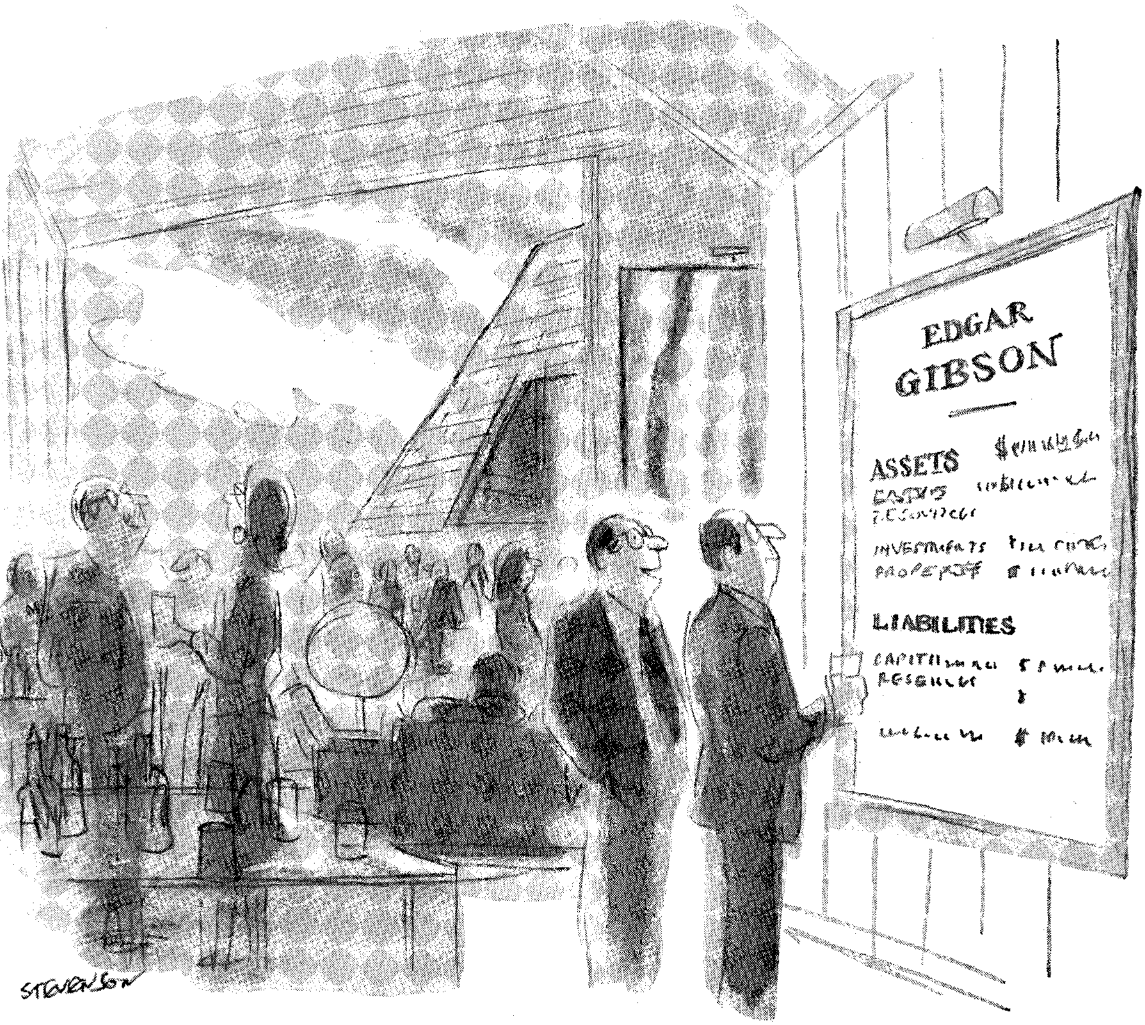
THE bus routine required that each day passengers exchanged seats. It gave everyone a chance to sit up front. Most couples stayed together, but individuals kept changing their partners. On the third day, the driver placed me next to the banker from Zurich, who was apparently determined not to sit with his wife.

He introduced himself to me: Dr. Rudolf Weyerhofer. The bus had left Bordeaux, where we had spent the night, and was approaching the Spanish border. At first neither of us spoke; then Dr. Weyerhofer began to talk of Spain, France, the situation in Europe. He questioned me about America, and when I told him that I was a staff member of a Yiddish newspaper his talk turned to Jews and Judaism. Wasn't it odd that a people should have retained its identity through two thousand years of wandering across the countries of the world and after all that time returned to the land and language of its ancestors? The only such instance in the history of mankind. Dr. Weyerhofer told me he had read Graetz's "History of the Jews" and even something of Dubnow's. He knew the works of Martin Buber and Klausner's "Jesus of Nazareth." But for all that the essence of the Jew was far from clear to him. He asked about the Talmud, the Zohar, the Chassidim, and I answered as best I could. I felt certain that shortly he would begin talking about his wife.

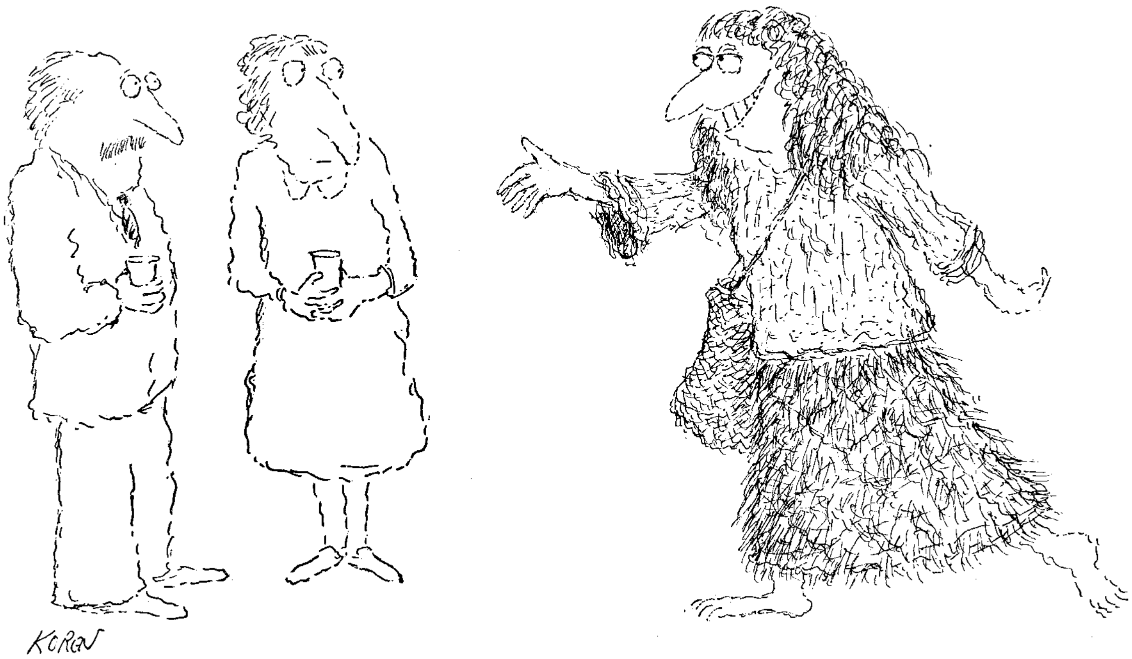
Mrs. Weyerhofer had already managed to irritate the other passengers. Both in Lyons and in Bordeaux the bus had been forced to wait for her—for a half hour in Lyons and for over an hour in Bordeaux. The delays played havoc with the travel schedule. She had gone off shopping and had returned loaded down with bundles. From the way she had described her husband to me as a miser who begrudged her a crust of bread, I couldn't understand where she got the money to buy so many things. Both times she apologized and said that her watch had stopped, but the Swiss women claimed that she had purposely turned back the hands of her automatic wristwatch. By her behavior Celina Weyerhofer humiliated not only her husband, who accused her in public of lying, but also me, for it was obvious to everyone on the bus that she, like me, was a Jew from Poland.

I no longer recall how it came about but Dr. Weyerhofer began to unburden himself to me. He said, "My wife accuses me of anti-Semitism, but what kind of anti-Semite am I if I married a Jewish woman just out of concentration camp? I want you to know that this marriage has caused me enormous difficulties. At that time many people in financial circles were infected with the Nazi poison, and I lost important connections. I was seriously considering emigrating to your America or even to South Africa, since I had practically been excommunicated from the Christian business community. How is this called by your people . . . cherem? My blessed parents were still living then and they were both devout Christians. You could write a thick book about what I went through.

"Though my wife converted, she did it in such a way that the whole thing became a farce. This woman makes enemies wherever she goes, but her worst enemy is her own mouth. She has a talent for antagonizing everyone she meets. She tried to establish a connection with the Jewish community in Zurich, but she said such shocking things and carried on so that the members would have nothing to do with her. She'd go to a rabbi and represent herself as an atheist; she'd launch a debate with him about religion and call him



"Personally, I find Edgar very refreshing."



"Hi! I'm all natural."

• •

a hypocrite. While she accuses everyone of anti-Semitism, she herself says things about Jews you'd expect from a Goebbels. She plays the role of a rabid feminist and joins protests against the Swiss government for refusing to give women the vote, yet at the same time she castigates women in the most violent fashion.

"I noticed her talking to you when you were sitting together and I know she told you how mean I am with money. But the woman has a buying mania. She buys things that will never be used. I have a large apartment she's crowded with so much furniture, so many knickknacks and idiotic pictures that you can barely turn around. No maid will work for us. We eat in restaurants even though I hate not eating at home. I must have been mad to agree to go on this trip with her. But it looks as if we won't last out the twelve days. While I sit talking here with you, my mind is on forfeiting my money and leaving the bus before we even get to Spain. I know I shouldn't be confiding my personal problems like this, but since you are a writer maybe they can be of use to you. I tell myself that the camps and wanderings totally destroyed her nerves, but I've met other women who survived the whole Hitler hell, and they are calm, civilized, pleasant people."

"How is it that you didn't see this before?" I asked.

"Eh? A good question. I ask myself the same thing. The very fact that I'm telling you is a mystery of its own to me, since we Swiss are reticent. Apparently ten years of living with this woman have altered my character. She is the one who allegedly converted, but I seem to have turned into almost a Polish Jew. I read all the Jewish news, particularly any dealing with the Jewish state. I often criticize the Jewish leaders, but not as a stranger—rather as an insider."

The bus stopped. We had come to the Spanish frontier. The driver went with our passports to the border station and lingered there a long time.

Dr. Weyerhofer began talking quietly, in almost a mumble, "I want to be truthful. One good trait she did have—she could attract a man. Sexually, she was amazingly strong. I don't believe myself that I am speaking of these things—in my circles, talk of sex is taboo. But why? Man thinks of it from cradle to grave. She has a powerful imagination, a perverse fantasy. I've had experience with women and I know. She has said things to me that drove me to frenzy. She has more stories in her than Scheherazade. Our days were cursed, but the nights were wild. She wore me out until I could no longer do my work. Is this characteristic of Jewish women in Eastern Europe? The Swiss Jewish women aren't much more interesting than the Christian."

"You know, Doctor, it is impossible to generalize."

"I have the feeling that many Jewish women in Poland are of this type. I see it in their eyes. I made a business trip to the Jewish state and even met Ben-Gurion, along with other Israeli leaders. We did business with the Bank Leumi. I have a theory that the Jewish woman of today wants to make up for all the centuries in the ghetto. Besides, the Jews are a people of imagination, even though in modern literature they haven't yet created any great works. I've read Jakob Wassermann, Stefan Zweig, Peter Altenberg, and Arthur Schnitzler, but they disappointed me. I expected something better from Jews. Are there interesting writers in Yiddish or Hebrew?"

"Interesting writers are rare among all peoples."

"Here is our driver with the passports."

We crossed the border, and an hour later the bus stopped and we went to have lunch at a Spanish restaurant.

In the entrance, Mrs. Weyerhofer came up to me and said, "You sat with my husband this morning and I know that the whole time he talked about me. I can read lips like a deaf-mute. You should know that he's a pathological liar. Not one word of truth leaves his lips."

"It so happens he praised you."

Celina Weyerhofer tensed. "What did he say?"

"That you are unusually interesting as a woman."

"Is that what he said? It can't be. He has been impotent several years, and being next to him has made me frigid. Physically and spiritually he has made me sick."

"He praised your imagination."

"Nothing is left me except my imagination. He drained my blood like a vampire. He isn't sexually normal. He is a latent homosexual—not so latent—although when I tell him this he denies it vehemently. He only wants to be with men, and when we still shared a bedroom he spent whole nights questioning me about my relationships with other men. I had to invent affairs to satisfy him. Later, he threw these imaginary sins up to me and called me filthy names. He forced me to confess that I had relations with a Nazi, even though God knows I would sooner have let them skin me alive. Maybe we can find a table together?"

"I promised to eat with some woman and her son."

"The one I saw you with yesterday

in the dining room? Her son is a beauty, but she is too fat and when she gets older she'll go to pieces. Did you notice how many diamonds she wears? A jewelry store—tasteless, disgusting. In Lyons and Bordeaux none of us had a bathroom, but she got one. Since she is so rich, why does she ride in a bus? They don't give her a plain room but a suite. Is she Jewish?"

"Her late husband was a Jew."

"A widow, eh? She's probably looking for a match. The diamonds are more than likely imitations. What is she, French?"

"Armenian."

"Foolish men kill themselves and leave such bitches huge estates. Where does she live?"

"In Turkey."

"Be careful. One glance was enough to tell me this is a spider. But men are blind."

I COULDN'T believe it, but I began to see that Mark was trying to arrange a match between his mother and myself. Strangely, the mother played as passive a role in the situation as some old-time maiden for whom the parents were trying to find a husband. I told myself that it was all my imagination. What would a rich widow, an Armenian living in Turkey, want with a Yiddish writer? What kind of future could she see in this? True, I was an American citizen, but it wouldn't have been difficult for Mrs. Metalon to obtain a visa to America without me. I concluded that her fourteen-year-old son had hypnotized his mother—that he dominated her as his father had probably done before him. I also toyed with the notion that her husband's soul had entered into Mark and that he, the dead Sephardi, wanted his wife to marry a fellow-Jew. I tried to avoid eating with the pair, but each time Mark found me and said, "Sir, my mother is waiting for you."

His words implied a command. When it was my turn to order my vegetarian dishes, Mark took over and told the waiter or waitress exactly what to bring me. He knew Spanish because his father had had a partner with whom he had conversed in Ladino. I wasn't accustomed to drinking wine with my meals, but Mark ordered it without consulting me. When we came to a city, he always managed that his mother and I were left alone to shop for bargains and souvenirs. On these occasions he warned me sternly not to spend any money on his mother, and if I had already done so he demanded to know how much and told his mother to pay me back. When I objected, he arched his brows. "Sir, we don't need gifts. A Yiddish writer can't be rich." He opened his mother's pocketbook and counted out whatever the amount had been.

Mrs. Metalon smiled sheepishly at this and added, half in jest, half in earnest, that Mark treated her as if she were his daughter. But she had obviously accepted the relationship.

Is she so weak, I wondered. Or is there some scheme behind this?

The situation struck me as particularly strange because the mother and son were together only during vacations. The rest of the year she remained in Ankara while he studied in London. As far as I could determine, Mark was dependent on his mother; when he

FERGUS FALLING

He climbed to the top
of one of those million white pines
set out across the emptying pastures
of the fifties—some program to enrich the rich
and rebuke the forefathers
who cleared it all once with ox and axe—
climbed to the top, probably to get out
of the shadow
not of those forefathers but of this father,
and saw for the first time,
down in its valley, Bruce Pond, giving off
its little steam in the afternoon,

pond where Clarence Akley came on Sunday mornings to cut down the cedars
around the shore, I'd sometimes hear the slow spondees of his work, he's gone,
where Milton Norway came up behind me while I was fishing and stood awhile
before I knew he was there, he's the one who put the cedar shingles on the
house, some have curled or split, a few have blown off, he's gone,
where Gus Newland logged in the cold snap of '58, the only man willing to go
into those woods that never got warmer than ten below, he's gone,
pond where two wards of the state wandered on Halloween, the National
Guard searched for them in November, in vain, the next fall a hunter found
their skeletons huddled together, in vain, they're gone,
pond where an old fisherman in a rowboat sits, drowning hooked worms, when
he goes he's replaced and is never gone,

and when Fergus
saw the pond for the first time
in the clear evening, saw its oldness down there
in its old place in the valley, he became heavier suddenly
in his bones,
the way fledglings do just before they fly,
and the soft pine cracked . . .

I'd not have heard his cry
if my Skilsaw had been working,
its carbide teeth speeding through the bland spruce of our time, or burning
black circles into some scavenged hemlock plank that hates getting hacked into parts
like dark circles under eyes
when the brain thinks too close to the skin,
but I was sawing by hand and I heard that cry
as though he were attacked; we ran out,
when we bent over him he said, "Galway, Inés, I saw a pond!"
His face went gray, his eyes fluttered closed a frightening moment. . . .

Yes, a pond
that lets off its mist
on the clear afternoons of August, in that valley
to which many have come, for their reasons,
from which many have gone, a few for their reasons, most not,
where even now an old fisherman only the pinetops can see
sits in the dry gray wood of his rowboat, waiting for pickerel.

—GALWAY KINNELL

• •

While you've been working your way up for all these years, we've been quietly waiting for you to arrive.

Seagram's V.O.

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Canadian whisky. A blend of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SINCE 1948
EVEN COME

16
GOODYEAR

1978
MUGELLO
DIJON
SILVERSTONE
UNITED STATES
LAGUNA SECA
ROAD ATLANTA
TALLADEGA
SEBRING
12 HOURS
DAYTONA
24 HOURS

1977
CANADA
TRANS-AM
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
OF MAKES
NURBURGRING
ROAD ATLANTA
MOSPORT
BRAINARD, MINN.
OKLAHOMA
WATKINS GLEN
NELSON LEDG
OHIO
PORTLAND,
OREGON

SEATTL
WASHING
DAYTONA BEA
MID-OHIO

1976
MUGELLO
WATKINS GLEN
6 HOURS
DIJON
LE MANS
24 HOURS
SEBRING
12 HOURS
EUROPEAN GT
CHAMPIONSHIP
TRANS-AM
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
OF MAKES
WORLD SPORTS
CAR
CHAMPIONSHIP
(Division A,
Division B)
11 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1975
IMSA GT
CHAMPIONSHIP
EUROPEAN GT
CHAMPIONSHIP
INTERSERIE
CHAMPIONSHIP
DAYTONA
24 HOURS
F.I.A. CUP FOR GT
CARS
11 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1974
EUROPEAN GT
CHAMPIONSHIP
INTERSERIE
CHAMPIONSHIP
F.I.A. CUP FOR GT
CARS
IMSA GT

CHAMPION
TRANS-AM
CHAMPIONSHIP
9 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1973
TARGA FLORIO
DAYTONA
24 HOURS
SEBRING
CAN-AM
CHAMPIONSHIP
INTERSERIE
CHAMPIONSHIP
WORLD
CHALLENGE OF
SPEED AND
ENDURANCE
F.I.A. GT WORLD
CUP
EUROPEAN GT
CHAMPIONSHIP
IMSA GT
CHAMPIONSHIP
TRANS-AM
CHAMPIONSHIP
7 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1972
DAYTONA
6 HOURS
CAN-AM
CHAMPIONSHIP
INTERSERIE
CHAMPIONSHIP
EUROPEAN GT
TROPHY
F.I.A. CUP F
CARS

8 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1971
BUENOS AIRES
DAYTONA
24 HOURS
SEBRING
12 HOURS
MONZA
1000 kms.
SPA 1000 kms.
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
LE MANS
24 HOURS
OSTERREICH-
RING
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
OF MAKES
INTERSERIE
CHAMPIONSHIP
WORLD GRAND
TOURING
CHAMPIONSHIP
WORLD
CHALLENGE OF
SPEED AND
ENDURANC
IMOLA
VILA RE

1970
DAYTONA
24 HOURS
BRANDS HATCH
MONZA
1000 kms.
LE MANS
24 HOURS
SPA 1000 kms.
NURBURGRING
TARGA FLORIO
WATKINS GLEN
6 HOURS
OSTERREICH-
RING
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
OF MAKES
WORLD GT
TROPHY
CHALLENGE
MONDIAL

13 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1969
BRANDS HATCH
MONZA
1000 kms.
TARGA FLORIO
SPA 1000 kms.
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
WATKINS GLEN
6 HOURS
OSTERREICH-
RING
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
OF MAKES
WORLD GRAND
TOURING
CHAMPIONSHIP
NS-AM
PIONSHIP,
2-liter

WORLD
CHALLENGE OF
SPEED AND
ENDURANCE

15 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIP

1968
DAYTONA
24 HOURS
SEBRING
12 HOURS
TARGA FLORIO
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
AUSTRIAN GP
BOAC 500
MONZA
1000 kms.
ZANDVOORT
LE MANS
24 HOURS
B SPORTS

RACING, C&E
PRODUCTION

NO ONE HAS CLOSE

CHAMPIONSHIP
WORLD GRAND
TOURING
CHAMPIONSHIP
SCCA TRANS-AM
CHAMPIONSHIP
under 2-liter

1967

MARATHON DE LA
ROUTE
SPA 24 HOURS
TARGA FLORIO
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
MUGELLO
DAYTONA
24 HOURS
SEBRING
12 HOURS
MONZA
1000 kms.
SPA 1000 kms.
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
LE MANS
24 HOURS
RHEIMS
12 HOURS
NURBURGRING
12 HOURS
BOAC 500
HOCKENHEIM
RACES
WORLD SPORTS
CAR
CHAMPIONSHIP
(Division 2)
WORLD
CHALLENGE OF
SPEED AND
ENDURANCE
SCCA TRANS-AM
CHAMPIONSHIP
under 2-liter

1966

TARGA FLORIO
LE MANS
MUGELLO
WATKINS GLEN
6000
TONA
HOURS
RING
HOURS
ZA 1000 kms.
KENHEIM 100
DVOORT 2
URS
CA E SPORTS
ACING, C&D
PRODUCTION
CHAMPIONSHIPS
GRAND TOURING
CHAMPIONSHIP
GROUP 3
U.S. ROAD
RACING
CHAMPIONSHIP
GROUP 2
WORLD SPORTS
CHAMPIONSHIP
(Division 2)

1965

HEILBRONNER
ROSSFELD
NURBURGRING
MARATHON DE LA
ROUTE
GALSBERG
DAYTONA
CONTINENTAL
STUTTGART-
LYONS

MONZA
1000 kms.
TARGA FLORIO
SPA 500 kms.
LE MANS
24 HOURS
SOLITUDE GP
SWISS MOUNTAIN
GP
ZANDVOORT
TROPHY
BRIDGE-
HAMPTON
DOUBLE 500

SEBRING
12 HOURS
JAPANESE GP
TARGA FLORIO
FRANCOR-
CHAMPS
500 kms.
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
LE MANS
24 HOURS
HOCKENHEIM
RACES
SOLITUDE GP

SPA GP
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
ROUEN GP
SNETTERTON
RACES
GERMAN GP MEET
SWISS MOUNTAIN
GP
WATKINS GLEN GP
HOCKENHEIM
12 HOURS
PARIS
1000 kms.

CHAMPIONSHIPS

1959

TARGA FLORIO
LIEGE-ROME-LIEGE
CAPE TOWN
TROPHY
SEBRING
DAYTONA RACES
PRIX DE PARIS
SPA GP
TARGA FLORIO

1957

GERMAN GP

1956

TARGA FLORIO
MILLE MIGLIA
PRIX DE PARIS
SPA PRODUCTION
CAR GP
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.

BUENOS AIRES
1000 kms.
MILLE MIGLIA
LE MANS
24 HOURS
PORTO GP
RHEIMS
12 HOURS
SWISS MOUNTAIN
GP
EUROPEAN GP
AVUS
SCCA F
PRODUCTION

911SC
$19 500*
928
$28,500*
924
$11,995*

In the last thirty years, Porsche has won more than 350 major races. And what we learn under the grueling conditions of the race track, we put into practice in creating the world's finest production sports cars. It's no wonder that on the track or on the road, nothing even comes close.

*Suggested 1978 retail prices, P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes, and dealer delivery charges additional. Special alloy wheels on 924 optional. See your local Porsche + Audi dealer.

SCCA E
PRODUCTION
AND E SPORTS
RACING
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1964

TARGA FLORIO
SEBRING
12 HOURS
TARGA FLORIO
SPA GP
PRIX DE PARIS
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
LE MANS
24 HOURS
RHEIMS
12 HOURS
NORISRING
RACES
LUXEM-
BOURG GP
WATKINS GLEN
500
ZANDVOORT
CANADIAN GP
PARIS
1000 kms.
SCCA C
PRODUCTION
AND E SPORTS
RACING
CHAMPIONSHIP

1963

TARGA FLORIO
WATKINS GLEN
USRRC
DAYTONA
CHALLENGE CUP
DAYTONA
CONTINENTAL
SNETTERTON
RACES

SCCA E SPORTS
RACING AND
FORMULA
LIBRE
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1962

FRENCH GP
SOLITUDE
LA FAUCILLE
OLLON-
VILLARS
GALSBERG
TARGA FLORIO
AVUS RACES
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
LAGUNA SECA
RACES
LE MANS
24 HOURS
NORISRING
RACES
DAYTONA RACES
MOSPORT RACES
PARIS CUPS
PUERTO RICO GP
SCCA E SPORTS
RACING AND F
SPORTS
RACING
CHAMPIONSHIPS
MANU-
FACTURER'S
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
DIVISION 2

1961

LA FAUCILLE
NORISRING
RACES
SEBRING
12 HOURS
TARGA FLORIO

SCCA E SPORTS
RACING AND F
SPORTS
RACING
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1960

GERMAN GP
SEBRING
TARGA FLORIO
BUENOS AIRES
1000 kms.
SEBRING
12 HOURS
RIVERSIDE GP
AINTREE RACES
TARGA FLORIO
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
ROUEN GP
LE MANS
24 HOURS
NORISRING
RACES
GERMAN GP
SWISS MOUNTAIN
GP
COPPA
INTEREUROPA
WATKINS GLEN
COUPE DE PARIS
PARIS
1000 kms.
SCCA E&F
SPORTS RACING,
C & F
PRODUCTION

NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
MONZA LOTTERY
GP
WATKINS GLEN
RACES
SCCA F SPORTS
RACING AND F
PRODUCTION
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1958

MOUNT
PARNASSUS
MONT-
VENTOUX
TRENTO-
BONDONE
GALSBERG
OLLON-VILLARS
SEBRING
12 HOURS
TARGA FLORIO
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
RHEIMS 12 HOURS
RHEIMS GP
GERMAN GP
SWISS MOUNTAIN
GP
COPPA
INTEREUROPA
NASSAU RACES
SCCA F SPORTS
RACING AND F
PRODUCTION
CHAMPIONSHIPS

PARIS 1000 kms.
RHEIMS
12 HOURS
LE MANS
24 HOURS
SWISS MOUNTAIN
GP
BERLIN GP
NASSAU TROPHY
SCCA F SPORTS
RACING, E, F
AND G
PRODUCTION
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1955

BOL D'OR
LE MANS
BERLIN GP
RHINELAND CUP
LISBON
OPORTO
BUENOS AIRES
1000 kms.
SEBRING
12 HOURS
MILLE MIGLIA
LE MANS 24 HOURS
SCCA F
PRODUCTION
CHAMPIONSHIP

1954

AVUS
RHINELAND CUP
OPORTO

CHAMPIONSHIP

1953

RHINELAND CUP
MONACO
MILLE MIGLIA
HYERES
12 HOURS
LE MANS
24 HOURS
AVUS
GERMAN GP
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
CARRERA
PANAMERICANA

1952

LE MANS
MILLE MIGLIA
NURBURGRING
RACES

1951

LE MANS
LIEGE-ROME-
LIEGE
PALM BEACH
SHORES

1948

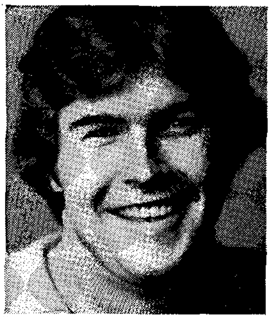
INNSBRUCK
RACES

PORSCHE

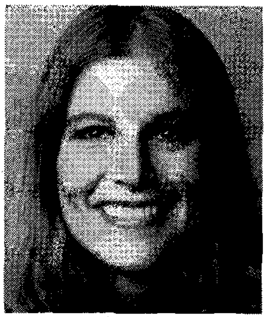
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE.

9 OUT OF EVERY 10,000 AMERICANS PREFER CAMPARI

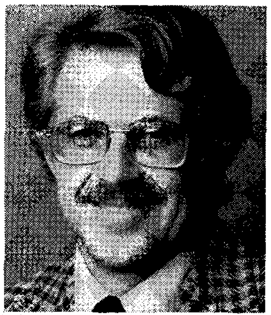
Compared with Europeans, Americans are meager consumers of Campari & Soda. But a few new converts are won every day by its unique bittersweet taste.



"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."
—Steve Gibson, San Fran.

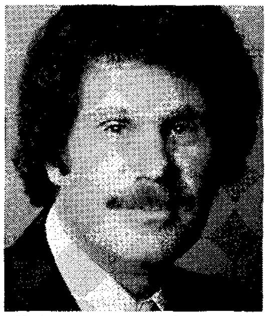


"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."
—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.



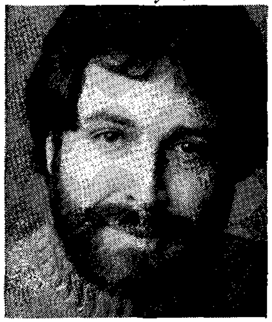
"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."
—Mort Goldstein, Boston.

"A Campari & Soda prepares my palate for a good meal. After I finish the drink, I go to bed, and my palate goes out to dinner."
—Lea McIntyre, Reno.



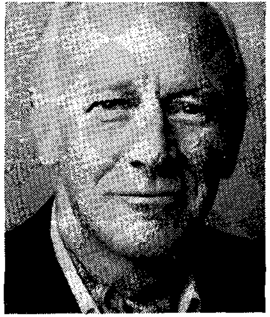
"With a lot of soda, Campari is a perfect before-dinner drink. With a little soda, it's a great cocktail. With nothing at all, it's in a glass by itself."
—Jeff Landis, Atlanta.

"I allow myself one drink before dinner. Since I discovered Campari & Soda, I've been eating six dinners a day."
—Iby Korody, New York.



"Whenever I spot another Campari drinker I always honk my horn and wave."
—John Gray, Seattle.

"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."
—Greta Westfall, L.A.



"I never knew a foreign agent who didn't drink Campari."
—James Barker, Wash., D.C.

ITALY
CAMPARI
Aperitivo
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO.

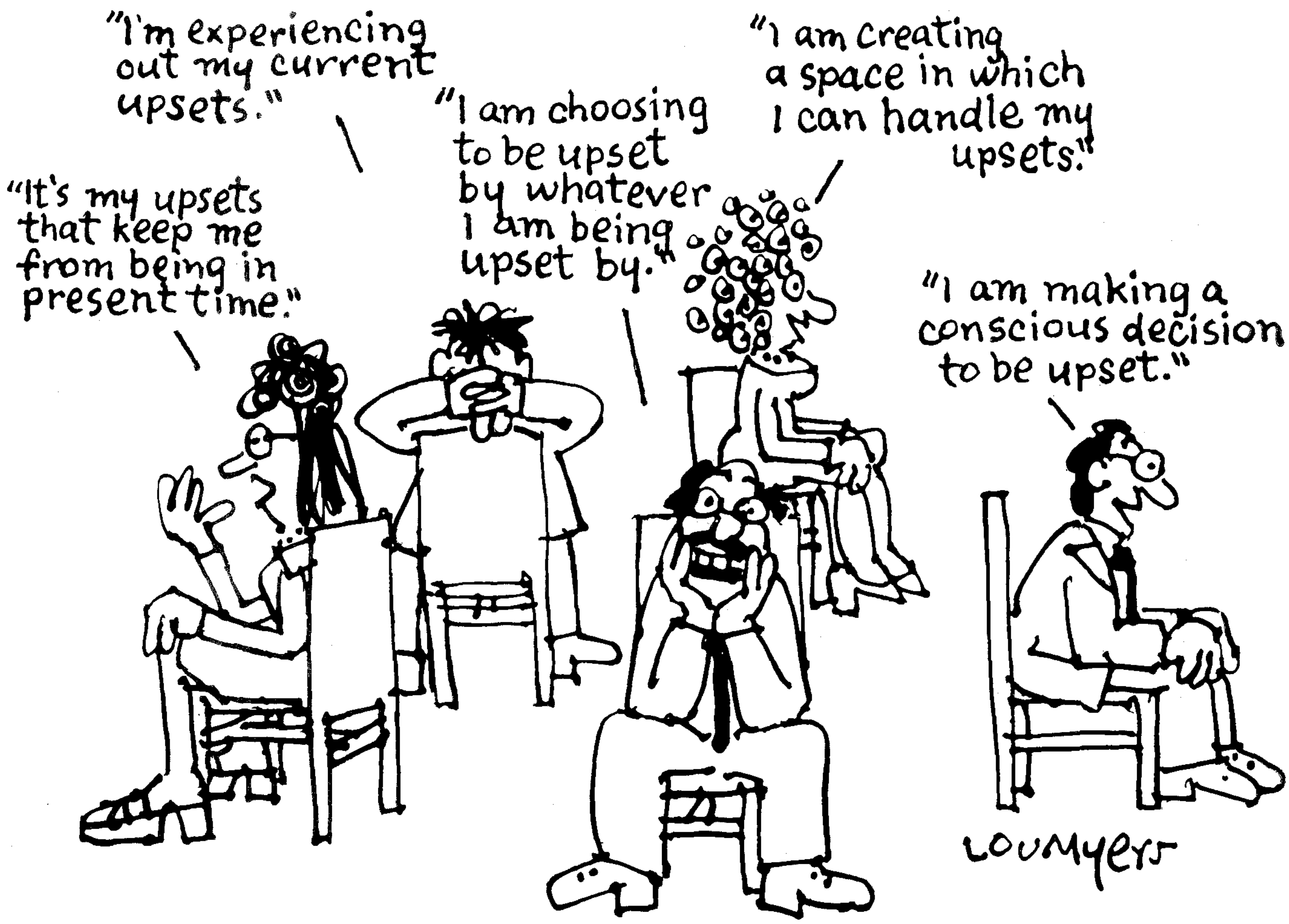
Imported, prepared and bottled by Austin, Nichols & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ky. 48 proof bitter liqueur.

CAMPARI & SODA

Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Add 4 ounces of club soda. Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime to taste, if desired.

You too can be in a Campari ad!

Just send your "Campari Quip" and a snapshot to P.O. Box 2782NR, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017. If selected, your photo, name and witticism will appear in a future Campari ad—and you'll receive $100. (Sorry, nothing can be returned.)


"I'm experiencing out my current upsets."
"It's my upsets that keep me from being in present time."
"I am choosing to be upset by whatever I am being upset by."
"I am creating a space in which I can handle my upsets."
"I am making a conscious decision to be upset."
LouMyers

needed something he had to ask for money.

At first, the two of them sat in the bus together, but one day after lunch Mark told me that I was to sit with his mother. He himself sat down next to Celina Weyerhofer. He had arranged all this without the driver's permission, and I doubted if he had discussed it with his mother.

I had been sitting next to a woman from Holland, and this changing of seats provoked whispering among the passengers. From that day on, I became Mrs. Metalon's partner not only in the dining room but in the bus as well. People began to wink, make remarks, leer. Much of the time I looked out of the window. We drove through regions that reminded me of the desert and the land of Israel. Peasants rode on asses. We passed an area where gypsies lived in caves. Girls balanced water jugs on their heads. Grandmothers toted bundles of wood and herbs wrapped in linen sheets over their shoulders. We passed ancient olive trees and trees that resembled umbrellas. Sheep browsed among cracked clods of earth on the half-burned plain. A horse circled a well. The sky, pale blue, radiated a fiery heat. Something Biblical hovered over the landscape. Passages of the Pentateuch flashed across my memory. It seemed to me that I was somewhere in the terebinths of Mamre, where presently would materialize Abraham's tent, and the angel would bring Sarah tidings that she would be blessed with a male child at the age of ninety. My head whirled with stories of Sodom, of the sacrifice of Isaac, of Ishmael and Hagar. The stacks of grain in the harvested fields brought Joseph's dreams to mind. One morning we passed a horse fair. The horses and the men stood still, congealed in silence like phantoms of a fair from a vanished time. It was hard to believe that in this very land, some fifteen years before, a civil war had raged and Stalinists had shot Trotskyites.

Barely a week had passed since our departure, but I felt that I had been wandering for months. From sitting so long in one position I was overcome with a lust that wasn't love or even sexual passion but something purely animalistic. It seemed that my partner shared the same feelings, for a special heat emanated from her. When she accidentally touched my hand, she burned me.

We sat for hours without a single word, but then we became gabby and said whatever came to our lips. We confided intimate things to one another. We yawned and went on talking half asleep. I asked her how it happened that she had married a man forty years older than herself.

She said, "I was an orphan. The Turks murdered my father, and my mother died soon after. We were rich but they stripped us of everything. I met him as an employee in his office. He had wild eyes. He took one look at me and I knew that he wanted me and was ready to marry me. He had an iron will. He also had the strength of a giant. If he hadn't smoked cigars from early morning till late at night, he would have lived to be a hundred. He could drink fifteen cups of bitter coffee a day. He exhausted me until I developed an aversion to love. When he died, I had the solace that I would be left in peace for a change. Now everything has begun to waken within me again."

"Were you a virgin when you married?" I asked in a half dream.

"Yes, a virgin."

"Did you have lovers after his death?"

"Many men wanted me, but I was raised in such a way I couldn't live with a man without marriage. In my circle in Turkey a woman can't afford to be

"Dear Harold, by the time you play this videotape cassette, I will be far, far away."

• •

loose. Everyone there knows what everyone else is doing. A woman has to maintain her reputation."

"What do you need with Turkey?"

"Oh, I have a house there, servants, a business."

"Here in Spain you can do what you want," I said, and regretted my words instantly.

"But I have a chaperon here," she said. "Mark watches over me. I'll tell you something that will seem crazy to you. He guards me even when he is in London and I'm in Ankara. I often feel that he sees everything I do. I sense it isn't he but his father."

"You believe this?"

"It's a fact."

I glanced backward and saw Mark gazing at me sharply as if he were trying to hypnotize me.

When we stopped for the night at a hotel, we first had to line up for the toilets, then wait a long time for our dinner. In the rooms assigned to us, the ceilings were high, the walls thick, and there were old-fashioned washstands with basins and pitchers of water.

That night, we stopped late, which meant that dinner was not served until after ten. Once again, Mark ordered a bottle of wine. For some reason I let myself be persuaded to drink several glasses. Mark asked me if I had had a chance to bathe during the trip, and I told him that I washed every morning out of the washbasin with cold water just like the other passengers.

He glanced at his mother half questioningly, half imperatively.

After some hesitation, Mrs. Metalon said, "Come to our room. We have a bathroom."

"When?"

"Tonight. We leave at five in the morning."

"Sir, do it," Mark said. "A hot bath is healthy. In America everyone has a bathroom, be he porter or janitor. The Japanese bathe in wooden tubs, the whole family together. Come a half hour after dinner. It's not good to bathe immediately following the evening meal."

"I'll disturb both of you. You're obviously tired."

"No, sir. I never go to sleep until between one and two o'clock. I'm planning to take a walk through the city. I have to stretch my legs. From sitting all day in the bus they've become cramped and stiff. My mother goes to bed late, too."

"You're not afraid to walk alone at night in a strange city?" I asked.

"I'm not afraid of anybody. I took a course in wrestling and karate. I also take shooting lessons. It's not allowed boys my age, but I have a private teacher."

"Oh, he takes more courses than I have hairs on my head," Mrs. Metalon said. "He wants to know everything."

"In America, I'll study Yiddish," Mark announced. "I read somewhere that a million and a half people speak this language in America. I want to read you in the original. It's also good for business. America is a true democracy. There you must speak to the customer in his own language. I want my mother to come to America with me. In Turkey, no person of Armenian descent is sure of his life."

"My friends are all Turks," Mrs. Metalon protested.

"Once the pogroms start they'll stop being your friends. My mother tries to hide it from me but I know very well what they did to the Armenians in Turkey and to the Jews in Russia. I want to visit Israel. The Jews there don't bow their heads like those in Russia and Poland. They offer resistance. I want to learn Hebrew and to study at Jerusalem University."

We said goodbye and Mark wrote the number of their room on a small sheet he tore from a notebook. I went to my room for a nap. My legs wobbled as I climbed the stairs. I lay down on the bed in my clothes with the notion of resting a half hour. I closed my eyes and sank into a deep slumber. Someone woke me—it was Mark. To this day I don't know how he got into my room. Maybe I had forgotten to lock it or he had tipped the maid to let him in.

He said, "Sir, excuse me but you've slept a whole hour. You've apparently forgotten that you are coming to our room for your bath."

I ASSURED Mark that I'd be at his door in ten minutes, and after some hesitation he left. Getting undressed and unpacking a bathrobe and slippers from my valise wasn't easy for me. I cursed the day I had decided to take this tour, but I hadn't the courage to tell Mark I wouldn't come. For all his delicacy and politeness Mark projected a kind of childish brutality.

I threw my spring coat over my bathrobe and on unsteady legs began climbing the two floors to their room. I was still half asleep, and for a moment I had the illusion that I was on

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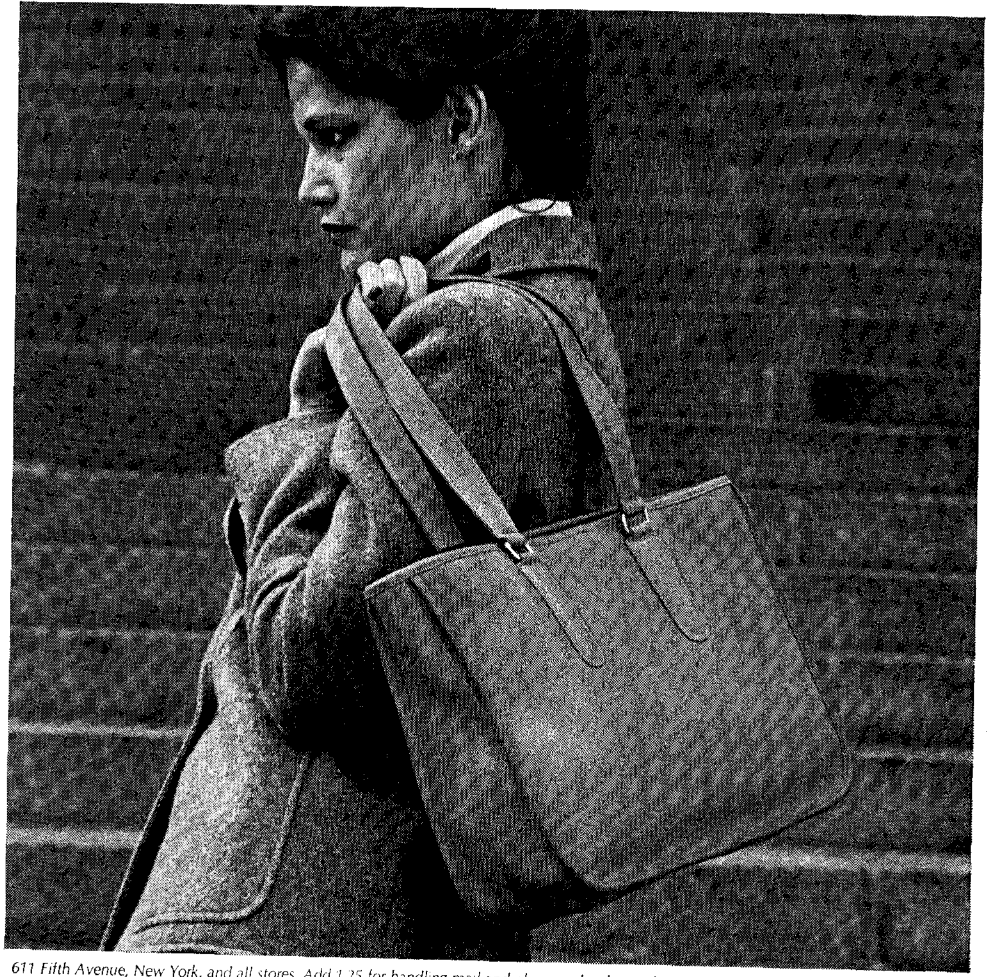
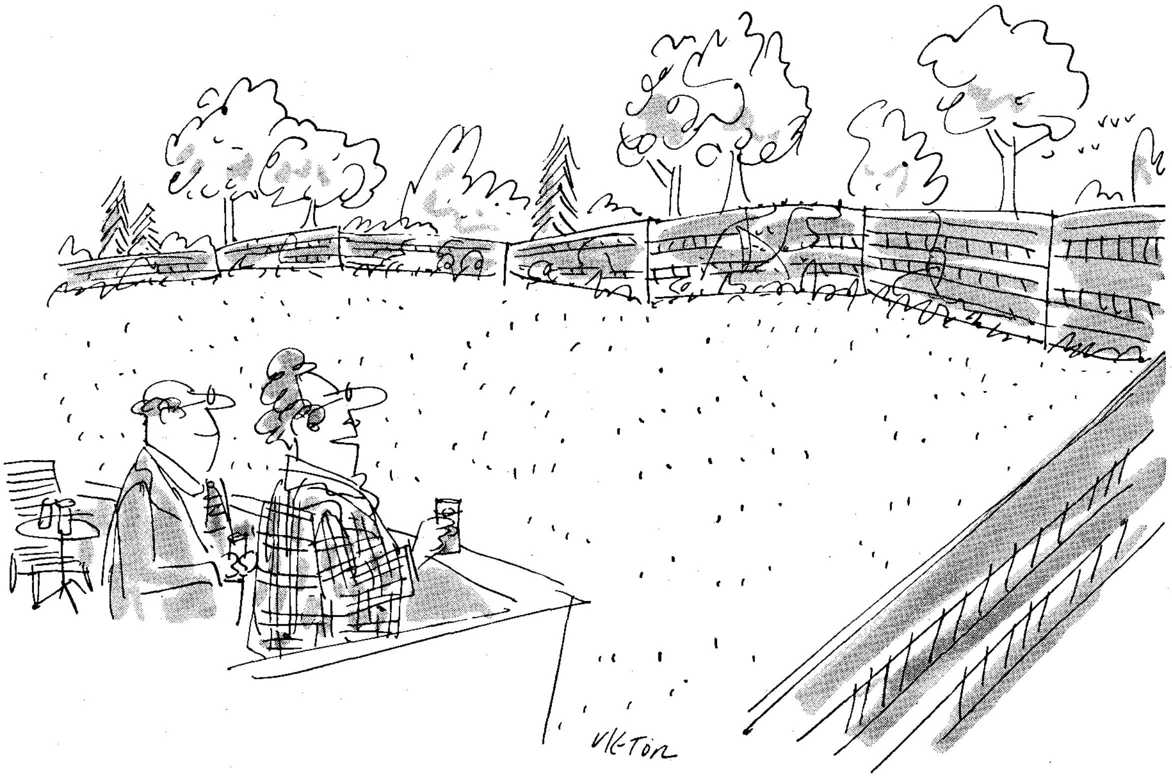
Saks Fifth Avenue



611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.



“Not only is the fence beautiful, it’s electric.”

board ship. When I got to the Metalons’ floor, I could not find the slip of paper with the room number. I was sure that it was No. 43, but the tiny lamp on the high ceiling was concealed behind a dull shade and emitted barely any light. In the dimness I couldn’t see this number. It took a long time of groping before I found it and knocked on the door.

The door opened, and to my amazement I saw Celina Weyerhofer in a nightgown, her face thickly smeared with cream. Her hair looked wet and freshly dyed. I grew so confused that I could not speak. Finally I asked, “Is this 43?”

“Yes, this is 43. To whom were you going? Oh, I understand. It seems to me that your lady with the diamonds is somewhere on this floor. I saw her son. You’ve made a mistake.”

“Madam, I don’t wish to detain you. I just want to tell you they invited me to take a bath there, that’s all.”

“A bath, eh? So let it be a bath. I haven’t had a bath for over a week myself. What kind of tour is this that some passengers get privileges and others are discriminated against? The advertisement didn’t mention anything about two classes of passengers. My dear Mr.—what is your name?—I warned you that that person would trap you, and I see this has happened sooner than I figured. Wait a minute—your bath won’t run out. Since when do they call it a bath? We call it by a different name. Don’t run. Because you’ve forgotten the number, you’ll have to knock on strangers’ doors and wake people. Everyone is dead tired. On this tour, before you can even lie down you have to get up again. My husband is a good sleeper. He lies down, opens some book, and two minutes later he’s snoring like a lord. He carries his own alarm clock. I’ve stopped sleeping altogether. Literally. That’s my sickness. I haven’t slept for years. I told a doctor in Bern about this—he’s actually a professor of medicine—and he called me a liar. The Swiss can be very coarse when they choose to be. He had studied something in a medical book or he had a theory, and because the facts didn’t jibe with his theory this made me a liar. I’ve been watching you sitting with that woman. It looks as if you’re telling her jokes from the way she keeps on laughing. My husband sat next to her one time before she monopolized you, and she told him things no decent woman would tell a stranger. I suspect she is a madam of a whorehouse in Turkey. Or something like that. No respectable woman wears so much jewelry. You can smell her perfume a mile away. I’m not even sure that this boy is her son. There seems to be some kind of unnatural relationship between them.”

“Madam Weyerhofer, what are you saying?”

“I’m not just pulling things out of the air. God has cursed me with eyes that see. I say ‘cursed’ because this is for me a curse rather than a blessing. If you absolutely must take a bath, as you call it, do it and satisfy yourself, but be careful—such a person can easily infect you with God knows what.”

Just at that moment the door across the hall opened and I saw Mrs. Metalon in a splendid nightgown and gold-colored slippers. Her hair was loose; it fell to her shoulders. She was made up, too. The women glared at each other furiously; then Mrs. Metalon said, “Where did you go? I’m in 48, not 43.”

“Oh, I made a mistake. Truly, I’m completely mixed up. I’m terribly sorry—”

“Go take your bath!” Mrs. Weyerhofer said and gave me a light push. She muttered words in French I didn’t understand but knew to be insulting. She slammed her own door shut.

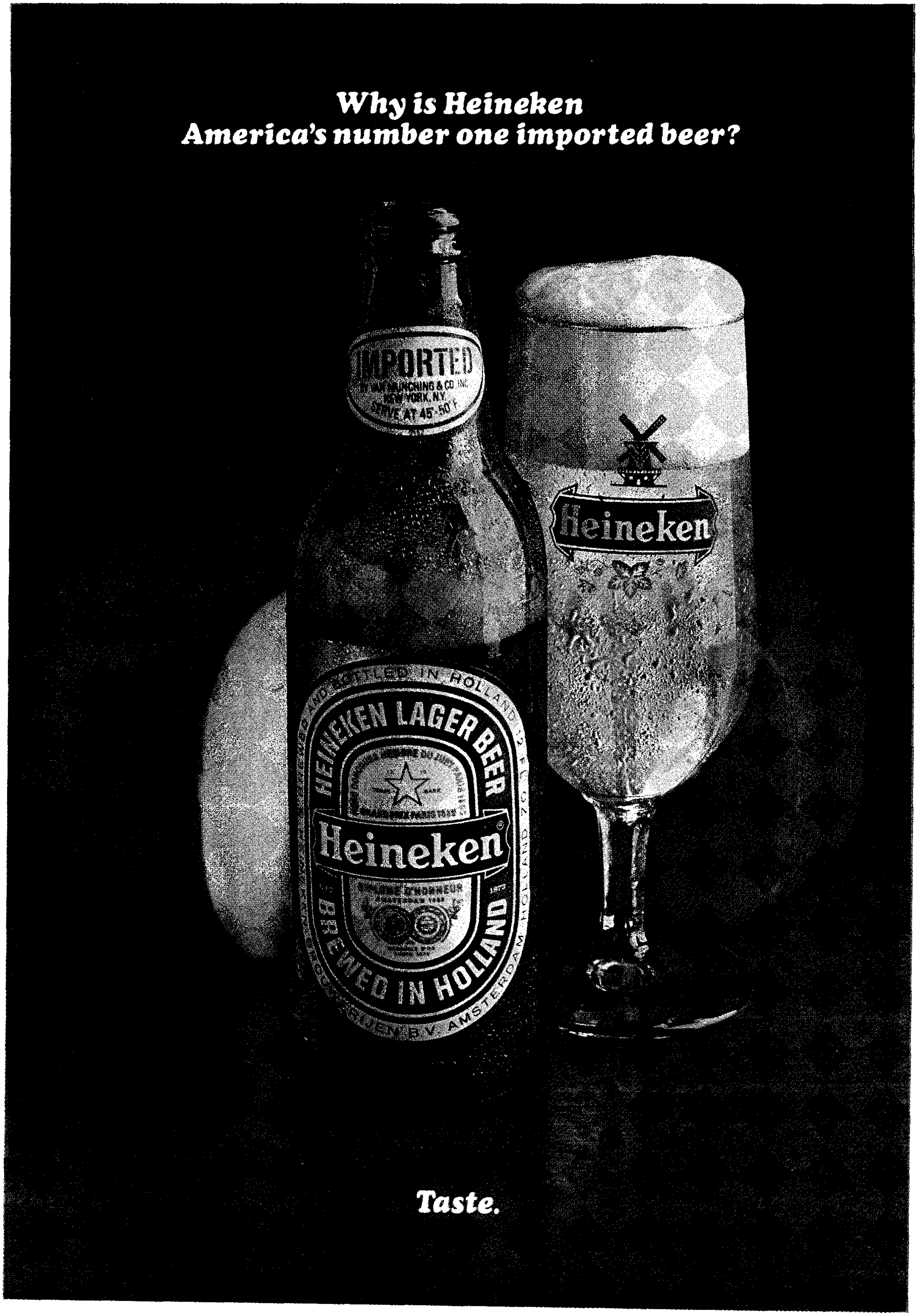
I turned to Mrs. Metalon, who asked, “Why did you go to her, of all people? I waited and waited for you. There is no more hot water anyhow. And where has Mark vanished to? He went for a walk and hasn’t come back. This night is a total loss to me. That woman—what’s her name? Weyerhofer—is a troublemaker, and crazy besides. Her own husband admitted that she’s emotionally disturbed.”

“Madam, I’ve made a terrible mistake. Mark wrote down your room number for me, but while changing my clothes I lost the slip. It’s all because I’m so tired—”

“Oh, will that red-haired bitch malign me before everyone on the bus now! She is a snake whose every word is venom.”

“I truly don’t know how to excuse myself. But—”

“Well, it’s not your fault. It was Mark who cooked up this stew. The driver told me to keep it secret that we’re getting a bathroom. He doesn’t want to create jealousy among the passengers. Now he’ll be mad at me and he’ll be right. I can’t continue this trip any longer. I’ll get off with Mark in Madrid and take a train or plane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I went inside, and she took me to the bathroom to show me that the hot water was no longer running. The bathtub was made of tin. It was unusually high and long. On its outside hung a kind of pole with which to hold in and let out the water. The taps were copper. I excused myself again and Mrs. Metalon said, “You're an innocent victim. Mark is a genius, but like all geniuses he has his moods. He was a prodigy. At five he could do logarithms. He read the Bible in French and remembered all the names. He loves me and he is determined to have me meet someone. The truth is he's seeking a father. Each time I join him during vacations he starts looking for a husband for me. He creates embarrassing complications. I don't want to marry—certainly not anyone Mark would pick out for me. But he is compulsive. He gets hysterical. I shouldn't tell you this, but I have a good reason to say it—when I do something that displeases him, he abuses me. Later he regrets it and beats his head against the wall. What can I do? I love him more than life itself. I worry about him day and night. I don't know exactly why you made such an impression on him. Maybe it's because you're a Jew, a writer, and from America. But I was born in Ankara and that's where my home is. What would I do in America? I've read a number of articles about America, and that's not the country for me. With us, servants are cheap and I have friends who advise me on financial matters. If I left Turkey, I would have to sell everything for a song. I tell you this only to point out there can never be anything between us. You would not want to live in Turkey any more than I want to live in New York. But I don't want to upset Mark and I therefore hope that for the duration of the trip you can act friendly toward me—sit with us at the table and all the rest. When the tour ends and you return home, let this be nothing more for you than an episode. He's due back soon. Tell him that you took the bath. You'll be able to have one in Madrid tomorrow. We'll be spending two days there, and I'm told the hotel is modern. I'm sure you have someone in New York you love. Sit down awhile.”

“I've just broken up with a woman.”

“Broken up? Why? You didn't love her?”

“We loved each other but we couldn't stay together. This past year we argued constantly.”

“Why? Why can't people live in peace? There was a great love between my husband and me, though I must admit I had to give in to him on everything. He bullied me so that I can't even say no to my own child. Oh, I'm worried. He never stayed away this long. He probably wants you to declare your love for me so that when he comes back everything will be settled between us. He is a child, a wild child. My greatest fear is that he might attempt suicide. He has threatened to.” She uttered these last words in one breath.

“Why? Why?”

“For no reason. Because I dared disagree with him over some trifle. God Almighty, why am I telling you all this? Only because my heart is heavy. Say nothing about it, God forbid!”

The door opened and Mark came in. When he saw me sitting on the sofa, he asked, “Sir, did you take your bath?”

“Yes.”

“It was nice, wasn't it? You look refreshed. What are you talking about with my mother?”

“Oh, this and that. I told her she's one of the prettiest women I've ever met,” I said, astonished at my words.

“Yes, she is pretty, but she mustn't remain in Turkey. In the Orient, women age quickly. I once read that an actress of sixty played an eighteen-year-old girl on Broadway. Send us an affidavit and we'll come to you.”

“Yes, I'll do that.”

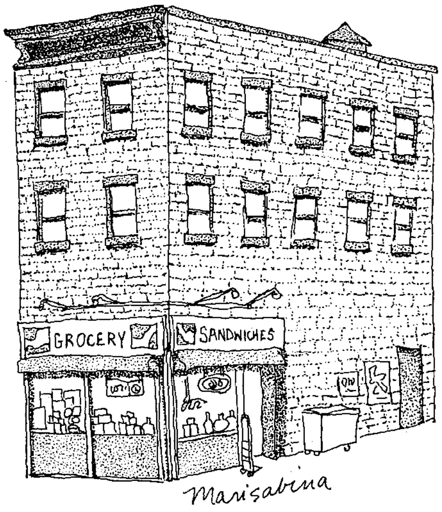
“You may kiss my mother good night.”

I stood up and we kissed. My face grew moist and hot. Mark began to kiss me, too. I said good night and started down the stairs. Again it seemed to me that I was on board ship. The steps were running counter to my feet. I suddenly found myself in the lobby. In my confusion I had gone down an extra floor. It was almost dark here; the desk clerk dozed behind the desk. In a leather chair sat Mrs. Weyerhofer in a robe, legs crossed, veiled in shadow. She was smoking a cigarette.

When she saw me, she said, “Since I don't sleep anyway, I'd rather spend the night here. A bed is to sleep in or make love in, but when you can't sleep and have no one to love, a bed becomes a prison. What are you doing here? Can't you sleep, either?”

She drew the smoke in deeply and the glow of the cigarette temporarily lit up her eyes. They reflected both curiosity and malaise.

She said, “After that kind of bath, a man should be able to sleep soundly instead of wandering around like a lost soul.”



MARK began telling everyone on the bus that his mother and I were engaged. He planned that when the bus came back to Geneva I should ask the American consul for visas for himself and his mother so that all three of us could fly to America together. Mrs. Metalon told him several times that this would be impossible—she had a business appointment in Ankara. I made up the lie that I had to go to Italy on literary business. But Mark argued that his mother and I could postpone our business affairs temporarily. He spoke to me as if I were already his stepfather. He enumerated his mother's financial assets. His father had arranged a trust fund for him, and he had left the remainder of his estate to his wife. According to Mark's calculations she was worth no less than two million dollars—maybe more. Mark wanted his mother to liquidate all her holdings in Turkey and transfer her money to America. He would go to America to study even before he graduated from high school. The interest on his mother's capital would allow us to live in luxury.

Mark had decided that we would settle in Washington. It was childish and silly, but this boy cast a fear over me. I knew that it would be hard to free myself from him. His mother had hinted that another disappointment could drive him to actually attempt suicide. She suggested, “Maybe you'd spend some time with me in Turkey? Turkey is an interesting country. You'd have material to write about for your newspaper. You could spend two or three weeks, then go back to America. Mark wouldn't want to come along. He will gradually realize that we're not meant for each other.”

“What would I do in Turkey? No, that's impossible.”

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glad to cover the expenses. You can even stay with me."

"No, Mrs. Metalon, it's out of the question."

"Well, something is bound to happen. What shall I do with that boy? He's driving me crazy."

WE had two days in Madrid, a day in Córdoba, and we were on our way to Seville, where we were scheduled to stop for two days. The tour program promised a visit to a night club there. Our route was supposed to take us through Málaga, Granada, and Valencia to Barcelona, and from there to Avignon, then back to Geneva.

In Córdoba, Mrs. Weyerhofer delayed the bus for nearly two hours. She vanished from the hotel before our departure and all searching failed to turn her up. On account of her, the passengers had already missed a bullfight. Dr. Weyerhofer pleaded with the driver to go on and leave his lunatic wife alone in Spain as she deserved, but the driver couldn't bring himself to abandon a woman in a strange country. When she finally showed up loaded down with bundles and packages, Dr. Weyerhofer slapped her twice. Her packages fell to the floor and a vase shattered. "Nazi!" she shrieked. "Homosexual! Sadist!" Dr. Weyerhofer said aloud so that everyone could hear, "Well, thank God, this is the end of my martyrdom." And he raised his hand to the sky like a pious Jew swearing a vow.

The uproar caused an additional three-quarters of an hour delay. When Mrs. Weyerhofer finally got into the bus, no one would sit next to her, and the driver, who had seen us speaking together a few times, asked me if I would, since there were no single seats. Mark tried to seat me next to his mother and take my place, but Mrs. Metalon shouted at him to stay with her, and he gave in.

For a long while Mrs. Weyerhofer stared out the window and ignored me as if I were the one responsible for her disgrace. Then she turned to me and said, "Give me your address. I want you to be my witness in court."

"What kind of witness? If it should come to it, the court would find for him, and—if you'll excuse me—rightly so."

"Eh? Oh, I understand. Now that you're preparing to marry the Armenian heiress, you're already lining up on the side of the anti-Semites."

"Madam, your own conduct does more harm to Jews than all the anti-Semites."

"They're my enemies, mortal enemies. Your madam from Constantinople was glowing with joy when those devils humiliated me. I am again where I was—in a concentration camp. You're about to convert, I know, but I will turn back to the Jewish God. I am no longer his wife and he is no longer my husband. I'll leave him everything and flee with my life, as I did in 1945."

"Why do you keep the bus waiting in every city? This has nothing to do with Jewishness."

"It's a plot, I tell you. He organized the whole thing down to the last detail. I don't sleep the whole night, but comes morning, just as I'm catching a nap he turns back the clock. Your knocking on my door the other night—what was the name of the city?—when you were on your way to take a bath at that Turkish whore's, was also one of his tricks. It was a conspiracy to let him catch me with a lover. It's obvious. He wants to drive me out without a shirt on my back, and he has achieved his goal, the sly fox. I won't be allowed to remain in Switzerland, but who will accept me? Unless I can manage to make my way to Israel. Now I understand everything. You'll be the witness for *him*, not for me."

"I'll be a witness for no one. Don't talk nonsense."

"You obviously think I'm mad. That's his goal—to commit me to an asylum. For years he's been talking of this. He's already tried it. He keeps sending me to psychiatrists. He wanted to poison me, too. Three times he put poison in my food and three times my instinct—or maybe it was God—gave me a warning. By the way, I want you to know that this boy, Mark, who wants so desperately for you to sit next to that Turkish concubine, is not her son."

"Then who is he?"

"He is her lover, not her son. She sleeps with him."

"Were you there and saw it?"

"A chambermaid in Madrid told me. She made a mistake and opened the door to their room in the morning and found them in bed together. There are such sick women. One wants a lapdog, and another a young boy. Really, you're crawling into slime."

"I'm not crawling anywhere."

"You're taking her to America?"

"I'm not taking anyone."

"Well, I'd better keep my mouth

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shut." Mrs. Weyerhofer turned away from me.

I leaned my head back against the seat and closed my eyes. I knew well that the woman was paranoid; just the same, her last words had given me a jolt. Who knows? What she told me might have been the truth. Sexual perversion is the answer to many mysteries. I was almost overcome with nausea. Yes, I thought, she is right. I'm crawling into a quagmire.

I had but one wish now—to get off this bus as quickly as possible. It occurred to me that for all my intimacy with Mrs. Metalon and Mark, so far I hadn't given them my address.

I dozed, and when I opened my eyes Mark informed me that we were in Seville. I had slept over three hours.

Despite our late start, we still had time for a fast meal. I had sat as usual with Mrs. Metalon and Mark. Mark had ordered a bottle of Malaga and I had drunk a good half of it. Vapors of intoxication flowed from my stomach to my brain.

The topic of conversation at the tables was Dr. and Mrs. Weyerhofer. All the women concluded that Dr. Weyerhofer was a saint to put up with such a horror.

Mrs. Metalon said, "I'd like to think that this is her end. Even a saint's patience has to burst sometime. He is a banker and a handsome man. He won't be alone for long."

"I wouldn't want him for a father," Mark said.

Mrs. Metalon smiled and winked at me. "Why not, my son?"

"Because I want to live and study in America, not in Switzerland. Switzerland is only good for mountain climbing and skiing."

"Don't worry, there's no danger of it."

As she spoke, Mrs. Metalon did something she had never done before—she pressed her knee against mine.

COACHES waited in front of the hotel to take us to a cabaret. Candles flickered in their head lanterns, casting mysterious designs of light and shadow. I hadn't ridden in a horse-drawn carriage since leaving Warsaw. The whole evening was like a magic spell—the ride from the hotel to the cabaret with Mrs. Metalon and Mark, and later the performance. Inside the carriage, driving through the poorly lit Seville streets Mrs. Metalon held my hand. Mark sat facing us and his eyes gleamed like some night bird's. The air was balmy, dense with the scents of wine, olive oil, and gardenias. Mrs. Metalon kept on exclaiming, "What a splendid night! Look at the sky, so full of stars!"

I touched her breast, and she trembled and squeezed my knee. We were both drunk, not so much from wine as from fatigue. Again I felt the heat of her body.

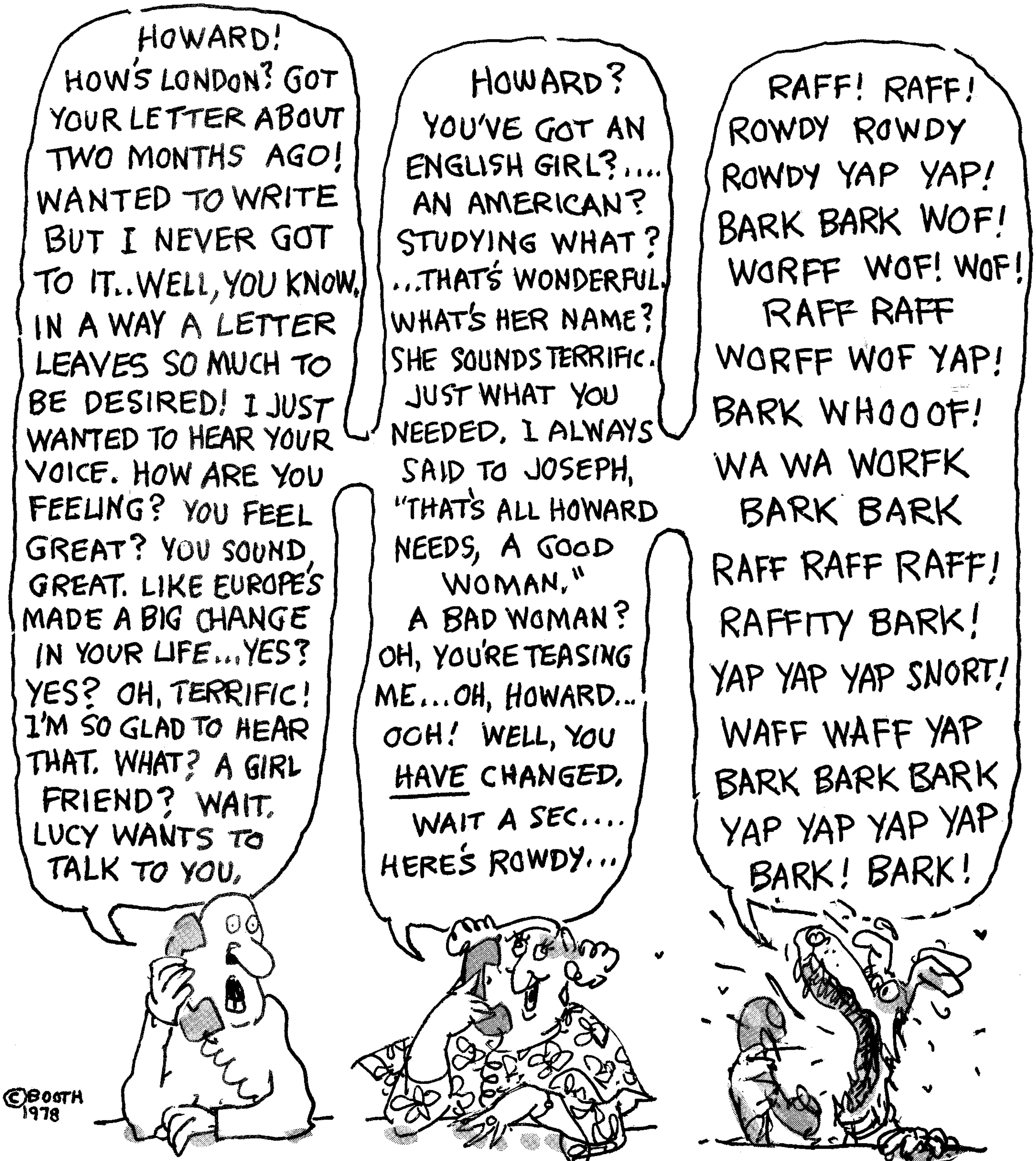
When we got out of the coach, Mark walked a few paces in front and Mrs. Metalon whispered, "I'd like to have another child."

"By whom?" I asked.

"Try to guess," she said.

I cannot know whether the actors and actresses and the music and the dancing were as masterly as I thought, but everything I saw and heard that evening enraptured me—the semi-Arabic music, the almost Chassidic way the dancers stamped their feet, their meaningful clicking of the castanets, their bizarre costumes. Melodies supposed to be erotic reminded me of liturgies sung on the night of Kol Nidre. Mark found an unoccupied seat close to the stage and left us alone. We began to kiss with the ardor of long-parted lovers. Between one kiss and the next, Mrs. Metalon (she had told me to call her Annette) insisted that I accompany her to Ankara. She was even ready to visit America. I had scored one of those victories I could never explain except by the fact that in the duel of love the victim is sometimes as eager to surrender as the attacker is to conquer. This woman had lived alone for a number of years. She was accustomed to the embraces of an elderly man. As I thought these things, I warned myself that Mark would not allow our relationship to remain an affair.

From time to time he glanced back at us searchingly. I didn't believe Mrs. Weyerhofer's slanderous tale of mother and son, but it was obvious that Mark was capable of killing anyone he considered to be dishonoring her. The woman's words about wanting another child portended danger. However strong my urge for her body, I knew that I had no spiritual ties with her, that after a while misunderstandings, boredom, and regrets would move in. Besides, I had always been afraid of Turks. As a child, I had heard in detail of Abd-ul-Hamid's savageries. Later, I read about the pogroms against the Armenians. There in faraway Ankara they could easily fabricate an accusation against me, take away my American passport, and throw me in prison, from which I would not emerge alive. How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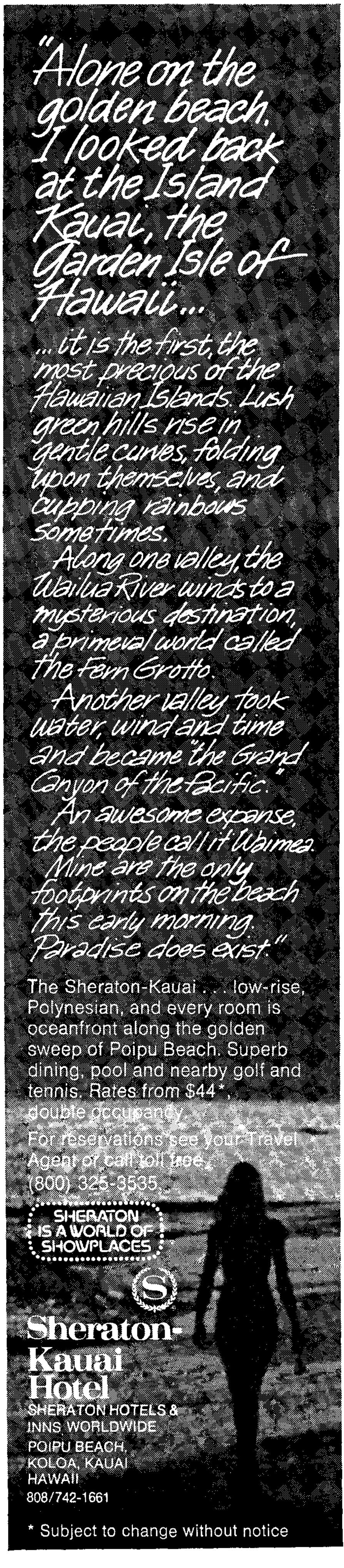

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strange, but when I was a boy in cheder I dreamed of lying in a Turkish prison bound with heavy ropes, and for some reason I had never forgotten this dream.

On the way back from the night club, both mother and son asked if I had a bathtub in my room. I told them no, and at once they invited me to bathe in their suite. Mark added that he was going to take a stroll through town. The fact that we were scheduled to stay in Seville through the following night meant that we did not have to get up early the next morning.

Mrs. Metalon and Mark had been assigned a suite of three rooms. I promised to come by and Mrs. Metalon said, "Don't be too late. The hot water may cool soon." Her words seemed to carry a symbolic meaning, as if they were out of a parable.

I went to my room, which was just under the roof. It exuded a scorching heat. The sun had lain on it all day and I switched on the ceiling lamp and stood for a long time, stupefied from the heat and the day's experiences. I had a feeling that soon flames would come shooting from all sides and the room would flare up like a paper lantern. On a brass bed lay a huge pillow and a red blanket full of stains. I needed to stretch out, but the sheet seemed dirty. I imagined I could smell the sperm that who knows how many tourists had spilled here. My bathrobe and pajamas were packed away in my valise, and I hadn't the strength to open it. Well, and what good would it do to bathe if soon afterward I had to lie down in this dirty bed?

In the coach and in the cabaret everything within me had seethed with passion. Now that I had a chance to be alone with the woman, the passion evaporated. Instead, I grew angry against this rich Turkish widow and her pampered son. I made sure that Mark wouldn't wake me. I locked the door with the heavy key and bolted it besides. I put out the light and lay down in my clothes on the sprung mattress, determined to resist all temptation.

The hotel was situated in a noisy neighborhood. Young men shouted and girls laughed wantonly. From time to time, I detected a man's cry followed by a sigh. Was it outside? In another room? Had someone been murdered here? Tortured? Who knows, remnants of the Inquisition might still linger here. I felt bites and I scratched. Sweat oozed from me but I made no effort to wipe it away. "This trip was sheer insanity," I told myself. "The whole situation is filled with menace."

I fell asleep and this time Mark did not come to wake me. By dawn it turned cold and I covered myself with the same blanket that a few hours earlier had filled me with such disgust. When I awoke, the sun was already burning. I washed myself in lukewarm water from the pitcher on the stand and wiped myself with a rusty towel. I seemed to have resolved everything in my sleep. Riding in the carriage through the city the night before, I had noticed branches of Cook's Tours and American Express. I had a return ticket to America, an American passport, and traveller's checks.

When I went down with my valise to the lobby, they told me that I had missed breakfast. The passengers had all gone off to visit churches, a Moorish palace, a museum. Thank God, I had avoided running into Mrs. Metalon and her son and having to justify myself to them. I left a tip for the bus driver with the hotel cashier and went straight to Cook's. I was afraid of complications, but they cashed my checks and sold me a train ticket to Geneva. I would lose some two hundred dollars to the bus company, but that was my fault, not theirs.

Everything went smoothly. A train was leaving soon for Biarritz. I had booked a bedroom in a Pullman car. I got on and began correcting a manuscript as if nothing had happened.

Toward evening, I felt hungry and the conductor showed me the way to the diner. All the second-class cars were empty. I glanced into the diner. There, at a table near the door, sat Celina Weyerhofer struggling with a pullet.

We stared at each other in silence for a long while; then Mrs. Weyerhofer said, "If this is possible, then even the Messiah can come. On the other hand, I knew that we'd meet again."

"What happened?" I asked.

"My good husband simply drove me away. God knows I've had it up to here with this trip." She pointed to her throat.

She proposed that I join her, and she served as my interpreter to order a vegetarian meal. She seemed more sane and subdued than I had seen her before. She even appeared younger in her black dress. She said, "You ran away, eh? You did right. You would have been caught in a trap you would never have freed yourself from. She suited you as much as Dr. Weyerhofer suited me."

"Why did you keep the bus waiting in every city?" I asked.

She pondered. "I don't know," she said at last. "I don't know myself. Demons were after me. They misled me with their tricks."

The waiter brought my vegetables. I chewed and looked out the window as night fell over the harvested fields. The sun set, small and glowing. It rolled down quickly, like a coal from some heavenly conflagration. A nocturnal gloom hovered above the landscape, an eternity that was weary of being eternal. Good God, my father and my grandfather were right to avoid looking at women! Every encounter between a man and a woman leads to sin, disappointment, humiliation. A dread fell upon me that Mark would try to find me and exact revenge.

As if Celina had read my mind, she said, "Don't worry. She'll soon comfort herself. What was the reason for your taking this trip? Just to see Spain?"

"I wanted to forget someone who wouldn't let herself be forgotten."

"Where is she? In Europe?"

"In America."

"You can't forget anything."

We sat until late, and Mrs. Weyerhofer unfolded to me her fatalistic theory: everything was determined or fixed—every deed, every word, every thought. She herself would die shortly and no doctor or conjurer could help her. She said, "Before you came in here I fantasized that I was arranging a suicide pact with someone. After a night of pleasure, he stuck a knife in my breast."

"Why a knife, of all things?" I asked. "That's not a Jewish fantasy. I couldn't do this even to Hitler."

"If the woman wants it, it can be an act of love."

The waiter came back and mumbled something.

Mrs. Weyerhofer explained. "We're the only ones in the dining car. They want to close up."

"I'm finished," I said. "Gastronomically and otherwise."

"Don't rush," she said. "Unlike the driver of our ill-starred bus, the forces that drive us mad have all the time in the world." —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.)

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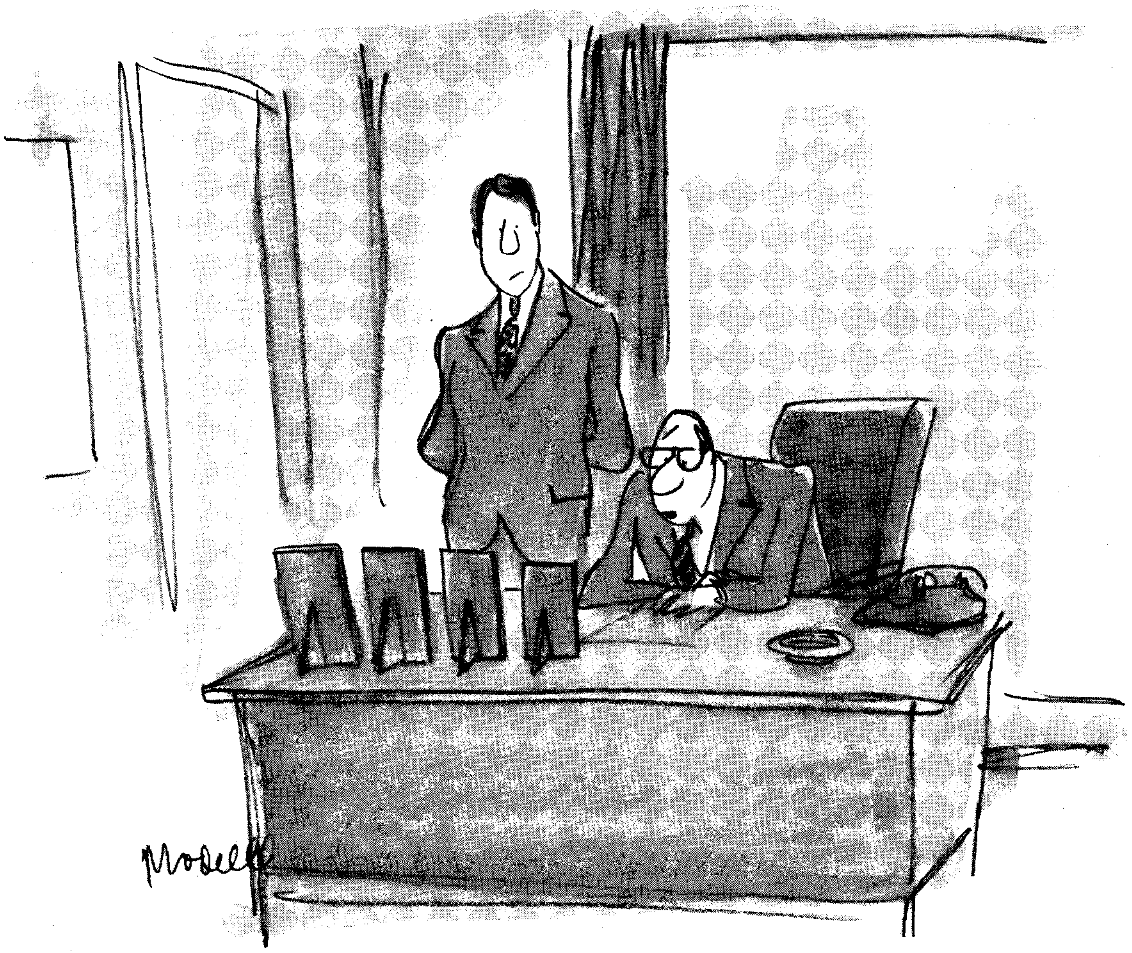
REFLECTIONS

BOOM AND CRASH

ANOTHER worldwide crisis of capitalism is upon us. Why it has appeared and what consequences it portends for the economic system in which we live are the questions I wish to consider here. But first we should take note that it is *another* crisis of capitalism. From its earliest days, capitalism has always been as critically ill as it has been intensely alive. "Convulsions" and "revulsions" (as the older political economists called them), "crises" (as Marx identified them), "recessions" and "depressions" (in modern economic language) have been as prominent features of capitalism's development as its dizzying succession of technical advances, its enormous material productivity, its irresistible global expansion. Indeed, it can be argued that success itself creates conditions that make the capitalist economy vulnerable to breakdown. So there is nothing new in the fact of crisis. By comparison with some past crises—above all, the catastrophe of the nineteen-thirties—the present seizure has been mild. Nonetheless, it *is* a crisis, and, like the crises that preceded it, it has brought a sense of foreboding. If the economic history of capitalism is one of boom and crash, its psychological history is one of alternating confidence and despair. Even a relatively mild crisis, in which social disruption is minimal, brings spectres of collapse, revolution, the end of the world. Hence, this is a good time to look into the etiology of crisis as a kind of chronic disease of the capitalist system, and to venture whatever prognosis seems possible.

Economists, like doctors, should begin with case histories. In the present instance, there is no doubt that the patient seemed in extraordinarily good health prior to his attack. The years from 1950 to the early nineteen-seventies were the longest period of growth that capitalism had ever experienced—almost a quarter century of nearly uninterrupted expansion. Moreover, the expansion was shared among all capitalist nations, without exception. West Germany and Japan enjoyed rates of economic growth which, for a time, doubled their real incomes every ten years. France shook off a history of chronic stagnation to emerge as a modern industrial power. Italy managed to overcome horrendous unemployment and social dislocation to achieve a dazzling, if uneven, prosperity—from "The Bicycle Thief" to "La Dolce Vita." Sweden surpassed the per-capita income of the United States. And even our own country, weighed down by the costs of a terrible war and held back by the disruptions of young and black populations often at the point of rebellion, managed to attain an entirely new level of material well-being. By 1970, the average household enjoyed an income about three-quarters larger in real terms than in 1950.

Then came the crisis. Beginning in some countries in late 1973, in others during the following year, the long trend of growth came to an abrupt halt. In the United States, output declined by nine per cent from 1974 to 1975. In West Germany and France, production fell by a bit less; in Italy and Japan by a bit more. In Canada, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Austria, Australia, Mexico, South Africa, Israel, Spain, and Portugal—in short, in every nation with a predominantly capitalist economy—the crisis appeared, varying in extent from one to the next, but visible in all. The extent was never of panic proportions. In the Great Depression in the United States, output fell by nearly fifty per cent from its peak in 1929 to its nadir in 1933. Nothing resembling such a collapse attended the crisis of the early nineteen-seventies. The sharpest decline was probably a fourteen-per-cent slide in Japan from 1973 to 1975. Nevertheless, the crisis took its toll. In the United States, unemployment rose by three-quarters between 1973 and 1975, far short of the eightfold increase during the Great Depres-



"Reading left to right: That's me with my first wife. Then there's Mary, my second wife, and me. Then Linda, the children, and me. And the last one is just me at the Catskills."

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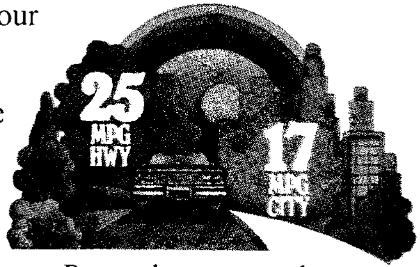

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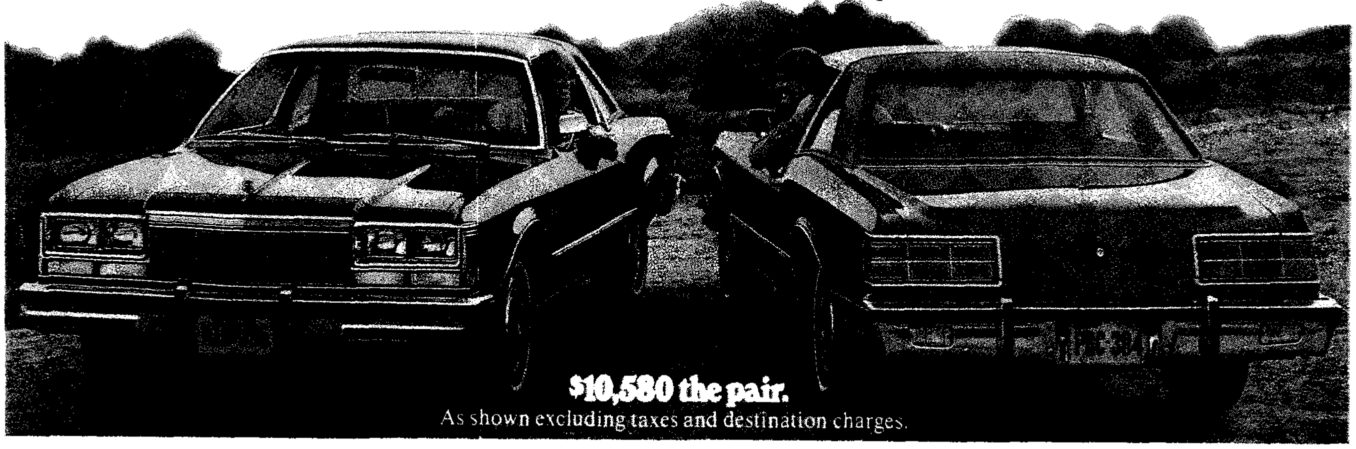
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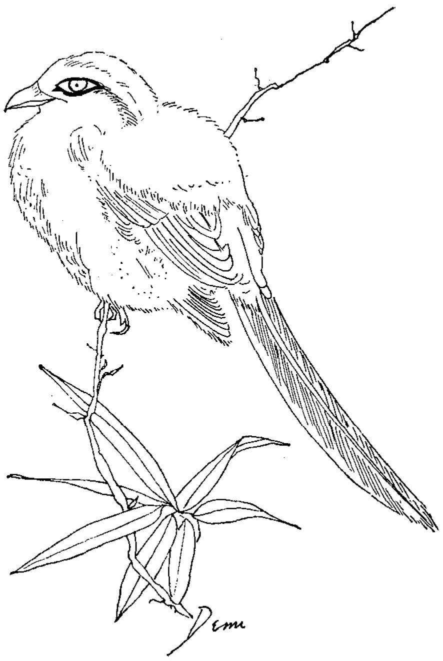
sion but enough to affect eight per cent of all "experienced" workers and to create pockets of unemployment—the rate ran up to ninety per cent of black adolescent job seekers in some ghetto areas. In Europe, the problem was less severe, because the European boom had utilized the labor of imported mercenaries, mainly from Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey. When the boom stopped, these recruits to the labor army were shipped home in large numbers. Nonetheless, production fell sufficiently so that unemployment among native Germans and Frenchmen and Britons became a social and political issue for the first time in twenty years.

Following that global downturn, almost all capitalist economies have recovered to a considerable degree. Japan reversed its decline within two years. By early 1978, production was about four or five per cent above pre-crisis levels in most of Europe; only Britain had failed to regain its former peak. In the United States, output was by then about nine per cent above pre-collapse levels, and unemployment had fallen by about a fourth from its peak, although it was still seriously worse than in 1973. In Europe, the unemployment issue remained live, but not charged. Only in the peripheral countries to which the "guest workers" returned was it a heavy burden, but these were countries with relatively large rural work forces and with networks of extended families, both of which absorb and "hide" unemployment.

Thus, there is a good deal of evidence that the crisis that began in 1973 has been weathered and that a resumption of the upward trend has already commenced, although perhaps at a somewhat slower pace. Yet a sense of a problem unsolved lingers on. The price of gold has reached record heights—testimony to the beliefs of investors around the world as to the unreliability of stocks and bonds and conventional money. The dollar has become a currency that foreign banks and governments will no longer hold in unlimited amounts. Books like Paul Erdman's "The Crash of '79," prophesying complete financial breakdown, exert a fascination that suggests and perhaps breeds belief. The talk in financial circles is of another crisis ahead; of long-term structural problems that are barely recognized, much less overcome; of a European community that is fighting demoralization; of an American economy unable to generate momentum; of an inflation that no one even pretends to be able to manage; of the need for a "real" depression to cleanse the system—provided that it does not do it in.

How much truth may lie in these dark forebodings is a matter we shall consider in due course. But first we must complete the patient's history. For, unlike most crises in the past, in which the precipitating factor is beyond discovery, the 1973-74 "revulsion" has an immediately identifiable cause. This was the sudden increase in the price of oil by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) in the fall of 1973, after the Israeli-Arab conflict broke out into fighting again. Within a few months, the price of oil had quadrupled, and the capitalist oil-using nations found themselves facing an annual bill for petroleum in excess of a hundred billion dollars.

The consequences were shock waves of alarm. "A landslide of immense proportions is rumbling downhill towards most of the oil-consuming industrialized world," wrote *The Economist*, ". . . a landslide capable of breaking the financial system and the economies of several major countries." Unquestionably, oil shock triggered the crisis. But the continuing high price of oil is by no means responsible for the oppressive mood that remains. The Arab nations did not, as feared, sit on their immense oil proceeds but exerted every effort to recycle the money into Western hands. A sheer physical shortage of oil, of the kind that caused lines at gas pumps during the brief period of the oil embargo, was never repeated; in fact, by 1978 there was a surplus of oil looking for buyers at the high prices maintained by the OPEC cartel. More evidence that oil was not responsible for the refusal of the crisis to dissipate itself could be seen in the quick recovery of Japan, the most vulnerable of all the oil importers, and the persistent sluggishness of Britain, a capitalist economy that has actually developed its own oil resources since the OPEC crisis. (Norway, which shared in the North Sea oil fields, also experienced a recession.)



Thus, oil shock can be blamed for the onset of the worldwide capitalist crisis but not for its subsequent history. Rather, it seems clear that oil precipitated the present global recession much as the Great Crash of Wall Street precipitated the Depression of the nineteen-thirties. In both cases, the cause of the persisting trouble seemed to be in the system itself, which gave way like an overstrained structure subjected to a telling blow.

CAPITALISM has always labored under self-imposed tensions of one kind or another, the consequence of its restless but uncoördinated acquisitive drive. But in recent years a main cause—perhaps the main cause—of this tension has been the problem of inflation. Inflation has become so widely accepted as an inevitable aspect of economic life that it comes as something of a surprise to recall that it was not inflation but deflation—falling prices—that was the primary problem in the earlier history of capitalism. Between 1823 and 1848, for example, wholesale prices in the United States fell by twenty per cent. They were pushed upward by the Civil War, but between 1873 and 1898 prices fell by almost fifty per cent, so that at the end of the nineteenth century they were actually below the level of 1823, the Civil War notwithstanding. The same is true elsewhere. In England, for instance, wholesale prices fell from the eighteen-seventies until the turn of the century. In West Germany, as well, the level of wholesale prices in 1910 was below that in 1880.

Bursts of inflation have always appeared with the advent of war, and during some decades prices have drifted gently upward. But nothing like the phenomenon that we have come to accept as "normal" appeared until after the Second World War. Then, beginning in the early nineteen-fifties, after the wreckage of the war was cleared away, came an international upward creep, averaging no more than 2.5 per cent a year until 1960. Thereafter, the creep became a trot. From 1960 to 1970, the average rate of inflation for the ten major capitalist nations rose to

4.1 per cent a year. Then it quickened further. From 1970 to 1975, the rate went to eight per cent a year.

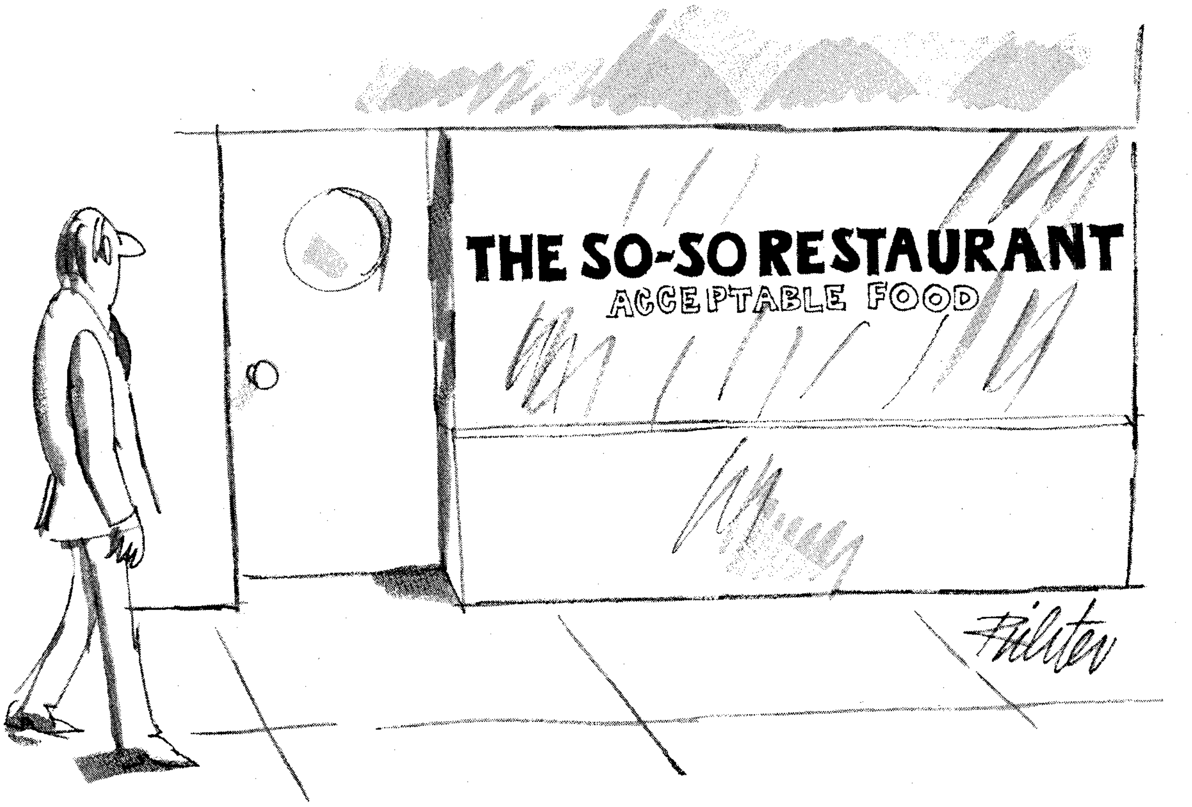
In this worldwide phenomenon, the experience of the United States has been considerably less severe than that of most other capitalist economies. Taking the period as a whole, we have had one of the world's lowest inflation rates (along with West Germany and Canada). Although our rate of inflation exceeded that of the other major industrial nations in the years between 1968 and 1970, if we sum up our experience from 1967 through 1977 we discover that, whereas our consumer prices went up by eighty-six per cent, French prices were up a hundred and twenty-two per cent, Japanese prices a hundred and forty-five per cent, Italian prices a hundred and seventy-two per cent, and British prices two hundred and three per cent. Only West Germany was markedly less inflationary than we. Prices over the same period increased there by fifty-eight per cent.

It is often said that there is no "theory" of inflation, comparable to the theory that John Maynard Keynes provided for the analysis of depression. In a way, that is true; in a way, not. Keynes showed how it was possible for an economy to remain in a condition of equilibrium—that is, without any tendency to move—even though its level of output was so low that large numbers of men were unemployed and vast amounts of machinery and equipment were unutilized. Keynes's theory was thus an explanation of the factors that prevented a market economy from attaining the level of activity to which its profit-seeking capitalists and employment-seeking work force seemed otherwise certain to drive it. (His explanation hinged on the powerful role played by pessimistic expectations in causing businessmen to curtail or inhibit their spending for expansion.) It was, therefore, a theory that explained how a stable condition of less than full employment was compatible with the expansive propensities of the protagonists of the system—a state of affairs that had appeared impossible to the analysts of the pre-Keynesian era. But Keynes's theory was not an explanation of the *cause* of depression. That is, it did not identify the specific reasons that business expectations should be disappointed. Keynes stressed the crucial role played by business spending for investment in propelling the economy forward, and he added the vital understanding that this flow of spending could be more or less indefinitely depressed if businessmen could not anticipate adequate future earnings. But he did not discover reasons, either outside the economy or within its normal operations, that would induce such a state of frustrated hopes. Neither did he explain what might be the cause of the regular bouts of pessimism that affected the economy, depressing its investment activities every seven to ten years with the rhythm of the business cycle.

With regard to inflation, curiously enough, we are today in a position that is more or less the direct opposite of Keynes's. When it comes to understanding the process of inflation—the mechanisms by which inflation is accelerated or reined in—we have nothing like our Keynesian understanding of how depressions are sustained, or worsened, or relieved. On the other hand, whereas Keynes does not enlighten us much about the initiating causes of depression, we have at least a general grasp of the reasons inflation has come to dominate the Western capitalist world.

If we look first at the long historical picture, one cause of the inflationary phenomenon suggests itself immediately. It is a change that profoundly distinguishes modern capitalism from the capitalism of the prewar era—the presence of a government sector vastly larger and far more intimately enmeshed in the process of capitalist growth than can be discovered anywhere prior to the Second World War. The United States offers a convenient illustration. In 1929, government spending of all kinds provided about eight per cent of our gross national product, roughly half the amount of business spending for investment. By 1970, government spending amounted to roughly thirty per cent of the gross national product, or half *again* as much as business investment. This change is even more dramatically evidenced in Europe, where the percentage of gross national product that flows through government, either as purchases of output or as transfers of income, goes over fifty per cent in a number of nations.

No less fundamentally altered is the role of government within the economy. Prior to the Second World War, governments tended to be passive agents in the ebb and flow of economic affairs, with the main exception of their responsibility for establishing a favorable exchange rate for their currencies and protecting their industries by tariffs or other trade arrangements. The world of international affairs aside, governments did not think of themselves as possessing either the right or the ability to affect the process of capitalist accumulation



itself. Economic policy was therefore limited to measures whose objective was always quite specific—to aid this business group or that region, this promising interest or that strategic one. When a crisis came, government, like business, waited out the storm. The idea that a depression might be a legitimate object for prevention or cure would have seemed not only impractical but in some way impious.

All this has changed in our times, beginning with the interventions against unemployment forced on every capitalist government during the Great Depression. And the change was not merely the gradual legitimation of the exercise of a wide variety of welfare functions, such as Social Security or income transfers to the poor. Much more ideologically difficult was the acceptance of the idea that government could and should take on responsibility for assuring a minimal level of economic performance. This was the meaning of the Keynesian "revolution," which seemed to nearly all businessmen at the time to be a doctrine of subversive intent and mischievous consequences.

The intent was certainly not subversive, Keynes being a person of profoundly conservative temperament, but the consequences were mischievous—although certainly less so than if capitalism had been abandoned to the violent forces gathering within it at the time. The effect of the growing size and scope of government policy has been to set the stage for an inflationary propensity where no such tendency had previously existed. The linkage is both indirect and direct. In part, it is manifested simply in a change in public attitudes, a change that Daniel Yankelovich has called a growing "philosophy of entitlement." At all levels of society, we have come to feel entitled not only to a higher level of economic security but to an increase in our real incomes each year, regardless of whether we have personally increased our own measurable contributions to the system. Wages automatically rise, cost-of-living escalators are built into virtually all major wage and salary arrangements, and costs move relentlessly upward. That this is a consequence of government involvement cannot be unequivocally proved. But does anyone doubt that the upward drift of costs would quickly halt if government suddenly withdrew all responsibility for economic activity?

A much more direct, although not necessarily more powerful, effect has been the addition of an enormous government-based demand to the de-

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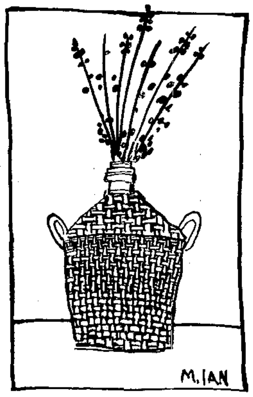
mands generated by the private sector. Here we find not only the special, highly inflation-breeding demands of the military sector, with its indifference to competitive costs, but the less visible demand generated by a growing proportion of the citizenry, mainly the old and the poor, whose spending is bolstered by government transfer payments. If we wanted to stop inflation dead in its tracks, we would only have to turn off the government spigot for arms and welfare, and in all likelihood the price level would begin to fall. So would the economy as a whole, which is the reason there is no possibility of such an enormous disengagement by government. But the support provided by government points to yet another source of its inflationary influence. The assumption of political responsibility for an acceptable level of economic performance pushes government—with only brief interludes—in the direction of an expansionary fiscal and monetary policy. Governments can withstand many setbacks, but not sustained recession. Thus, political pressure builds to spend high and tax low. In the United States this year, the federal deficit will probably exceed fifty billion dollars—a ratio of deficit to gross national product that will be modest compared with those of many European nations. Meanwhile, the rate of money creation continues to outpace the rate of growth of physical output. Output has been growing at about two or three per cent a year over the last decade. Money supply has been growing two to three times as fast.



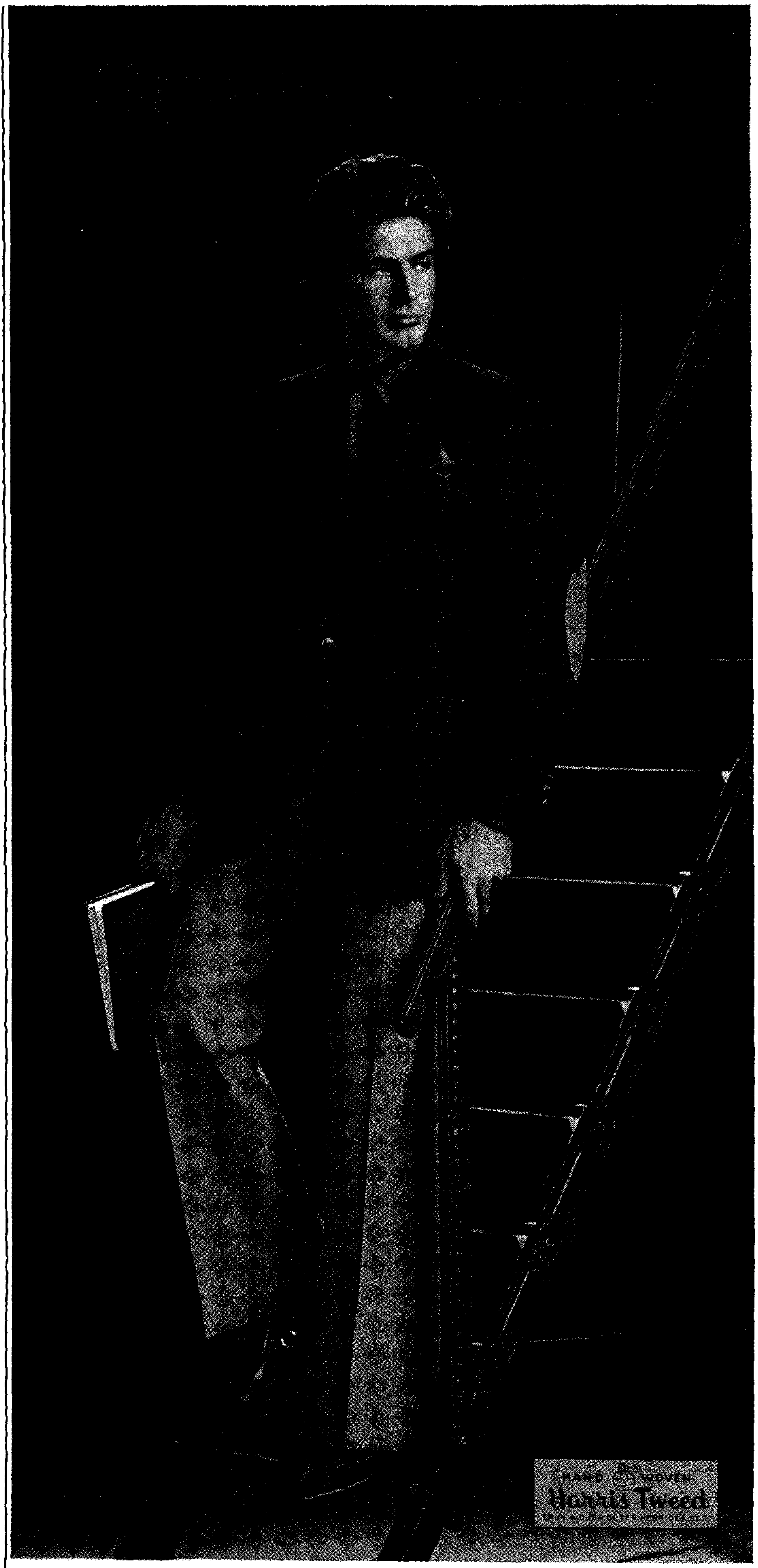
This does not mean that government spending in and of itself is a cause of inflation in a way that private spending is not. Who can tell whether the dollars in our pockets or bank accounts got there from an expenditure that originated in a private company or from one that originated in a public agency? If government spending is regarded as inflation-generating, it is because the political motivation behind it has a stubborn inertia that contrasts with the more volatile spending behavior of the private sector.

This problem of political motivation takes on particular importance if we examine another element in the changed institutional structure of capitalism. The inflationary capitalism of the last twenty years differs from pre-inflationary capitalism in the increased importance of large business enterprises teamed up with large unions. I say "teamed up" because a tacit conspiracy has been at work in recent decades, in which the major unions have won substantial wage increases from corporations which were quickly passed on (and in many cases more than passed on) through price increases. This ganging up of big business and big labor against the public could not, however, have been carried out without the complicity of the government, which provided the "liquidity"—the sheer quantity of money—needed to finance the larger payrolls and the greater consumer buying power. Had the Federal Reserve cracked down on the increase in the quantity of money, the wage-price spiral would have come to a stop, simply because corporations could not have financed wage increases and would have been forced to dig in their heels at the bargaining table. So the government again played a passive but powerful inflationary role, in allowing private forces to exert their wills against the public. The reason the government did so, of course, was the enormous political opposition that it would have encountered (not to mention the economic damage it would have wrought) had it determined to keep the price lid on.

Inflation breeds crisis in social and political as well as in purely economic ways. For the aspect of the inflationary process to which we ordinarily pay heed—the continuous rise in most prices—is only one side of a coin whose reverse is the continuous rise in nearly all incomes: when any price rises, someone must be receiving a larger payment. The difficulty presented by these rising incomes is that they are unevenly distributed. In the inflationary spiral, one labor union, one industry, one region, one social stratum is always forging ahead of another. That is also the case, of course, in the absence of inflation, for technology or sheer bargaining power or the chance redistribution of buying power constantly favors some elements in the economy over others. But in the case of inflation the act of gaining a march is highlighted and publicized. Fortunate or powerful companies, unions, or social groups are singled out for attention and blame. As a result, they serve as stimuli for redoubled efforts on the part of groups that have been left behind. The uneven and uncoördinated pace of advance exacerbates a struggle for place that is always present in capitalist society. Every wage settlement, every major price announcement, every new tax or subsidy or welfare determination serves to mobilize the energies of other groups. Inflation in this way becomes self-perpetuating and self-aggravating, tending to convert the more or less settled pecking order of a stable society into a Hobbesian struggle of each against all.

It is in large part because of this social melee that the inflationary process holds out the threat of getting beyond control. As the inflationary struggle becomes built into our everyday expectations, workers and capitalists alike seek to arrange their incomes in ways that will protect them from inflation. This leads to contracts with cost-of-living adjustments or other "indexing" arrangements designed to insure that everyone automatically stays even with the inflationary tide. Social Security recipients, for example, who would otherwise surely be losers in the inflationary race, are guaranteed against losses imposed by inflation through automatic adjustments in their checks as the cost-of-living index rises. Inflation becomes built into not only wage demands but materials contracts and other bargains, because no one will sign a contract that penalizes him as prices rise; everyone in the bargaining process seeks to come out ahead. Inflationary expectations thereby engender inflation-producing actions, which breed still higher inflationary expectations, in a mounting spiral.

One of the most serious consequences of this universal anticipation of inflation is the way it affects the relationship of business to banks. In times of inflation, it is always advantageous to be a borrower, because dollars will be more plentiful and cheaper when it comes time to repay the loan. Business therefore seeks to borrow, but banks are loath to lend, for exactly the same reason. The consequences are twofold. First, interest rates go ever higher, to compensate banks for the falling value of the dollars they will receive. Second, banks refuse to lend for more than short periods of time. The result is a piling up of short-term debts at very high interest rates. The high interest rates discourage businesses from pursuing their expansionary plans. And the piling up of large debts that must be continually repaid and renewed makes the banking system extremely vulnerable to any untoward event—the failure of a large customer, the collapse of the market for real estate or



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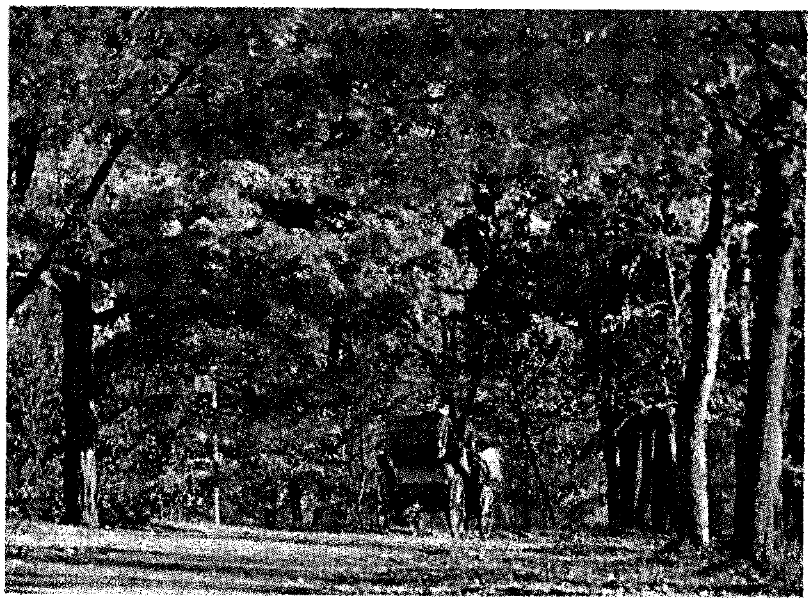

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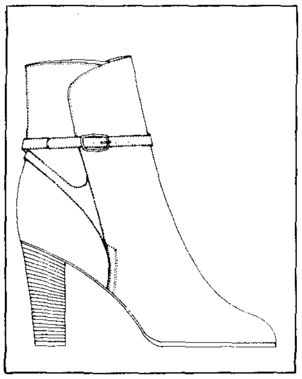

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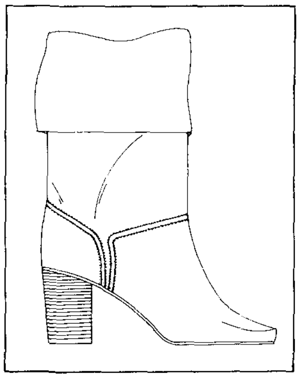

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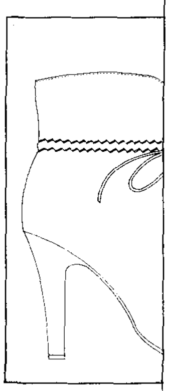

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commodities—that might impair its liquidity. The financial structure becomes overstrained and nervous. New York City approaches bankruptcy and the Chase Manhattan Bank holds its breath. The liquidity of the banking system—its ability to absorb a loss without resorting to panicky measures to gather cash—becomes a matter of general concern rather than a matter taken for granted.

Added to these economic problems is a political one. For if the government is the main institutional cause and transmission agent for the new tendency toward inflation, it is also the main bulwark against a dangerous snowballing of the inflationary process. While governments create the conditions for inflation with one hand, they seek mightily to rein in the process with the other. Anti-inflationary policies, including "credit crunches" (severe restrictions on the ability of banks to make loans), mild curtailments in the rate of growth of the money supply, budget cuts, admonitions and threats, buttons to be worn on lapels, have become familiar aspects of economic policy in all capitalist countries. None of the policies has been very effective. Therefore, they are all accompanied from time to time by recourse to harsher measures—guidelines for wage and price increases, or outright wage and price controls, or deliberate efforts to increase unemployment as a "trade-off" against further price rises.

The trouble with the harsher measures is that they do not bring about a smooth deceleration of the inflationary process but, rather, tend to tilt the economy from a boom path into a recession. Hurriedly, the repressive measures are then abandoned or reversed. As a result, we have a pattern of "stop-go"—of business cycles made in Washington (or Whitehall or Bonn or Tokyo). Government itself becomes a major source of economic instability and crisis as a direct consequence of trying to control the inflation for which its own presence and policies are in large measure responsible. This "contradiction" is political as much as economic, but it is firmly set into the mechanism of modern-day capitalism.

IN addition to the destabilizing influence of inflation, another central element in the crisis through which we are now passing is the quixotic role played by the rise and fall of the American imperium. We need not retrace here the history of that imperium—the child of the Cold War, of American ambitions and naïveté, of a vacuum left by the defeat of Germany and Japan and the exhaustion of Britain. What interests us here is its economic consequences. Empires have always been expensive, and the American empire was no exception. In part, the expense was military, requiring a vast arms establishment at home and a network of bases abroad that underpinned the military capabilities of our client states, ranging from West Germany to Taiwan, from Spain to South Vietnam. The sheer cost of this gigantic military undertaking is beyond accurate calculation. For the United States alone, it has been roughly ten per cent of our gross national product for the last twenty-five years (a total amount of perhaps two trillion 1972 dollars), but that figure does not take into account the supplementary spending of other capitalist countries. Of course, this spending was justified at the time as a necessary counter-effort to the imperialist expenditures of the Soviets (or the Sino-Soviet bloc, as it was once called). No doubt there was a great deal of hostility and misperception on both sides, causing a continued escalation of expenditures when stabilization or even reduction might have been possible. But there seems little doubt, as Richard Barnet has recently argued in "The Giants," that the United States took the lead in this dreadful contest of strength. Primary, although not sole, responsibility for the trillions of dollars of military expenditures that have added their inflationary fuel to the world must be lodged with American imperial policy.

This was not, however, the only contribution of imperialism to inflation. The establishment of an American hegemony resulted not just in very large military expenditures but in the rapid buildup of American capital investments abroad. Between 1950 and 1970, the value of American-owned plant and equipment abroad leaped from twelve billion dollars to seventy-eight billion. The need to pay for these assets, plus the need to pay for foreign military activity, culminating in the Vietnam war, resulted in a growing adverse balance of payments—that is, in a steadily mounting excess of payments made by us abroad over payments made by foreigners to the United States. The items in the official register of international payments called "capital flows" began to register ominously persistent minus signs as the net obligations of Americans to foreigners rose to one or two billion dollars per year by the mid-nineteen-fifties, then to three or four

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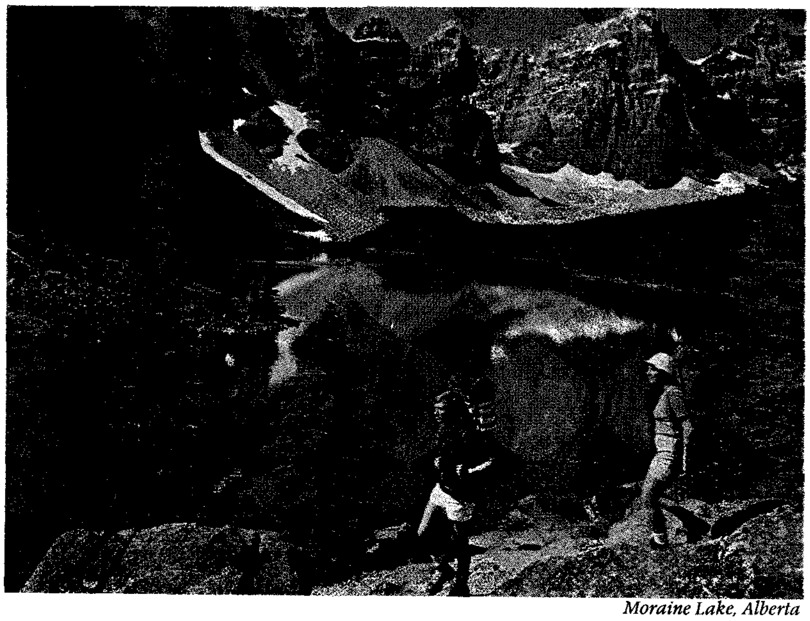
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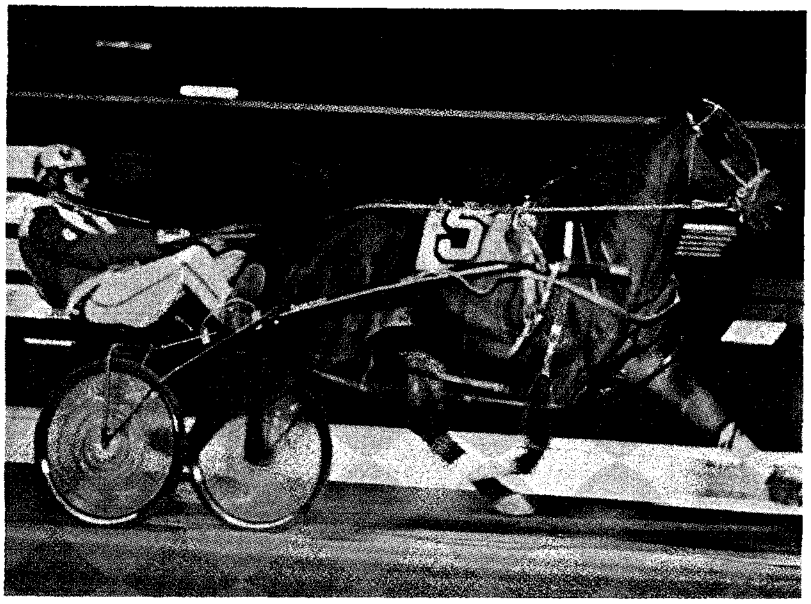

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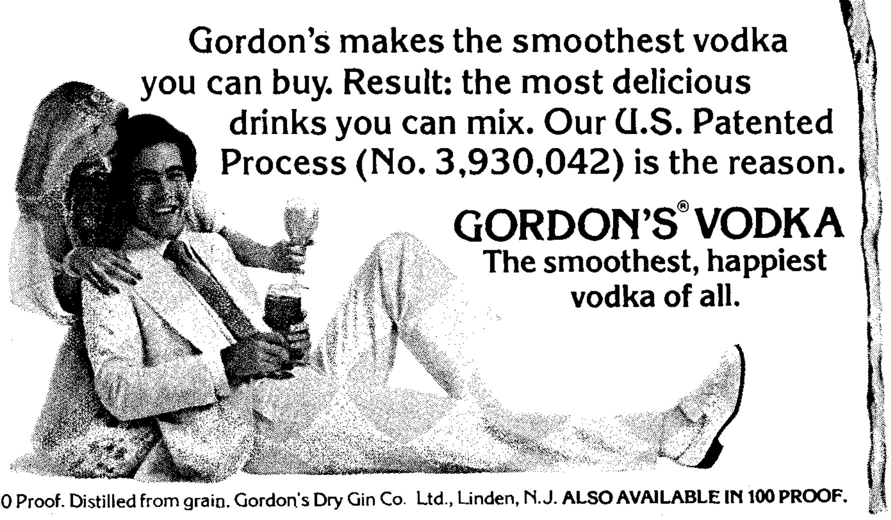

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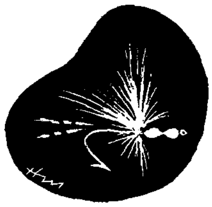
billion per year by the mid-nineteen-sixties, then to eight or nine billion in the early nineteen-seventies—erupting finally in a wild flow of forty-three billion dollars in 1976. The annual figure has since subsided very considerably, but the steady deterioration of the American balance of payments added inflationary consequences to American imperial policy. For the external debts incurred by the United States had to be paid in one way or another. To some extent, they were met by the shipment of American gold to foreign nations to which we owed dollars. Between 1949 and 1970, we sold about fourteen billion dollars' worth of our gold hoard—more than half of it—to meet foreign claims. But the major portion was not paid in gold. We didn't have that much gold. It was paid by persuading foreign creditors to allow their bills to remain unpaid, piling up as I.O.U.s in the form of dollar balances in American banks. Dollars in American banks may not seem like I.O.U.s, but we made them I.O.U.s by asking the foreign owners of these dollars not to exercise their legal right to convert these dollars into gold. If they wanted to spend their balances for American goods, fine. If they wanted to repatriate them as gold, not so fine.

Only an imperial nation can impose such conditions on its creditors, and it does so not by outright coercion but simply by persuading them that there is no alternative to accepting the imperial currency, lest the entire financial structure come tumbling down. Until very recently, foreign banks and bankers understood and accepted this fact. As the American balance of payments continued to register its negative balances, the holdings of dollar balances by foreign banks rose precipitously, from about twelve billion dollars in the mid-sixties to a hundred and thirteen billion in late 1977. If the dollar holdings of multinational corporations were included, there was estimated to be four hundred billion dollars in foreign hands. The steady piling up of dollar I.O.U.s came as no pleasure to foreign governments, for these American dollar balances served as new reserves for foreign banks, encouraging them to expand their lending and investing operations. It was impossible to "sterilize" an addition to bank reserves which exceeded a hundred billion dollars, taking dollars and gold together. Thus, the chronic adverse balance of payments in the United States resulted in an immense increase in the supply of European and Japanese banking reserves.

In turn, that resulted in an increase in the money circulation abroad, giving rise to a surge of inflation there. As we have noted, inflation was less severe in the United States than in most other countries.

None of this could have happened had not the American imperial presence been deemed of such critical importance. To preserve the peace and security of the capitalist world was an American ambition that no European nation wanted to thwart. But the price of acquiescence was a willingness to permit the United States to incur an unlimited deficit in its balance of payments by forcing its creditors to accept I.O.U.s, rather than gold, as payment for the goods and services and assets bought by Americans. As these I.O.U.s, in the form of balances in American banks, became part of the other nations' money supplies, America's creditors watched with helpless dismay as the costs of empire were transferred to them in the form of an inescapable inflation. In all likelihood, an inflationary tendency would have disturbed the postwar world whatever the American role, for the growth in government responsibility and expenditure was much more advanced in most of Europe than in the United States. But the advent of the American hegemony vastly magnified the problem. During the period of uncontested American world power—roughly up to the turning point of the Vietnam war—so immense was the flow of spending for military purposes overseas, so rapid the buildup of American-owned foreign assets, and so powerful American influence over the financial policies of its client states that the mere operation of the American imperium was probably a sufficient condition for the globalization of the inflationary phenomenon.



The crisis that began in the early nineteen-seventies reflects the collapse of that imperium as much as it reflects the more dramatic single event of oil shock. Just as the unchallenged primacy of American economic strength gave rise to a continuous piling up of dollar balances, so the gradual decline of that strength removed the inhibitions that had prevented foreign governments and speculators from considering any currency preferable to the dollar. And the decline in American power was already increasingly evident and worrisome from the middle sixties. Long before the Vietnam debacle, it was clear that American arms could not prevent the rise of revolutionary governments in the underdeveloped world. Starting in the mid-sixties, the American international balance on merchandise account (the net surplus of our exports of goods and services over our imports) began to show an alarming fall, indicating that the day of uncontested American domination in key markets was rapidly coming to an end—worse, that America had a much more "exposed" economy than had been assumed. Not least, perhaps, the outbreak of race riots and student unrest showed the world that the United States was not immune to the internal troubles that were evident in other capitalist nations.

One never knows how skepticism turns into disbelief, much less into overt action. A world that was studiously trying to ignore the changing balance of real power was taken by surprise when the London gold market suddenly ran amok in March of 1968. Prior to that time, the market had normally sold about three to four tons of gold per day to private buyers. Then, on March 1st, a surge of demand for gold led to the sale of forty tons. By March 14th, the daily sale was two hundred tons. At that point, the United States Treasury was being forced to put a million dollars' worth of gold into the market every two or three minutes to satisfy demand—a rate of supply that would have exhausted the nation's entire stock of gold in a few weeks. After a frantic weekend conference in Washington, the hemorrhage was staunched by an agreement not to sell gold on the London market to private buyers anymore. The new arrangement lasted a short while, as governments—fearing that a collapse of the dollar would undermine the safety of their own currencies—agreed to go on accepting dollars without trying to convert them into gold. The United States, on its side, agreed to bring its unruly balance of payments into order, so that it would stop creating the deficits that were forcing dollars on unwilling holders.

The pledges were in vain—the United States balance of payments steadily worsened as our imports soared and our exports failed to do so. Another assault on the dollar followed, and another international effort to prop it up. Finally, in 1971, the pressures became too great to allow the existing "fixed" relationship of the dollar to other currencies to continue. With grave misgivings, the United States officially severed the dollar from gold,

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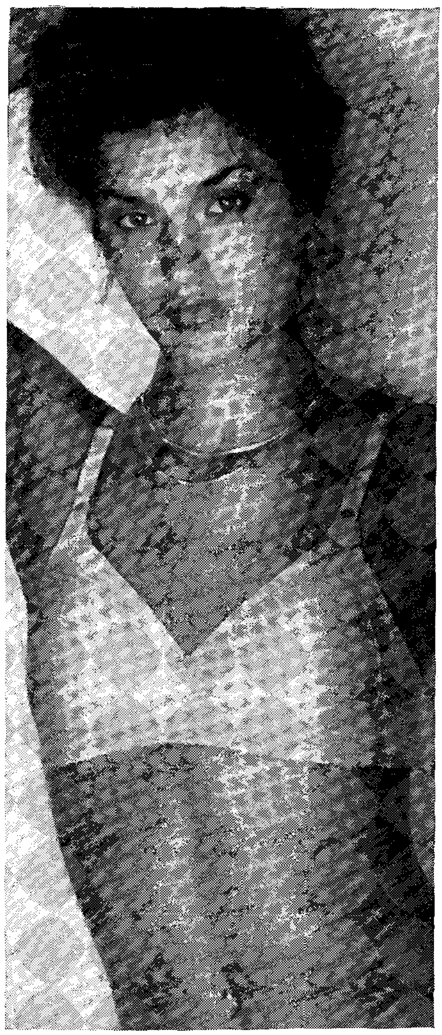

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making it impossible for creditors to change their balances into bullion, and the dollar was allowed to "float" at whatever prices supply and demand dictated for it.

The results at first were not too bad. Despite the gigantic holdings of dollars by foreigners, nothing like a panic developed. As travellers to Europe soon discovered, the dollar fell less than twenty per cent up through 1976. Swiss francs, which used to be quarters, became worth forty cents, but the French franc changed scarcely at all. The fact that nervous individuals around the world were buying gold, which rose to nearly two hundred dollars an ounce, indicated that some people distrusted *all* paper currencies, but, aside from that manifestation of anxiety or psychosis, calm prevailed in the world of international finance.

We do not know what finally upset this tense but essentially inactive state of affairs. For whatever reason, in 1977 the sentiment of the international financial community—the banks, the multinationals, the owners of private bank accounts here and abroad—again turned decisively against the United States. Foreign holders of American balances now wanted marks, yen, francs (especially Swiss francs), riyals, kronor, not because they necessarily "believed in" those currencies but because they sought the only hedge against the unknowable risks of financial life—diversification. They sold their dollars right and left, and the dollar descended to the lowest level in modern history. With the descent came the fear that the falling dollar would bring about a caving in of large financial networks. A fall in a basic currency always brings such risks. If an American company owing sums abroad cannot meet its obligations (which are now dearer), it may fail. If it fails, a local bank where it may be a very large depositor may also fail. If the local bank fails, a great central-city bank may fail. If a great central-city bank fails, depositors across the nation may try to convert their deposits into cash. So the nightmare goes.

One never knows when such fantasies might become actualities. Perhaps another flight from the dollar will bring down the financial structure that holds together the capitalist mechanism. But it seems unlikely. The United States economy is still the most powerful in the world; and if the country's position as a manufacturer is now less secure, its position as supplier of food to the world was never more important. Unlike France, Italy, or England, it has no opposition party whose policies would force large-scale adaptations of the system or an attempt at conversion to socialism. The American recession, costly though it has been, has not produced serious political or social unrest. We have been mercifully spared Europe's terrorism. America's inflation is still below that of most of the rest of the industrial world, and the prices of shares on its stock exchanges are, by comparative standards, cheap. Thus, by all the criteria of history or common sense, the dollar would seem to be one of the soundest, not one of the frailest, currencies.

Obviously, something is missing from this calculus. It is almost surely an element that cannot be "factored in" according to some reasonable formula. Searching for the nature of this irrational conviction—a conviction that has led the world's capitalist financiers and investors to view with suspicion the currency of the capitalist nation that has thus far survived the twentieth century with the least damage to its political, social, and economic structure—I am led to conjecture that it may be precisely America's good fortune that makes it the present target of forward-looking speculative opinion. "You are yet to be tested," declares the rest of the world. "You have yet to run the gantlet." From such a perspective, the dollar becomes a currency to avoid not because it is imperilled today but because it may become imperilled tomorrow, when the crisis reaches American shores in full force. But, of course, the act of getting out of a currency today in anticipation of tomorrow causes it to fall now, not later. The international currency convulsion of 1977 and early 1978 was a vivid example of just such a self-fulfilling prophecy—assuming, of course, that what lay behind it were the kinds of expectations I have raised, and not some profound structural defect in the American economy which escaped domestic eyes but was visible abroad.

Meanwhile, the battering of the dollar, with its message of a loss of faith in the American economy among those who would be expected to be its strongest supporters, created a pall of near-Stygian gloom on Wall Street. In April of this year, "depression" was not the word to describe the condition of the economy, but it was assuredly appropriate to Wall Street's state of mind. A respected investment counsellor of long acquaintance, who has been a consistent voice of moderate optimism during the last years, confessed to me over lunch one day early that month that he had finally surrendered to the prevailing opinion. "I don't know what lies behind the black mood of the Street," he said, "but I have finally come to share it. Have you read 'The Crash of '79'? Not the nuclear part, but the complete breakdown, the wild inflation, that sort of thing? It's absurd, but that's the talk you hear these days. I won't add to that talk, but I don't think you can buck it."

About ten days later, the stock market roared up one Friday, with more than fifty million shares changing hands—the largest volume ever until that point—and then broke *that* record the following Monday. Why? The talk on the Street was "All the bad news is now behind us." Or "The Arabs are finally hungry." Or "It was long overdue." Such is the quality of deep analysis by which the Street explains itself to itself.

THE psychological history of capitalism is a tale of alternating euphoria and despair. We tend to think of the late nineteenth century as a period of huge self-confidence and ebullience, but the diaries of the captains of industry reveal another mood just below the surface, a mood described by the economic historian E. C. Kirkland as "panic and pain." When recessions struck, with their never quite predictable regularity, businessmen tore their collars and feared for the end. "All the fortune I have made has not served to compensate for the anxiety of that period," wrote John D. Rockefeller, looking back on forty years of a career that we think of as an unbroken series of triumphs.

The labile business state of mind was no doubt the consequence in the first place of the continual buffeting to which business was subject. But I suspect that there was another reason for it as well. It was—and is—that capitalism has never found a rationale that has entirely dispelled the anxieties of the business world as to the viability of the capitalist mechanism, again and again teetering at the edge of what has seemed like collapse; nor has capitalism ever gained a credo that could rescue it, once and for all, from the doubts and charges of its moral critics. The economics profession, writing at an Olympian level of abstraction after the eighteen-seventies, and concerning itself more and more with problems of "equilibrium" and "pure competition," which have no counterpart in the real

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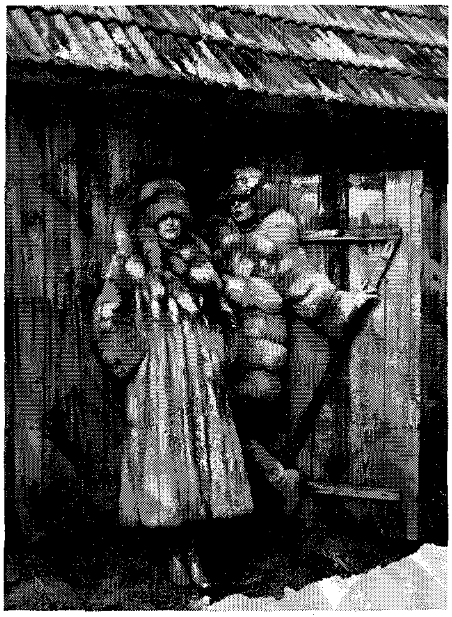

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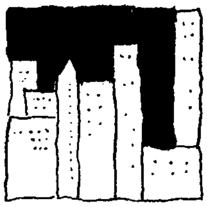
world, has been unable to convince businessmen that the rocking economic system is an unsinkable ship with a foolproof self-righting mechanism. And the moralists of the system (many of them also economists) have never quite explained away the tendency of the system to generate poverty alongside riches, squalor along with success. Here the problem is that the culture that produced the economic values embodied in a capitalist system also produced the political and social values embodied in a bourgeois democracy. Thus, unlike previous economic systems, capitalism has always been exposed to an egalitarian countercurrent that has undermined the simple endorsement of inequality characteristic of pre-capitalist societies.

As a result, the state of mind of the capitalist class, smug and self-assured during periods of boom, has typically become insecure and defensive during a crisis—insecure because it has never been entirely convinced that the economic vehicle would not tip over, defensive because it could never entirely square the results of the economic system with the values of its social and political beliefs. It is interesting, from this point of view, to reflect on the number of businessmen (and the even greater number of their widows) who have turned into reformers of one kind or another, usually trying to temper the raw workings of the marketplace to bring its results into closer consonance with their moral beliefs. What other system has produced such a show of uneasy conscience?

It is, I think, this uneasy conscience, quite as much as the unsettled questions regarding the stability of the system, that accounts for the swings in mood which have always assailed the system. For periods of crisis test not only the operational capacities of the system but also the ultimate granite on which it rests—the loyalty, or at least the acquiescence, of the labor force on which it depends. The coöperation of that labor force is no longer won, as it was in Marx's time, by a reliance on the lash of sheer need, or by the limitation of suffrage, or by the steadying hand of venerable traditions concerning the natural superiority of the rich. The coöperation of the work force today is secured by the concerted misrepresentation of the system as a kind of large, hearty, and cheerful family. Corporations that command immense wealth and make strategic decisions of global importance portray themselves as "just folks," represented by the ordinary people who are featured in their institutional advertisements. Consciously or otherwise, the media present an image of the capitalist world as a great cornucopia of commodities available to all where laughing young women and energetic young men make their playful determinations as to what car to buy, soap to use, bank to borrow from. The "problems" of the system are presented as detached from, and in no way connected with, its "successes." The central facts of the system are ignored, so that it becomes almost a radical statement when Paul Samuelson writes in his famous text that a pyramid of personal incomes in the United States which was constructed with children's blocks each representing a thousand dollars would soar far higher than the Eiffel Tower, but most of the population would be within a yard of the ground.



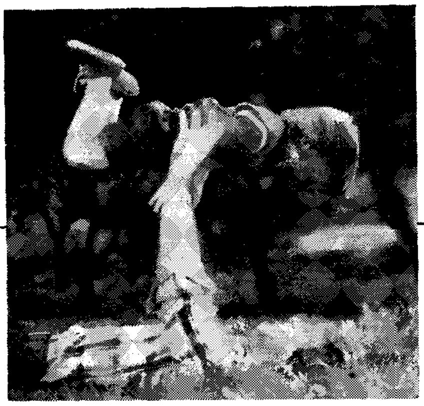
A vast hypocrisy is characteristic of this self-advertisement of capitalism, a hypocrisy that threatens the system in moments of crisis because there is always the risk that the deceptive façade will be recognized for what it is, with who knows what consequences. When confidence wanes, it is not only because the danger of a collapse is again experienced but because the social and political legitimacy of the system must again be put to the test. I suspect that all capitalist nations are aware, at some level, of this inescapable conflict between their extreme economic privileges and their social and political egalitarian tendencies and commitments, but perhaps in America this moral tension is greatest and the ensuing insecurity most keenly felt.

I raise these speculative considerations because one must search for some explanation of the black mood that haunted the financial and business worlds in late 1977 and early 1978. As with the international economic picture, one could not explain the heavy tone of the stock market, that traditional barometer of confidence, merely in terms of a calculus based on realistic projections. When the stocks that made up the Dow-Jones averages could be bought for an aggregate price that was less than their book value, the market was predicting some terrible occurrence. What could that occurrence have been? A minor dip in the rate of economic growth—the worst that anyone expected in the next year or so? An increase in the rate of inflation by a percentage point, or even by two percentage points? The lack of a stringent energy bill—or perhaps the opposite, the achievement of such a bill? None of these and similar eventualities, endlessly discussed in the business pages, warranted the kind of determined pessimism that Wall Street showed—a pessimism that converted even such stalwart optimists as my investment-counsellor friend.

The answer must be, I believe, that the Street was predicting something far more serious. It was predicting that behind the manifest, not too serious crisis lurked the possibility of a profound, even catastrophic crisis, a crisis from which the system could not recover, at least in anything resembling its present shape. Like the international financial world, the domestic financial community was weighing the future of the system in its mind. The crisis was one not of present realities but of expected developments, not of economics alone but of belief.

IN order to understand that ominous prognosis, we must examine one last aspect of capitalist crisis. This is its positive or, better, curative function. For crisis can, and usually does, play a constructive role, even though it brings blockage and disruption. Conservatives have always stressed this role, speaking of the "purgative" benefits of a recession, a diagnosis that sounds heartless, insofar as it pays no heed to the suffering that the purgative imposes, but that, nonetheless, accurately describes the potential effects of the medicine on the patient, who is the system, and not its individual participants.

The curative purposes served by a crisis are not difficult to identify if we simply review the characteristic features of a recession. Production falls or growth is slowed. Unemployment increases. The stock market is depressed, or may have a "crash." Bankruptcies rise. Sellers' markets become buyers' markets as power shifts from those who command labor or materials to those who command money. All these effects putatively combine to yield one major consequence: they tend to restore the conditions that permit the great circuit of accumulation to resume its normal operation. Labor or raw-materials markets that were too tight become slack once more. Discipline becomes easier to maintain on the factory floor, because of the rising threat of unemployment and the increasing pressures on factory managers. Glutted markets eventually absorb excess goods, and demand picks up as buyers reorder for inventory and replacement. The



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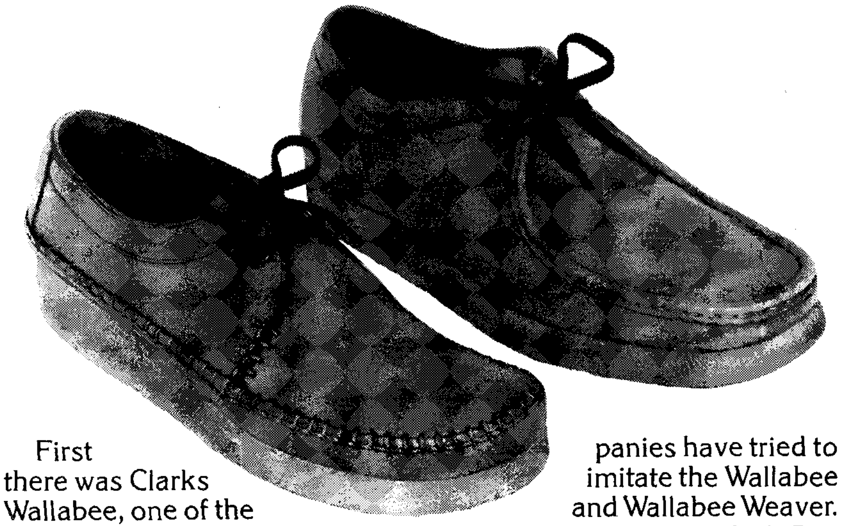

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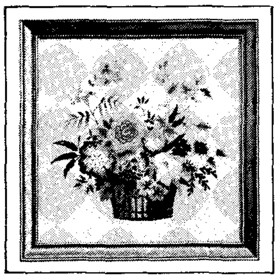

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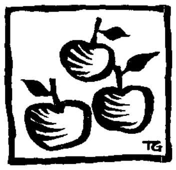
sorry state of business lessens the demand for bank credit, and the banks gradually regain their liquidity. Government welfare measures continue to pump out money, but the tax structure takes in less money, so that aggregate buying is automatically bolstered.

These curative effects depend on a fluid economy that responds in appropriate fashion to the bitter medicine administered to it. Given the same medicine, an economy that suffers from an advanced state of organizational rigidity may not respond to crisis by regaining its vigor. It may simply remain in a depressed condition more or less indefinitely. Behind the Keynesian diagnosis of the possibility of an equilibrium at less than full employment was the tacit recognition that a mature capitalism could not undergo the "loosening up" that a crisis requires to work its effects. Then we have continuing doses of medicine without resuscitative effects—the "stagflation" of recent years. Yet, speaking historically, there is no doubt that crises have tended to remove the obstacles that block the accumulative process. Out of crises, with their social misery—in part, out of that misery itself—have come the conditions for new growth and expansion.



Crises and their sequelae are not *just* curative episodes, however. As Marx was the first to point out, not only does the capitalist system unfold through a more or less regular succession of booms and crises but the crises themselves exert lasting and cumulative effects on the system. The business cycle, in other words, is not just a wavelike movement of production but a movement of the whole socioeconomic order through history; and the measure of the cycle therefore requires that we pay heed not only to its quantitative effects on production or prices or employment but also to its qualitative impact on the organization of the society itself.

Two such changes seemed to Marx of central importance. One was the tendency of repeated crises to bring into being an economy of giant enterprises. Each crisis encouraged the formation of large enterprises because smaller and weaker firms were the typical victims of economic hesitations and downturns, while stronger and larger firms survived, to buy up and integrate the assets of their competitors. "Capital grows to a huge mass in a single hand in one place," Marx wrote in "Capital," "because it has been lost by many in another place." This process, which was only in its incipient stage in Marx's time, has changed the world of "competitive capitalism" of the eighteen-sixties into that of the "monopoly capitalism" of the present day. This development involves something more dramatic, and certainly more important, than just the rise of large-scale production. Enormous enterprises require extensive internal planning, as J. K. Galbraith has repeatedly pointed out. At the same time, the rise of a vast, integrated nucleus of manufacturing firms—the five hundred largest of which in the United States produce goods worth almost as much as those of the remaining four hundred thousand firms—brings into being an industrial core of capitalism which differs surprisingly little in technology or structure from that of a socialist economy. Thus, while capitalism clings tenaciously to its belief in the "privateness" of property, it has in fact created an economic milieu in which property has become ever more social. This unintended socialization of the productive forces of the system was felt by Marx to be the "contradiction" that, above all else, directed the long-term development of capitalism toward socialism.

A second change envisaged by Marx affected the social rather than the technological or organizational aspects of capitalism. He saw the hammer blows of successive crises as altering the class structure of the system in ways that he also felt to be ultimately incompatible with the legal privileges of a capitalist order. One of these alterations was the elimination of petty proprietorships and independent artisanships as dominant forms of social being. The competitive powers of capitalist production, Marx felt, were unchallengeable by the small producer. All would be forced eventually to become sellers of their wage labor—proletarians—rather than sellers of their own products. The prediction is again fully confirmed by events. In the early eighteen-hundreds, for example, about four-fifths of all non-slave American working people were self-employed as farmers, artisans, small businessmen, and the like. Slavery is gone today, but only about ten per cent of the labor force is self-employed, and one-third of it works for the central core of great firms.

The political consequences of this "proletarianization" of capitalism have not, however, accorded with Marx's general expectations. Although more and more of the work force has become drawn into the capital-wage relationship, the newly created proletarians have not developed a unitary class consciousness or experienced a welling up of revolutionary will. Instead, a process of "bourgeoisification," already foreseen and lamented by Engels, has forestalled the militancy and insurgency on which the revolutionary prognosis ultimately hinged. Veblen, perhaps more clearly than Marx, anticipated the consequences of a system of high productive powers and democratic views: the lower orders would look to the upper classes as models to be aped, not as masters to be dethroned. Thus, the hypocritical and biassed self-advertisement of capitalism has been received not with skepticism but with faith, embraced by a working class that wanted to believe in the benign workings and accessible heights of the business world.

Only recently have we had evidence of a turning away from the system, most dramatically played out in the terrorist tactics of European revolutionary gangs, but perhaps more significantly manifested in the anti-capitalist mood of student bodies throughout the world. No one knows, of course, whether these movements will become full-fledged threats to the stability of the system. That depends, probably, on whether the working class can be won from its conservative views to a genuinely proletarian perspective. Although that has not yet been the case in any capitalist nation, the advent of a crisis always raises the spectre of such a revolutionary "awakening." A crisis tests not only the working order of the economy but the traditional observances of its moral order. It is this test, I think, that troubles the sleep of the guardians of the system today far more than the economic damage that has been suffered.

Thus, crisis spells cumulative change, not just advance and retreat. Moreover, at crucial junctures crisis seems to usher in changes of seismic magnitude, changes that alter the institutional underpinnings of the system. In the view of David Gordon, a leading young American Marxist scholar, some crises are fulcral points in the historical unfolding of capitalism, bringing structural adjustments that are necessary in order to allow the clogged circuit of production to open again. These crucial turning points are, Gordon suggests, coincident with—indeed, the very basis of—the rather mysterious, fifty-year-long cycles, dimly visible like ghosts in the scanty and fragmentary statistics of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century production and prices, that were discovered by the Soviet economist N. D. Kondratief. (He was later liquidated by Stalin.)

Whatever the role or reality of the Kondratief cycles, there is no doubt that some crises are more significant than others, because they seem to produce relatively swift and far-reaching alterations in the structure of the system. In Gordon's view, for example, the crisis of 1848 opened the way for an era of mechanization that was to provide the momentum of the period up to the turn of the century. The crisis of 1893 opened the way for a big business boom by creating new market structures, dominated by merged corporations, within which technology could work its wonders without bringing about competitive warfare among rival companies. And the crisis of 1929 ushered in a complex transformation whose major institutional change was the expansion of the public sector and the deliberate use of government spending as a supplement to private demand. No doubt it is possible to argue with many aspects of this large-scale effort at historical explanation. But Gordon's suggestion that we search for important institutional shifts at critical points in the history of capitalism strikes me as very fruitful. In particular, the hypothesis suggests that we may today be at such a point, and that the crisis of our period, whether it be marked by a stock-market crash or boom in '79, can be most clearly understood in terms of the institutional shifts it requires and will probably bring about.

The immediate cause of that crisis, we have seen, can be traced to the worldwide impact of the OPEC decisions that quadrupled petroleum prices within a year. But we know that oil shock was only the precipitating factor in a situation that was already highly crisis-prone. The American hegemony and the arms expenditures that supported it gave impetus to a worldwide inflationary momentum that further increased the potential for economic disruption. Prior to that, the enormous swelling of the public sector within the economies of all capitalist nations had itself created the conditions for eventual instability, partly by giving rise to inflation, partly by creating unsustainable expectations of social entitlement. And anterior even to that, by the late nineteen-sixties there were many signs of older forms of crisis-proneness—a tightening of labor mar-

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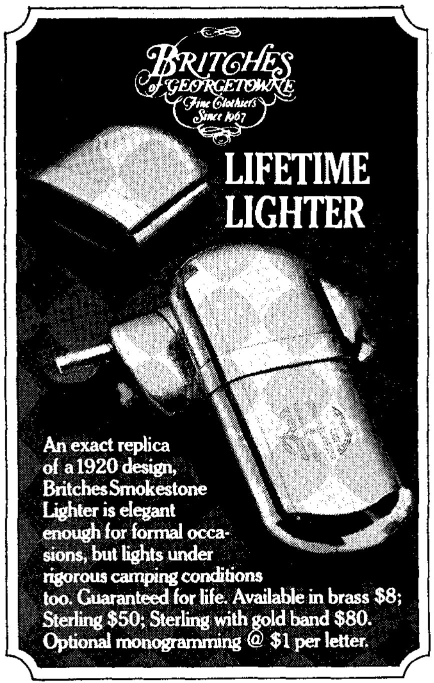

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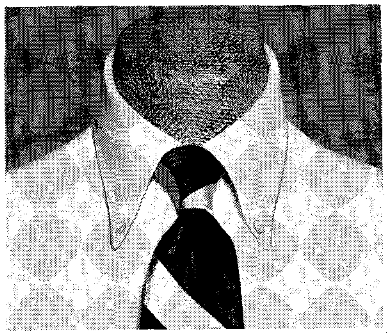

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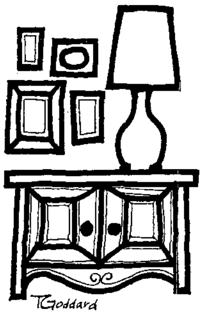
kets, a mounting indiscipline in the labor process, a growing satiation in important markets.

The normal curative results of a crisis can be expected to dissolve some of these blockages. The large overhang of unwanted dollars will gradually move into stronger hands. The stock market has already regained some of its aplomb. Even inflation, the most continuously anxiety-producing of all the forces making for crisis, may well be partly cured by the recession. Between 1976 and the first quarter of 1978, the inflation rate had been substantially reduced in most European countries. (In Britain, it was cut almost in half.) Moreover, as the recession holds back the pace of advance, surpluses of oil appear and cause prices to weaken, as has happened on the West Coast. Thus, as so often before, the bitter medicine of recession can be expected to exert its purgative effects, clearing away some of the obstacles to capital accumulation, and providing some outlet for the energies pent up in a million profit-seeking entrepreneurs.



Yet I do not think that these normal absorptive processes will suffice to get the system back to the steady and sustained growth of the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties. For reasons that we shall see, such a full-scale resumption of the longest boom in capitalist history perhaps will be impossible in any event. And I think it is likely that deep changes will be required even to restore more modest growth to the system. To come directly to the point, I believe it will take the completion of an institutional shift that has already begun, although, like all such shifts, it is much misunderstood and bitterly resisted. The shift is to economic planning, the only institutional transformation that can, in my opinion, give a new measure of life, albeit a limited one, to the capitalist system.

TO justify an argument for a drastic change in institutional arrangements, we must be able to discover some element in the present crisis that is quantitatively large enough and qualitatively different enough to warrant another major restructuring of the capitalist framework. I suggest that there is such an element in the challenges posed to the process of capitalist accumulation by what we loosely call "the environment"—the complex and interconnected constraints of our energy supplies, our resource availabilities, our pollution dangers. The problems of the environment are now so generally familiar that I shall not try to marshal the standard facts and figures. Let us instead consider the ways in which some of these constraints impinge on the capitalist process. Here we might begin again with oil shock, which has already dealt the system a serious, although certainly not fatal, blow. But present-day oil shock is not the full measure of the problem. Today's oil prices are artificially maintained by the coördinated action of the OPEC cartel, not by the pressure of demand against supply. Meanwhile, demand is steadily increasing and the day will come when it is the pull of demand, and not the prop of a cartel agreement, which sets the price of oil. Moreover, the difference between the most optimistic and the most pessimistic dates for that "crossover" point—optimistic dates assuming a high rate of new oil discoveries and effective conservation plans, and pessimistic dates assuming the opposite—is surprisingly small. In both cases, crossover is expected to occur during the next twenty years. Thereafter, demand will be in charge and we can expect the price of oil to rise steadily, with no help from OPEC at all, unless we find substitutes for gasoline and heating oil.

The coming rise of oil prices is only the leading edge of a series of such changes that will affect the very possibility of economic growth, interfering with the process of capital accumulation in a hitherto unknown way. The stringency of worldwide resources, while not imposing anything like an oil bottleneck, will nonetheless be sufficiently great during the coming years of this century to necessitate vast investments in mineral extraction and food production. According to a study of global needs conducted for the United Nations by Wassily Leontief, a Nobel laureate in economics, the consumption of common minerals must rise fivefold, food fourfold, if a moderate rate of global growth is to continue. All this will require stupendous economic, and no less stupendous social and political, commitments.

Finally, the newly apparent fragility of the atmospheric mantle poses perhaps the most formidable obstacle of all. Human activity, especially in the industrial regions where its effect on nature is most concentrated, is at the verge of creating violent and irreversible effects on the planet. The immense magnitude of technological assault on the environment is indicated by the ongoing debates over the possibility of carbon dioxide creating a "greenhouse effect" that would alter the temperature of the entire earth; the possibility that massed industrial heat could change the patterns of air circulation and of precipitation on a continental scale; the possibility that the release of chemical waste might contaminate the ground water of a large region; and the possibility that the volume of nuclear wastes might constitute a hazard for an entire city or state.

All these new constraints point in the same direction. They indicate the need for an unprecedented degree of monitoring, control, supervision, and precaution with regard to the economic process. Some of these safeguarding functions can perhaps be performed by the marketplace itself, particularly as far as the allocation of scarce resources is concerned. But the market will not monitor safety, nor will it impose decisions about the rate of growth, or its sharing within or among nations, which accord with the moral and political, as well as the economic, desires of peoples and nations. Thus, the constraints of our time, the need for which will steadily intensify as far ahead as we can see, imply a powerful, and I think irresistible, force for planning the economic process in a way that has never before been necessary.

What is new about the emphasis on planning is its purpose. Many aspects of planning are by now familiar. We plan in order to develop appropriate transportation networks, whether road or rail or air. We plan in order to develop rural, and now urban, hinterlands. We plan in order to carry on the fiscal and monetary and welfare functions on which economic life depends. To be against planning, as such, is to be for chaos, not for laissez-faire. But the planning that will emerge from the present crisis will be of a different nature. Its essential purpose will be not to remedy the various failures that capitalist growth has brought but to direct, and at bottom to protect, the very possibility of such growth, as long as that can be. This will certainly require the formulation of strict policies concerning the use of energy. It must embrace an ever wider range of considerations affecting the environment. The processes of scientific development and technical application must likewise fall more and more under the guidance and, where necessary, the veto power of government. All this may require allocations of materials, prohibitions against certain kinds of investment or consump-

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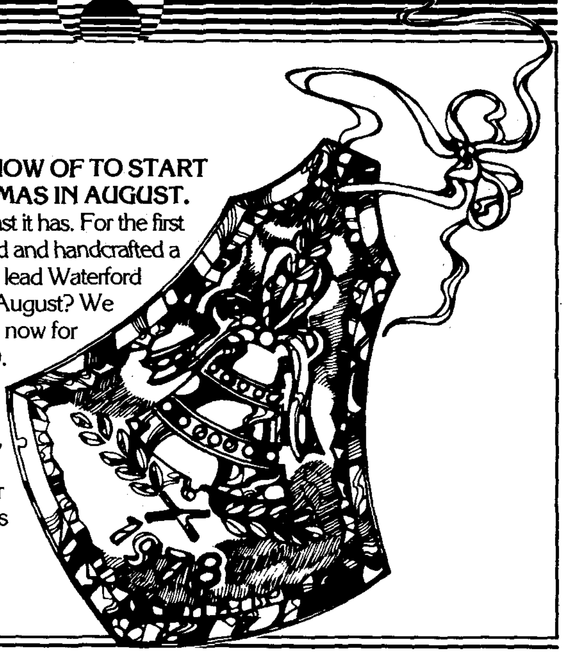

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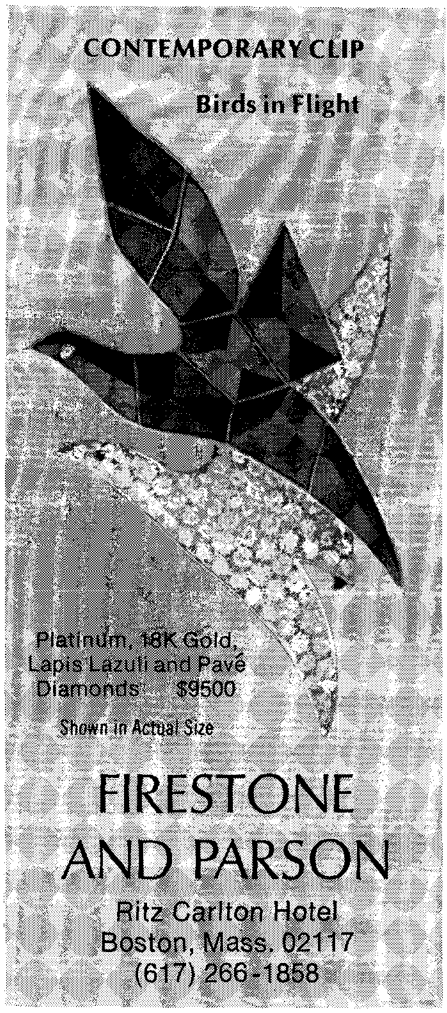
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tion activities, international arrangements, and a general sticking of the public nose into private life wherever that life, left to itself, threatens the very survival of the system.

This sort of planning seems the inescapable direction in which capitalism must move if its work of accumulation is to proceed as long as possible without encroaching suicidally on the carrying capacity of the planet. But the fact that the purpose of national planning will be to assist the continued functioning of the system does not mean that it will be welcomed by the business community, perhaps with the exception of a small advance guard that always sees farther than the pack. On the contrary, the steady intermeshing of government and economy will be feared and fought as tantamount to a surrender to socialism. Indeed, that fear and that fight *are* the current crisis, quite as much as the actual blockages created by oil or inflation. It is the vision of an impending socialism as one outcome of the present trend, alternating with even more alarming visions of an end to the acceptance of the morality and legitimacy of the capitalist system, which accounts, I think, for the dark and nameless fears that beset the capitalist world in general.

As I have said, one cannot predict whether the legitimacy of the capitalist system will in fact be shaken. There are some reasons for thinking not: the failure of the left to gain its expected victories in Europe, the repeated disappointments and disillusions about the economic and political performance of the Communist nations, and, perhaps most of all, the absence of a plausible program for a socialist restructuring of society. But there are reasons as well for disquiet: the apparently irreversible decline in public and private standards of behavior, the disappearance of the economic patriotism that sustained our parents, the loss of sophisticated belief in the appeal of capitalism. The existing governments of Europe govern not in the name of capitalism but in the name of order. Thus, we shall live for a long period, in all likelihood, in the shadow of a crisis of faith. However unforeseeable the outcome of that trial, I think one can predict with a fair degree of assurance that the institutional changes necessary for national planning will come, despite the vociferous opposition that they will raise.

In fact, the skeleton of such a planning effort already exists in the scatter of agencies and authorities and departments of our government, and in more formally designated planning commissions and boards in the majority of other capitalist nations. It would be foolish to believe that these agencies and authorities will solve the problem of assuring a smooth continuation of capitalist growth, any more than the rise of welfare agencies or Keynesian economics solved the problems of poverty and unemployment. Yet Social Security and unemployment insurance and the deliberate management of the economy did protect a highly vulnerable system against a threat that might well have ruptured its accumulation circuit for good. In the same way, we can anticipate that the new planning effort, despite its inevitable mistakes, inefficiencies, wastes, and irritations, will prevent a similar interruption, of perhaps even greater dimensions, from bringing the system to a halt. We can anticipate as well that the planning effort, mounted as it will surely be by an uneasy partnership of big business and government, will look like socialism from one angle, like "fascism" from another. It may well contain elements of both, but I think it should be called what it is—planned capitalism.

AND in the end? No doubt there will be still another deep crisis. Moreover, it may come rapidly, for the pace of change seems to be quickening. Branko Horvat, a widely known Yugoslavian economist, has pointed out that the era of so-called competitive capitalism lasted almost two hundred years, from roughly 1700 to 1875; the era of monopoly capitalism fifty-five years, from about 1875 to 1930; welfare capitalism forty-three years, from 1930 to 1973. Assuming that I am right, and that we are now entering the era of planned capitalism, how long will it last?

That is a question to which we can give only the most tentative answer. The constraints of the environment, which are the great determining element in the era into which we are moving, suggest that we will have perhaps twenty-five years of "safe," although increasingly difficult, growth (as the Leontief study also suggests), followed by curtailments that promise to be more and more drastic. But, meanwhile, there are other contradictions and barriers and hindrances that may induce a crisis before we reach that winding down of growth which, by its very definition, would pose a truly historic challenge to capitalism. There is, for example, the suffocating growth of bureaucracy, itself the by-product of the welfare state and the planned state—another "contradiction," if you will. There is the rampant expansion of industrial technology, bringing not only the ever greater socialization of the economic structure but what seems to be a concomitant disaffection, indifference, and antipathy of a population unable to find satisfaction in the plastic wealth or the impersonal employments that industrialism generates. There is the lingering, always explosive problem of the distribution of wealth, justice, and decency within the rich nations, and between the rich nations and the poor ones. There is the unsettled state of the economic world, with capitalist nations hesitating between live-and-let-live and beggar-my-neighbor philosophies, and developed nations and undeveloped ones eying one another in mixed need and hatred. And there is violence and despair and the slow erosion of order-maintaining behavior. Any of these may become the entering wedge of a new crisis, pushing for further adaptations that may ultimately exceed the capabilities of the system.

But this is still some distance into the future, I think. History has shown capitalism to be an extraordinarily resilient and tenacious system, perhaps because its driving force is dispersed among so much of its population rather than concentrated solely in a governing élite. In pursuit of the privileges, the beliefs, and above all the profits of capitalism, its main protagonists have not only created the material wonders that Marx marvelled at but have shown a capacity for change that even he, who never underestimated the self-preserving drive of capital, did not fully anticipate. Thus, it is still too soon to write "finis" to the present era, for in our time capitalism has yet another subchapter within its power to create, and perhaps others after that. But already we can see more clearly than past generations that the chapter cannot go on forever, and that in our own time, even if the system survives, we will have to live through periods of wrenching change.

—Robert L. Heilbroner

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[*Warren Weaver, Jr., in the Times*]

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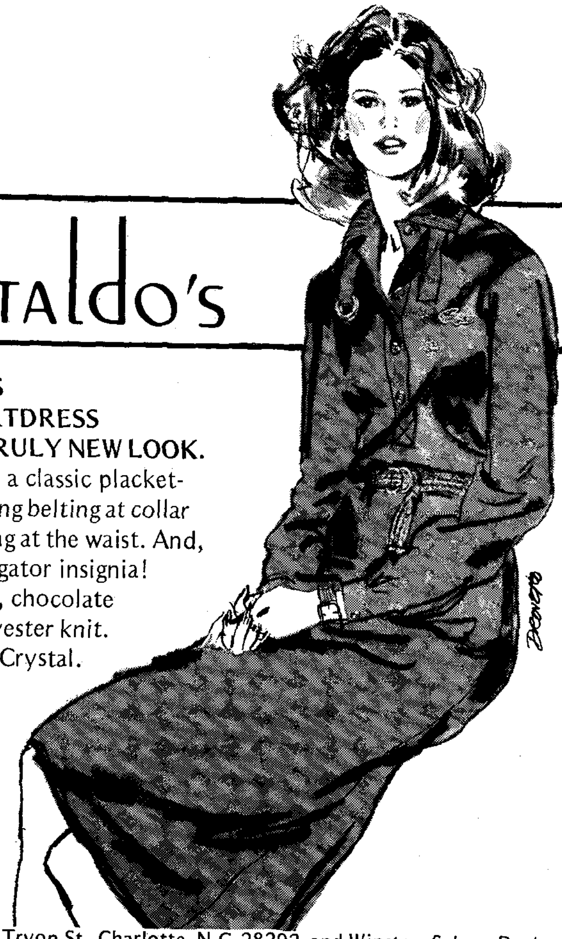

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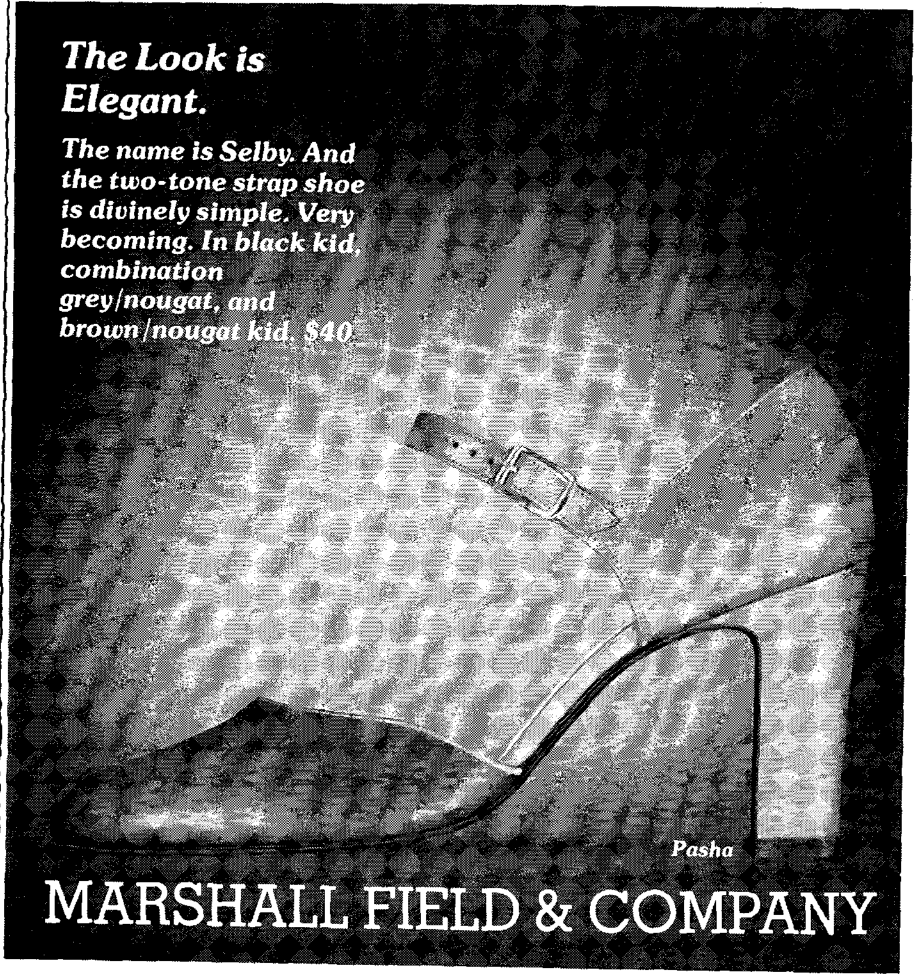

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THE RACE TRACK

Disqualification

ALTHOUGH Affirmed, the Triple Crown winner, beat Alydar to the wire by a length and three-quarters in a furious duel for the $104,800 Travers Stakes at Saratoga last Saturday, before a record crowd of fifty thousand, the stewards disqualified the Harbor View Farm's colt for interference down the backstretch, placing him second to Alydar. As for Pincay, riding Affirmed in place of Cauthen, who was recovering from a spill on August 9th, he was given a seven-day suspension, beginning this Friday.

Only four three-year-olds came out for the Travers. Shake Shake Shake went to the front, and stepped the first quarter in 0:24 and the half in 0:48; at that point Affirmed took the lead, which he held to the end. The mile was run in 1:36⅘, and the final time for the mile and a quarter was 2:02. Laz Barrera, who trains Affirmed, said at first that he might never race in New York again, but after seeing the videotapes of the race he agreed with the stewards' decision. John Veitch, Alydar's young trainer, criticized Pincay's riding, pointing out that there could have been a serious injury. Alydar paid $4 to win and $2.10 to place in the mutuels. Affirmed was $2.10 to place. There was no show betting, but, for the record, the third-place finisher was Nasty and Bold. Old-time Saratogans said that, despite the dampening effect of the disqualification, this was the greatest Travers they had ever seen.

Two days before the Travers, it was announced that Affirmed will be syndicated and will retire to stud at the end of the 1979 racing season. He will stand at the Spendthrift Farm of Leslie Combs II, the Great Syndicator, who also syndicated both Affirmed's sire, Exclusive Native, and his grandsire, Raise a Native. Your guess is as good as mine as to how much the syndication will be worth. Beyond a doubt, it will set a new record, comfortably surpassing the twelve million dollars that Seattle Slew brought earlier this year.

Townsend Martin says he has a running filly in Whisper Fleet, who romped home by ten lengths in the six-furlong Adirondack Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, at Saratoga last week. A recent winner of the Astoria Stakes at Belmont, she won this time from C. V. Whitney's Island Kitty, who saved the place by a neck from Randolph Weinsier's Golferette, a fast-finishing third. The winning time was a stakes record of 1:10.

The Greentree Stable's Fuzzbuster, a chestnut colt by No Robbery out of Clear Road, was an easy winner of the Sanford Stakes, for two-year-olds, at six furlongs, which is famous as the only race in which Man o' War was ever beaten. Fuzzbuster followed the fast early pace of Make a Mess, and then he caught up to the Bwamazon colt and passed him, doing the half mile in 0:45. He finished almost four lengths ahead of Make a Mess, and Turn Buckle was third, a length farther back. Fuzzbuster's best effort before the Sanford had been running third to Tim the Tiger and Jose Binn in the Tremont at Belmont last month. He is one of the stable's candidates for the Hopeful Stakes on August 26th, the closing day at Saratoga. —Audax Minor

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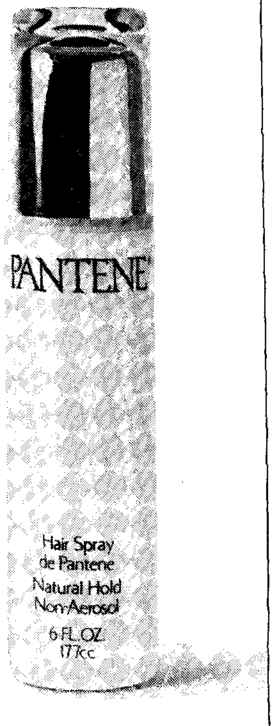
DEPT. OF AMPLIFICATION

American Nurses' Association
Kansas City, Missouri
July 27, 1978

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

The Talk of the Town in the July 3, 1978, issue of *The New Yorker* referred to groups who "pay nurses for lists of women who have had abortions." Such activity, if your source can substantiate her doctor's implication, constitutes unprofessional and unethical conduct. The Code for Nurses of the American Nurses' Association explicitly addresses the protection of confidential information. Section 2.3 of the Code says, "The right of privacy is an inalienable right of all persons, and the nurse has a clear obligation to safeguard any confidential information about the client acquired from any source." Any violation of the Code for Nurses should be reported to the A.N.A. and the state nurses' association in which the violation occurred.

Sincerely,
Barbara L. Nichols, M.S., R.N.
President



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AFFAIRS OF STATE

IN most opinion surveys, large majorities consider President Carter a man of fine character and intelligence, dedicated to public service, and, as of midsummer, unsuited to lead the nation. In an election held now, he would lose to Gerald Ford by several million. Among people who voted for him two years ago, only half feel that he should seek reëlection two years from now; most Democrats would prefer Edward Kennedy as their nominee. This is a judgment on Carter's policies only in the sense that they fail to stir enthusiasm. The opposition they have faced is not of the kind that is registered in unofficial canvasses between elections. His energy legislation, which has been considerably diluted, has been the victim not of public resistance but of bipartisan apathy and of lobbying by producers and distributors of fuels. In foreign affairs, there has been selective criticism—too much or not enough pressure on one or another of the adversaries in the Middle East, too little or too great a show of concern over Soviet initiatives in Africa and elsewhere—but these are seen by most as matters of emphasis and degree, and a referendum would probably show general approval of the main lines of foreign policy and of the way it has been conducted. (A few months ago, it was thought that his championing of the treaties with Panama would be damaging to him and to Democrats seeking office this year. Many Washington strategists, impressed by the thunder on the right, warned that those who voted for ratification in the Senate would endanger their careers. But Howard Baker, the leader of the Senate Republicans and a likely candidate for President in 1980, supported the treaties after much backing and filling and this month won his Tennessee primary with eighty-four per cent of the vote in a field of six. So much for that non-issue.) And there is probably as much support for Carter's domestic programs. Most of them by now are modest in aim—variations of proposals put forward by several of his predecessors—and the opposition, though intense and effective, has been piecemeal in nature. Only on the fringes, right and left, are his purposes seriously questioned.

The disapproval the polls reflect is not of Carter as ideologue, or even as administrator, but of Carter as politician. His appointment of Bert Lance was an indulgence in cronyism, and his stubbornness in refusing to acknowledge any trace of impropriety in Lance's conduct revealed what seemed to be an uncharacteristic insensitivity to the demands of the kind of morality Carter had preached so often. There has been little dissatisfaction with his Cabinet choices; some on his White House staff are regarded in Congress as abrasive and arrogant, but that has also been the case with more popular Presidents, and in general he has surrounded himself with highly competent and appropriately experienced people. He himself, however, lacks a commanding presence. The main difference between him and Senator Kennedy is that Kennedy radiates a kind of assurance and political grace that Carter does not have. Carter is thin-skinned and ill at ease in a profession that calls for thick hides and forbearance. If he were less self-righteous, he could make a better show of it when he yields to expediency. (In his budget, an extra ten million dollars is earmarked for the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's anti-smoking drive; in North Carolina recently, he told a gathering of tobacco growers that the government would continue its research "to make . . . smoking . . . even more safe than it is today.") He is the head of the Democratic Party, but he has established little authority in it—less, perhaps, than his rival of 1976 has among Republicans, whose internal divisions are deeper and more numerous. Candidates for Congress and statewide offices, almost none of whom are in his debt, are not asking for his help or even his endorsement in 1978. Running for the Senate in New Jersey, Bill Bradley turned down the President's offer to come in and campaign for him; he quickly accepted Kennedy's offer of assistance. Even when Carter has the coöperation of the leaders on Capitol Hill, which is most of the time, they have trouble putting together the legislative majorities he needs. The White House staff attributes most of his difficulties to the post-Vietnam, post-Watergate atmosphere; to a new assertiveness, a new fractiousness, in Congress, which is largely a consequence of those lamentable events; and to procedural and institutional changes in American politics: public financing of campaigns and other reforms that have led to a fragmentation of power and to a diminution of party discipline in a system that had very little discipline to begin with.

In a recent interview, Stuart Eizenstat, Carter's domestic-affairs specialist, cited all these factors and others, most important among them the increase in the number of registered lobbyists. The implication was that this President bears burdens that no earlier one has been saddled with, and that no one who took office last year could have done much better. But all officeholders have unwanted legacies, and the argument overlooks several of Carter's early assets. In 1976, he was the clear beneficiary of the revulsion bred by Vietnam and Watergate; he offered himself and was accepted almost as a man without a past, one who bore no responsibility for what had happened in Washington while he was in the peanut business and state politics in Georgia. In this respect, none of the other 1976 contenders was in a more enviable position. As for the lobbies, by no means all the new ones represent the corporate power he blames for getting in the way of his grand designs. Some of the old ones are better financed (because their backers feel more threatened) than they were under Ford and Richard Nixon, but there now are many formidable lobbies that plead the case for consumers, environmentalists, minorities, and other groups that support the Administration more often than they oppose it. And, for reasons not altogether clear, the decline in respect for the Presidency has been less precipitous than the drop in respect for Congress, despite all the latter's efforts to clean up its act by self-policing and by a more vigilant approach to its constitutional role as a check and balance against executive excess and usurpation. (Without this vigilance, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon might not have been hobbled when they were.) A more adroit politician in the White House might use this vagary of public opinion to his advantage, though probably not by the Congress-baiting in which the President and, more overtly, his staff have lately been indulging.

But Carter, though in many ways astute, is in few ways adroit. In retrospect, he seems to have become President more by the luck of the draw than by what at first seemed a mastery of the electoral process. He was fortunate in the unattractiveness of his opponents, in their almost sibling rivalries, and in a timing and sequence of primaries which favored his strategy. If he had been a really gifted campaigner then, he would be one now that he is in the White House, the best of all forums. The success of private-interest lobbyists is a measure of his failure as a public-interest lobbyist. He persuades neither Congress nor the ultimate persuader, the electorate. It is strange that a Southerner steeped in populist politics and evangelical Christianity should have so little of the fervor one associates with both traditions—that he should speak so dryly, in such fractured cadences, and make so little use of the resources of language one associates with both traditions. Most of his set speeches are competently drafted and read better than they sound, but after a year and a half he has yet to give the country one memorable phrase. He came closest perhaps when he borrowed one from William James—the "moral equivalent of war"—and used it inappositely in his call to turn the thermostats down and drive smaller cars at lower speeds. There has been no trace of drama in the White House since his inauguration, when he walked down Pennsylvania Avenue after being sworn in on the Capitol steps. He is not the first of Presidents to be deficient in these respects. Gerald Ford was similarly unelectrifying, and neither Harry Truman nor Dwight Eisenhower, both of them now well regarded, was a master of persuasion. But Truman was a bolder, scrappier figure, and Eisenhower embodied a legend. And both of them had a kind of certitude that Carter, in most ways mercifully, lacks. Truman was a New Dealer and a confident commander in the Cold War, and Eisenhower was committed to laissez-faire in domestic matters and also to a degree in foreign policy.

"Adventure's my game."

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THERE are, of course, valid and far from discreditable defenses for some of Carter's failures. He is moving in largely unexplored territory. Dealing with simultaneous inflation and high unemployment, both on a global scale, is a problem that baffles the most learned of economists and the most thoughtful of politicians. Carter is served by many learned economists and is himself thoughtful and well informed. It is unprecedented for a great industrial economy to feel itself held hostage by a few suppliers of a single resource, and the relationship between consumer and supplier is complicated by diplomatic and political entanglements. Carter is the first modern President to have to become preoccupied with the troubles of American currency in overseas exchanges. And he is really the first to have to deal seriously with the boggling calculus of strategic weaponry. No amount of charm or eloquence would help him much in these matters. The coziest of relationships with Congress would do little to make things easier for him in the money markets of Tokyo and Zurich or in ending the Mexican standoff between Menachem Begin and Anwar el-Sadat. A better showing in the polls would ease none of the tensions with Moscow. Though the apologists Carter retains in the White House may make too much of the power of the lobbies and too little of his shortcomings, the political situation at home confronts him, and would confront any President, with cruel choices. Given whatever remains of his populist sentiments, and given his dwindling constituency, he should first of all be concerned with unemployment and economic growth. A stagnant economy leads to a stagnant society. Inflation is an economic disease; joblessness is at once economic, social, and political. Raising interest rates to brake inflation is bound to increase unemployment. Yet failing to shore up the dollar would lead to more than higher prices for imported automobiles and television sets; in the long run, it would mean more idle factories and more cold homes.

The political climate is one that a President with none of Carter's inadequacies would find inhospitable. The system is being sapped by more than a growing disenchantment with it and changed by more than new ground rules in Presidential elections. There are new tensions between city and state governments as well as between both and the federal government, and there will be more if measures like California's Proposition 13 are adopted elsewhere. It seems unlikely that Congress will soon accept the kind of sweeping, across-the-board tax reductions called for by some of its members—many of them people who a year or so ago were saying that nothing was more important than balancing the budget and now cheerfully contemplate new imbalances—but the pressure is mounting, and if it should prove too much to resist, inflation would become unmanageable and the dollar unsupportable.

Whatever else may be said of Carter as a politician, he is in many ways courageous. He has made some decisions that men with a greater flair for gauging the public temper might have hesitated to make. In summoning President Sadat and Prime Minister Begin to man-to-man talks at Camp David, he is courting a failure that could be even more costly for him than for them. They risk almost nothing, for they have raised no expectations; if nothing comes of their meeting, they will be no worse off than they were a year ago. But Carter is involving his own and American prestige in what could be the last unarmed Middle East confrontation. In his place, another politician having a difficult time with Congress and the public would have been sorely tempted not to resist the clamor for tax credits for parents paying tuition to private elementary and secondary schools and colleges. The idea is in many ways appealing. Everyone is in favor of education. Private institutions relieve the burdens of taxpayers who support public ones. In many cases, private institutions do a superior job. The credits proposed were far less than the cost per student in public schools. The loss in revenues would have been relatively small. It could be maintained that while the credits would mainly help those who can afford private education, in many cases they might mean all the difference to some who could not without them afford to get an education, particularly a higher education, anywhere. But Carter opposed this seemingly agreeable and not indefensible proposal on the ground that, however prettily it could be dressed, it was in fact class legislation, and on the further ground that tax subsidies for private education are an affront to democracy and a threat to our system of public schools. And it took courage of another kind to veto a defense budget on the specific ground that, while failing to fund some projects he regarded as essential, it called for the building of a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier that he and the Secretary of Defense considered useless extravagance. It takes courage for a President to dismiss any military request as wasteful, but it took an uncommon amount for one in trouble with the congressional lovers of big ships, and for one who is an Annapolis graduate and a protégé of Hyman Rickover, who is a talented nuclear engineer and an even more talented political engineer.

In running so far behind Kennedy and Ford, Carter, not yet quite in mid-term, has something like the status of a lame duck. He has no rewards to offer and little to threaten. His ratings are so low they will probably go up, and Kennedy's so high they are almost certain to go down. But it is hard to see any developments that could improve the President's standing by very much. Passage of the energy program, which has been around so long that people forget what it is, will lead to sacrifices before any benefits are apparent. The rate of inflation may be slowed a bit but not the process itself, and any success in supporting the dollar will be paid for in economic growth. If Begin and Sadat could at least paper over their differences, it would help, but it seems unlikely that they will. None of this means that Carter cannot be renominated and reëlected. In 1948, Truman was not in much better shape, and the Democrats wanted someone else, almost anyone else, to head the ticket, but the President wished to run and could not be denied. Ford may be the most popular Republican now, but the conservatives are in control of most of the machinery, and among them he is still anything but popular. Nevertheless, the game today is not what it was thirty years ago, and Carter is not the man who won so narrowly in 1948.

—Richard Rovere

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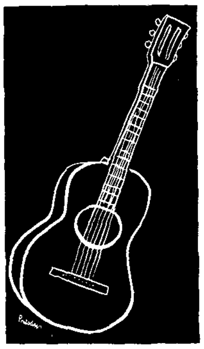
MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

THE latest recording of Verdi's "Il Trovatore" is by the Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan conducting, with Leontyne Price, Elena Obraztsova, Franco Bonisolli, Piero Cappuccilli, Ruggero Raimondi, and the Chorus of the Deutsche Oper of Berlin (Angel SCLX-3855; six sides). But I am afraid that the latest is not the best. The adjustments between onstage and backstage effects are not satisfactory (Manrico's serenade, for example, is so far away from the microphones that it is almost inaudible), and the orchestra sometimes drowns out the chorus, and, in general, is too loud. Cappuccilli sings "Il Balen" with considerable mastery, but his high notes elsewhere tend to wobble. Obraztsova's high notes are also defective, tending to be uncontrolled in the fortes. This leaves Raimondi's Ferrando and Bonisolli's Manrico, both of which are respectable performances, and Miss Price, who, as in a previous Karajan "Il Trovatore," shows herself to be an ideal Leonora.



It is a miracle that Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," an opera written twelve years before his masterpiece, "Carmen," has not only survived but remained fairly popular in spite of the fact that nothing of it has been preserved except a piano-vocal score. Its libretto is childish, and nobody knows what its original orchestration sounded like. Its drama is supposed to take place on Ceylon, but it is full of Hindus, and that is odd, since Ceylon was one of the original bastions of Buddhism against Hinduism. The opera has undergone numerous alterations, including interpolations of music not by Bizet. But it is still performed, and it has been the subject of a fine recording by the Chorus and Orchestra of the Paris Opéra, under the baton of Georges Prêtre, with Ileana Cotrubas, Alain Vanzo, Guillermo Sarabia, and Roger Soyer in the four solo roles (Angel SBLX-3856; four sides). The orchestration this time is by Arthur Hammond, who reconstructed the work for the Welsh National Opera. "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" has some nice melodies, and the performance is very good.

The realization that Puccini's "Suor Angelica" is a little masterpiece has become evident only of late in the recording world. I recently reviewed a recording of it by Lorin Maazel, and now there is another, conducted by Bruno Bartoletti, with the Orchestra of the National Academy of Santa Cecilia, the Polyphonic Chorus of Rome, and a splendid cast, including Katia Ricciarelli, Fiorenza Cossotto, Maria Grazia Allegri, Anna di Stasio, Rosanna Lippi, Margherita Benetti, and Miwako Kuo Matsumoto (RCA ARL 1-2712; single disc). The performance is outstanding.

A reissue of "La Sonnambula" sung by Maria Callas, Nicola Zaccaria, Fiorenza Cossotto, Nicola Monti, Eugenia Ratti, Giuseppe Morresi, and Franco Ricciardi, with the Chorus and Orchestra of La Scala, under Antonino Votto, has just appeared (Seraphim 1B-6108; mono; four sides). The recording was made in 1957, when Miss Callas's voice was in its prime, and the results are absolutely magnificent.

RCA has just issued what it calls the "Horowitz Collection"—a series of four single discs dating from the time when the great pianist was known as the Thunderer (ARM 1-2716, 2717, 2718, and 2719; mono). The items on these records include Chopin's Sonata in B Flat Minor, Schumann's "Kinderscenen," and a large selection of short encore pieces, ranging from Horowitz's own "Carmen" Variations to his piano transcription of Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever." The sheer brilliance and untamed temperament with which these pieces are played are a joy to hear.

The veteran conductor Eugen Jochum has recorded Beethoven's Third and Fifth Symphonies with the London Symphony Orchestra in such a way as to invite respect for his musicianship (Angel S-37410 and S-37463; single discs). He has also recorded Bruckner's Fourth Symphony in its original version with the Berlin Philharmonic (Deutsche Grammophon 2535 111; single). This is one of the most popular Bruckner symphonies, and there is no more authoritative Bruckner conductor alive than Mr. Jochum. Bruckner's Mass in E Minor, an early work accompanied entirely by wind instruments, along with his Sacred

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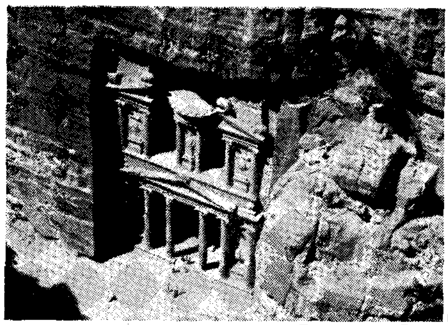
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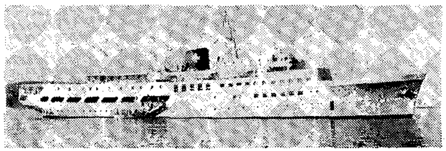
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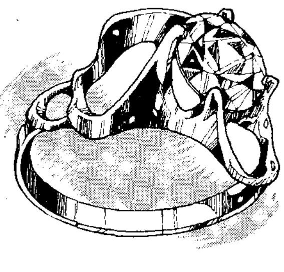

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Choruses, also wind-accompanied, has been recorded by winds of the Vienna Symphony and the Junge Kantorei of Darmstadt, under Joachim Martini (ABC Classics AB-67021; single). There are no vocal soloists. The music is pure, innocent, and quite beautiful.

A VERY *robust and altogether admirable* performance of Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote" is provided by the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra, under Gennady Rozhdestvensky, with Victor Simon playing the solo cello part (ABC AB-67023 or Melodiya CM0461-62; single).

An Oboe Concerto by John Corigliano, with Bert Lucarelli as soloist with the American Symphony Orchestra, Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, has been recorded by RCA (ARL 1-2534; single). This record also offers the same composer's "Poem in October" (based on a text by Dylan Thomas), with Robert White, tenor, as soloist, accompanied by a chamber ensemble, Maurice Peress conducting. Mr. Corigliano's style is a bit chaotic here and there, but the music is strong.

"The Magic Flute of James Galway" is the title of a disc recorded by that incredible flutist, with the National Philharmonic Orchestra, under the baton of Charles Gerhardt (RCA LRL 1-5131). Most of the music consists of small selections transcribed from works by such composers as Handel, Rachmaninoff, Bach, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin. The performances are electrifying.

Paganini's Capricci Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 9, 10, 17, and 20, transcribed for violin and piano by Robert Schumann, and No. 24, transcribed by Leopold Auer—along with Paganini's Cantabile, Opus 17; his Moto Perpetuo, Opus 11; his Introduction and Variations on the G String; and his La Campanella, Opus 7—have been recorded by Igor Oistrakh, violinist, and Natalia Zertsalova, pianist (ABC AB-67027 or Melodiya C10-04841-42; single). Mr. Oistrakh's playing is particularly fine.

A disc entitled "Monteverdi's Contemporaries," made by the Early Music Consort of London, David Munrow conducting, includes items by Giorgio Mainerio, Giuseppe Guami, Pietro Lappi, Giovanni Prioli, Ercole Porta, Cherubino Busatti, and other composers of the period (Angel S-37524). All the compositions are spirited and festive, and some are of great beauty. They are well performed on instruments of the period.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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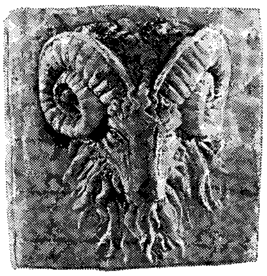

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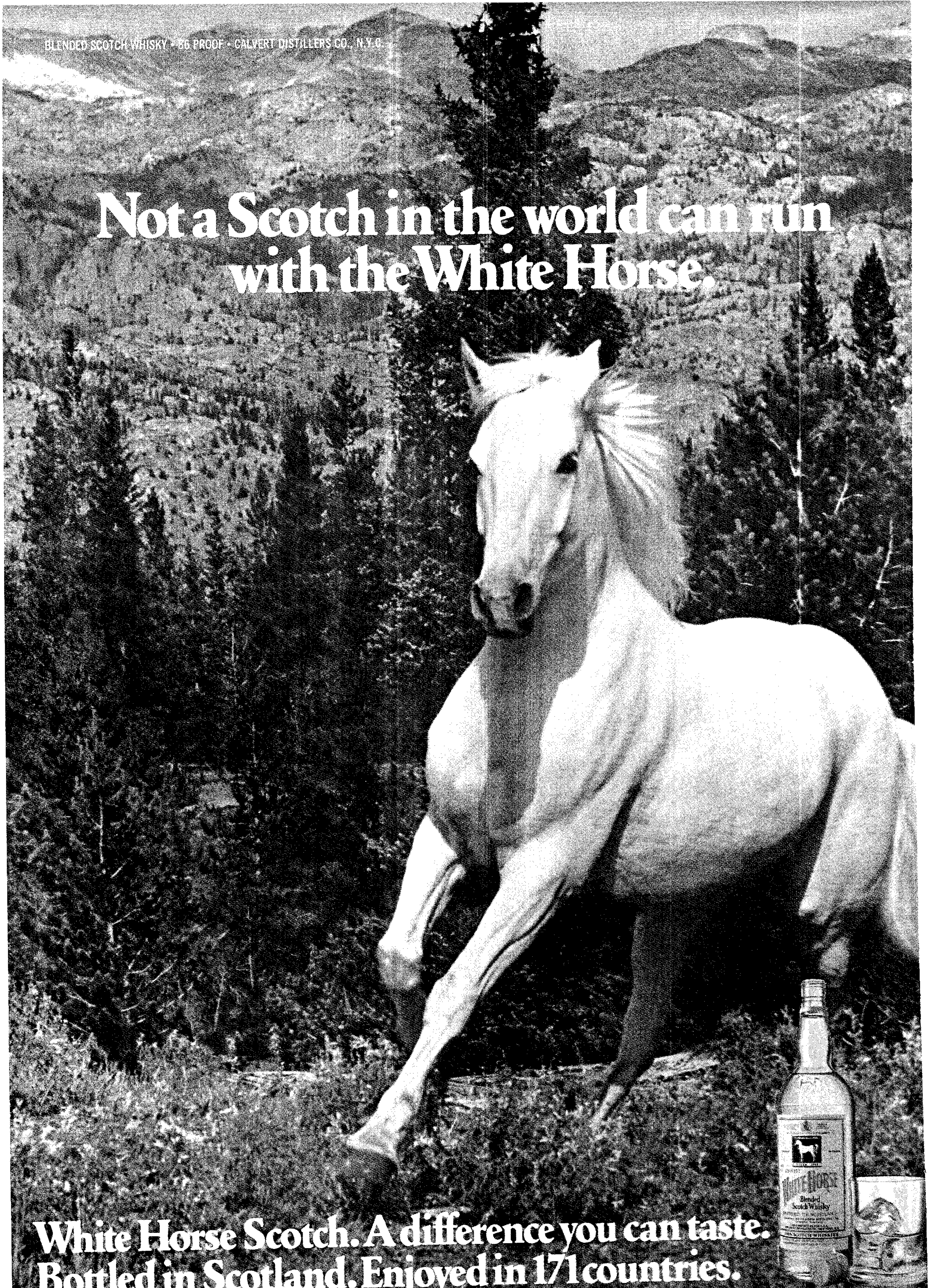
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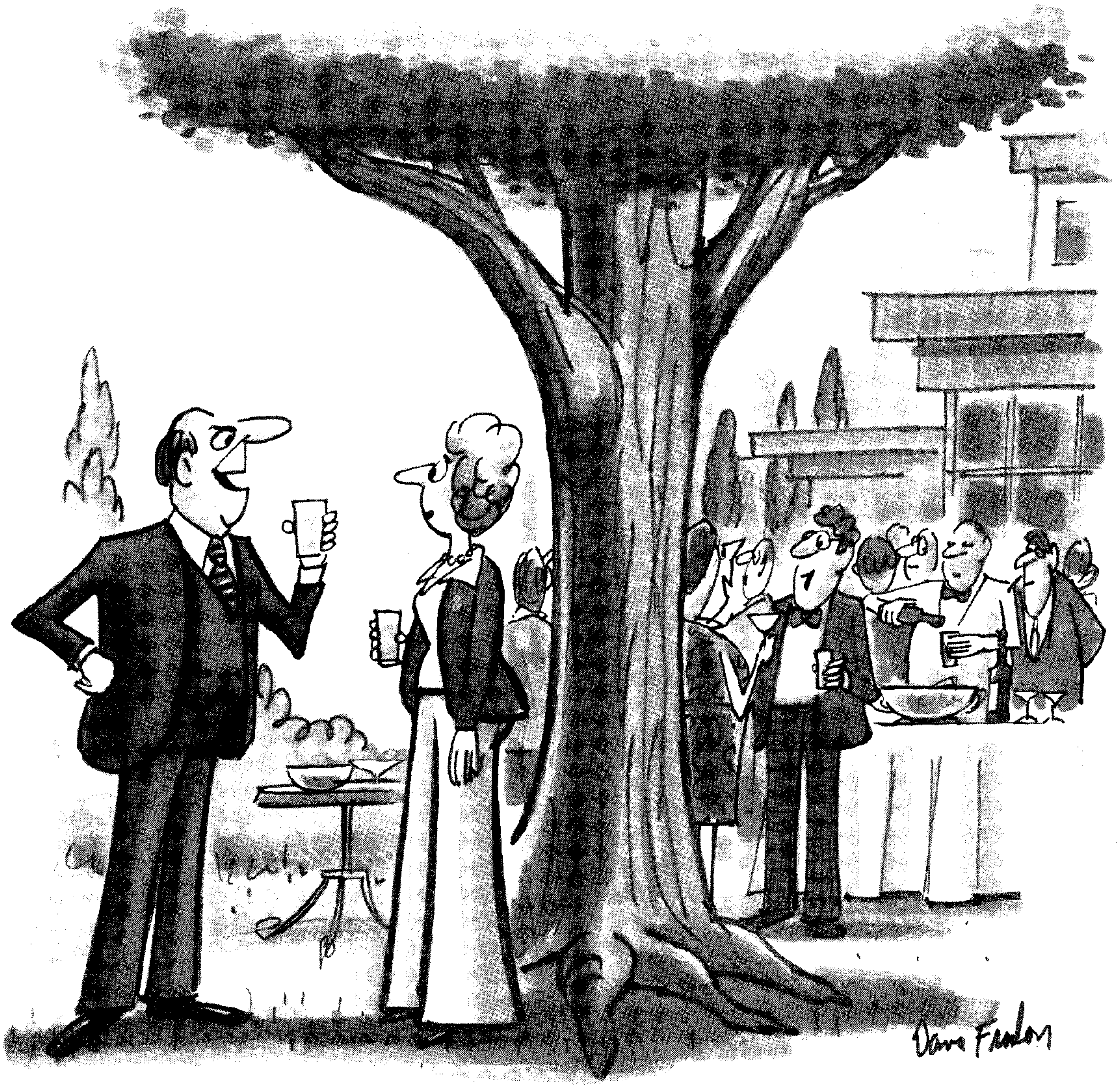
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A New Russian Classic

IN the traditional silly season of August, a glory has arrived: a Russian picture of the greatest filmic nvention, called "A Slave of Love." It was directed by Nikita Mikhalkov: great-grandson of the nineteenth-cenury Russian painter Surikov, grandon of the Post-Impressionist Konchaovsky, son of the poet Sergei Mikhalkov, brother of the filmmaker Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky. It is quite a heritage—and quite a bequest hat we have from the director of this ilm. It flickers with a life and an energy that would have captured D. W. Griffith. One is often parched for uch vivacity in the current movies of the Western world; now we have t from a quarter usually thought to have been made moribund by bureaucracy and propaganda. The task that Mikhalkov set himself is noble, and he achievement dashng.

We are in the Crinea just after the October Revolution. White Russians are holding out in the south. A film of absurd melodrama is being made by people who cannot accept the revoution. They want the past restored to them. The director of this film-within-the-film (Alexander Kalyagin) is a plump man who wears a hat at a jaunty angle. He promises himself that he will get thin, but he wants to eat, too. "I want everything at once," he says. It seems that he has little talent, apart from a great talent for disarming. He calls the script brilliant when it is clearly poor; but at the same time he bosses the writer, asking for alterations. He is a man who veers and is incapable of seeing contradictions. In one shot, this would-be thin man tries to hoist his legs onto a tree branch that he is clutching: the Russian sense of the casually odd and beautiful detail has not been lost. It is near the end of the shooting of the film. "It is unlikely we shall ever meet again," says the director, almost to himself. He plays the piano, saying that he wonders whether he and the cast are still alive. He senses something of their deadness in vital times.

But his star—called Olga, and played by Yelena Solovei, who has a huge-eyed face that makes you want to clasp your hands around it as if it were a goblet—is very much an alive being, even if she does go along with the preposterous triviality that rules on the set, making inert people yearn vaguely for something else, and despite the walled-off atmosphere of the film-within-the-film. Her alertness glimmers. We see her in magnificent closeups—"A Slave of Love" was photographed by Pavel Lebeshev—often in a big white hat that blows in the wind as she holds it, and makes the screen itself seem to flutter. She laughs, again in closeup. In one sequence composed in many whites, she holds a bunch of white flowers. The conviviality she emits is infectious. The film conveys a gaiety that we usually think lost to contemporary Soviet filmmaking. In a shot of Olga in a car, she claps her hands with a very Russian sort of joy—joy of a kind that I remember reigning at the Royal Opera House, in London, when the Bolshoi Ballet company advanced to the footlights and applauded the audience for its welcome. Olga is an impressive woman, a woman of character, in spite of the fact that the melodrama she is working in is garbage. All around her, in the revolution, there is a cause. "How wonderful to be wrapped up in a cause," she says. She longs for a cause as if she were longing for a trip to Moscow. Not for nothing does she bear the name of one of Chekhov's three sisters. She seems to



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have a fragile sense that she is not keeping a promise to history, but the promise eludes her, and so does any mood of purpose.

"A Slave of Love" is about people out of step with their era. It begins with the sound of fun-fair music, and it maintains its sense of play to the very end, but what it is saying is something serious and to the heart of the matter. The scenes from the melodrama are shown to us in black-and-white, of course, because of the period. The surrounding picture is shot in a color that sometimes looks powdered. There is an astounding sequence, with the sound track full of the noise of crackling leaves, in which the cameraman of the film-within-the-film, an undercover Bolshevik named Pototsky (Rodion Nakhapetov), drives it home to Olga that a new country is being born. An epoch is being lost—an epoch that, from the camerawork, looks as if it were something already remembered: shown like old photographs found in an album in an attic, there are scampering children, sailor suits and straw boaters, balalaikas, slumberous flirtations. Juxtaposed, there are more black-and-white shots—as if in a newsreel—taken secretly by Pototsky, of the real world of political upheavals which the actors of the film-within-the-film are so cut off from. The makers of the melodrama plan dreamily to go to Paris, but they mean to send the reels of their film to Moscow, perhaps as a talisman. There is a shot of Olga saying desperately through glass, "You must remember me." It is a completely metaphoric shot of the past calling to the present. The closing sequence is startling. It seems to come out of nowhere. Olga is in a trolley car, which is on the move and has no other passengers. It is a beautifully yellowed scene. There are backview shots of White Russian soldiers galloping after the trolley. Olga is shouting, "You'll be cursed by your country, soldiers!" She seems now to be someone who will discover the future with intelligence, on her own. Yet the sum of what she has been told by her director at the end of the film-within-the-film is "All I want you to do is smile." What we do is smile with pleasure in a magnificent film, and think. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

During the meeting at the presidential retreat in the Catoctin Mountains of Maryland, Carter will try to "widen the areas of agreement," the official said, in order to "contribute to the renewal of obstacles."—*Boston Globe.*

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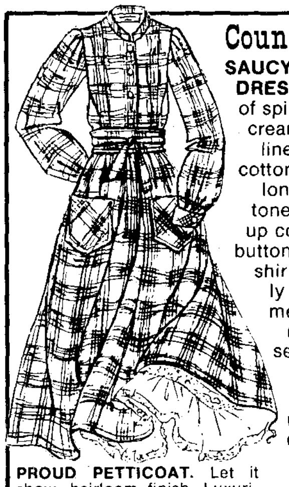

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WHAT THEY DID

In which we learn what they did, from book titles found in the catalogue of a famous American university library.

THEY all come out. They all need to talk. They all played ragtime. They all want to write. They almost killed Hitler. They also ran. They are human too. They asked for a paper. They asked for death. They betrayed Czechoslovakia.

They builded better than they knew. They built for eternity. They built for the future. They built the Capitol. They built the West. They buried a man. They called him Mister Moody. They called him Wild Bill. They called it a game.

They called me Alfred. They came as friends. They came for sandalwood. They came in chains. They came like swallows. They came to a river. They came to Baghdad. They came to kill. They came to Louisiana. They came to Wrong Way House. They can't afford to wait.

They can't fit in. They can't go home again. They climbed the Alps. They closed their schools. They come for the best of reasons. They dream of home. They flew alone.

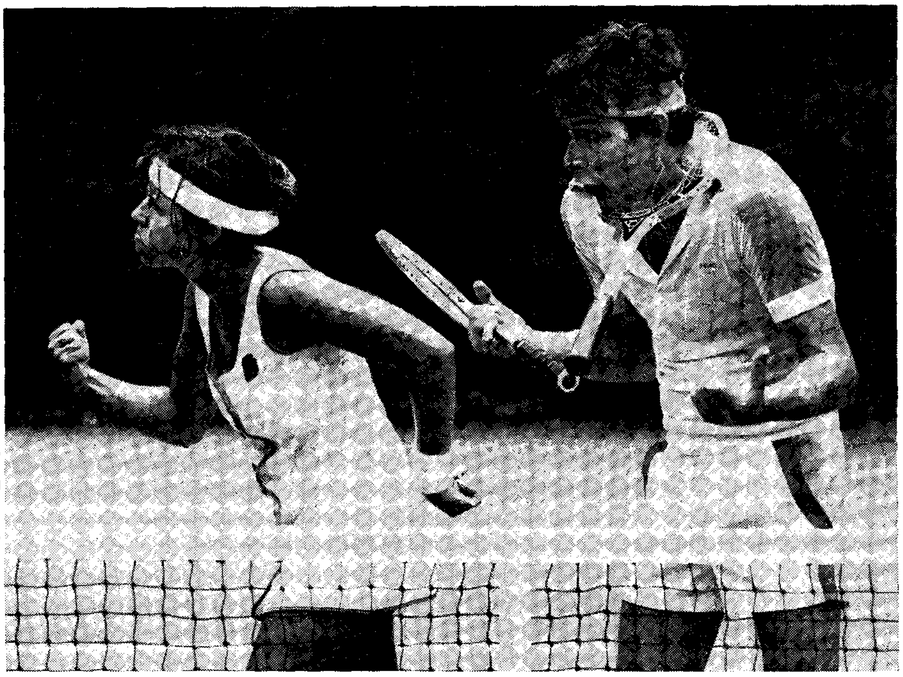
They fought for the sky. They fought under the sea. They found a common language. They found gold! They found it in Natchez. They found the buried cities. They gathered at the river. They gave royal assent. They got what they wanted. They had their hour. They hanged my silly Billy.

They harvest despair. They have found a faith. They knew the Washingtons. They knew what they wanted. They looked like this. They lost two tons. They loved to laugh. They met at Calvary. They move with the sun. They named me Gertrude Stein. They never had it so good. They never looked inside.

They peopled the Pacific. They put out to sea. They rode into Europe. They said it couldn't be done. They said it with inventories.

They sailed alone. They sang a new song. They sang for horses. They saw Gandhi. They saw it happen in classical times. They say the forties. They see what you mean. They shall be free. They shall not die. They shall not sleep. They shall not want. They shall take up serpents.

They showed the way. They sought a country. They steal for love. They stooped to folly. They studied man. They talked to a stranger. They taught



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themselves. They tell of birds. They thought they were free.

They took their stand. They took to the sea. They turned to stone. They voted for Roosevelt.

They wait in darkness. They walk in the city. They walk in the night. They walked a crooked mile. They want to know. They wanted war. They went on together. They went to college. They went to Portugal. They were expendable. —FREDDY BOSCO

•

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20 yrs. Car Salesman-Ed. G.E.D. Diploma—Prev. Govt. experience-None. My mother told me I was born in a sod house in the sand hills of western Nebraska, Feb. 7, 1912. My lovely wife Anida and I begat four children. I have the swift, simple, easy solutions to every vexing, major and pressing problem besetting my beloved fellow American taxpayers. I will never pawn or mortgage my soul to power blocs or pressure groups. Instead I pledge my troth and allegiance to the decent, upstanding, law-abiding taxpayers. When the taxpayers get stabbed, I bleed too. I pledge allegiance to the flag and to the Republic for which it stands. I will never foster or espouse any cause that is not both just and right in the sight of God. Yes! Yes! Dearly beloved, I have heard your plaintive, mournful cries for help and just as you might forlornly despair of your great hero and champion arriving in time to rescue you from your dark, dire vale of depression and lead you unerringly from this impenetrable maze and dense forest of confusion, I come riding in even as your great Knight in shining armour, ready, willing, even anxious to do your every bidding. So come into my arms, ye poor lambs, ye poor darlings, all ye who are heavy laden and whose own public servants in concert with an ever burgeoning, plethoric horde of unprincipled, incompetent bureaucrats, who, not being satisfied with your allowing them to continue to slop and wallow at your almost depleted public trough, now choose through the totally unconstitutional use of the right to strike weapon, to leap and strike at you like venomous vipers in the grass, to rip and tear at the jugular veins of their only benefactors, to drain you of your very life's blood and I will give you sustenance of a most substantive nature.

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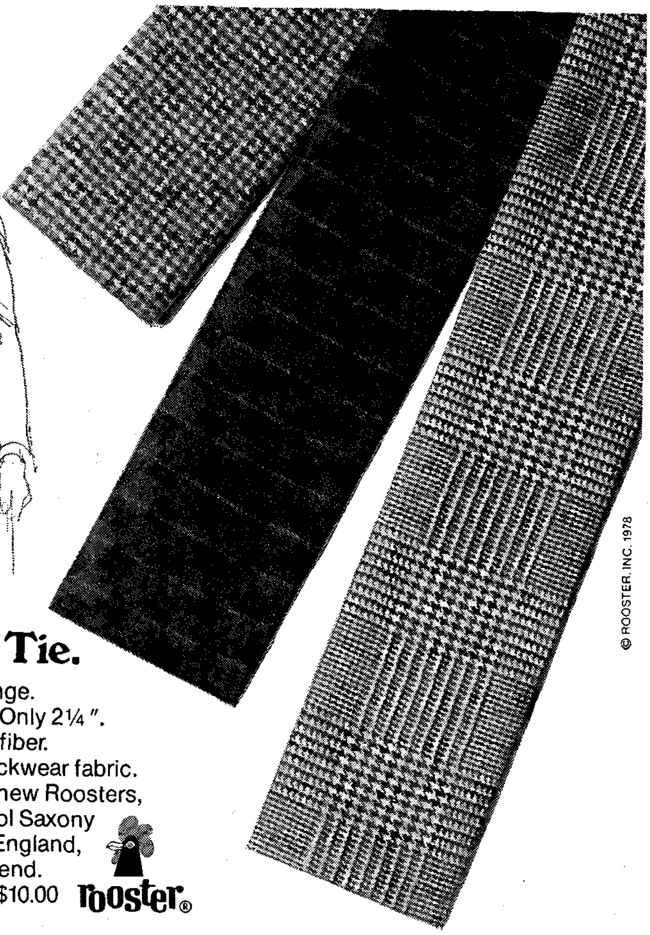

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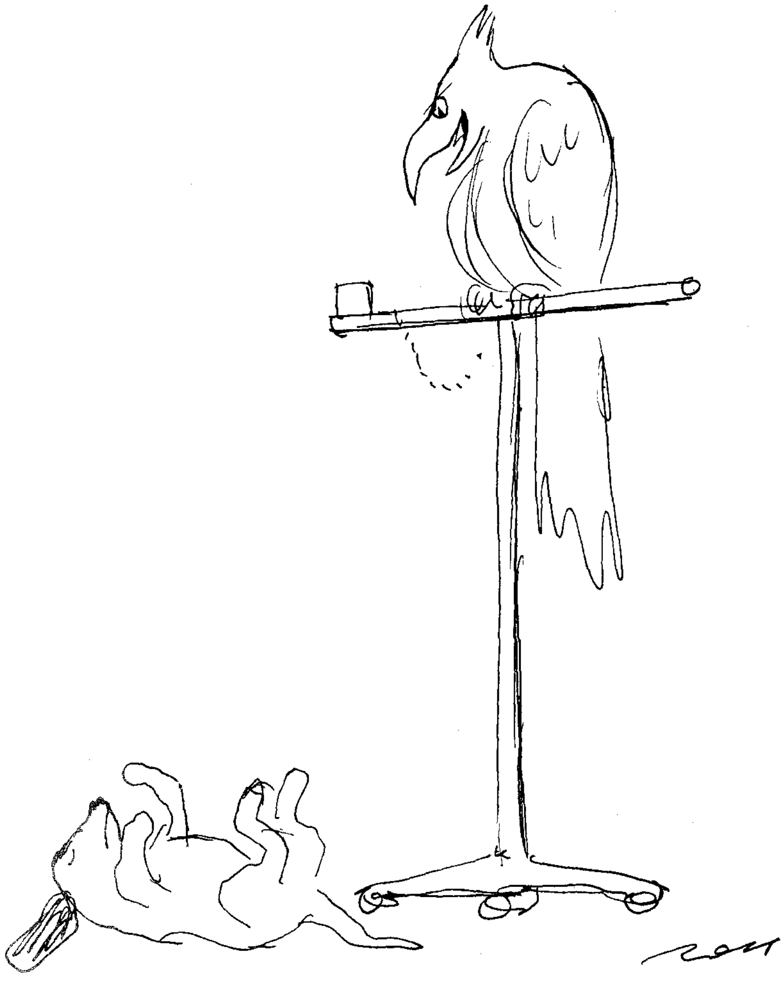
BOOKS

Georgia O'Keeffe Writes a Book

Georgia O'Keeffe writes in an informal, conversational manner, yet her tone is distant, and she makes everything—stories, anecdotes, even one-sentence descriptions of paintings—sound preordained. She is casual and regal simultaneously. At the beginning of "Georgia O'Keeffe" (Viking), she announces, "Where I was born and where and how I have lived is unimportant. It is what I have done with where I have been that should be of interest," and she follows through on this program of Olympian simplicity. Reading this memoir—a short text that weaves its way through a large, portfolio-size book of color reproductions of her oil paintings, pastels, and watercolors—you're held at first by how much O'Keeffe has left out rather than by what she has put in. Members of her family are unidentified and barely characterized; even Alfred Stieglitz, her husband from 1924 until his death in 1946, her first great supporter, and her dealer, isn't much more than a name that drifts by. (They marry in the Chronology, not in the text.) She seems to have no contemporaries, close friends, or critics, nor does she mention artists or writers of the past who might have influenced her or whose work she might love. What we're given are memories of childhood and art-school days, often cryptic explanations of how paintings came about and what they mean to her, descriptions of objects she has admired and painted—shells, shingles, animal bones. It's the tiny, almost always physical and visual details that she wants to retrieve from the past. And while they aren't such odd details, they stand out with a surreal largeness and spookiness, since the surrounding landscape is so bare and unpopulated. Recalling a camping trip in the desert hills, she writes, "Breakfast was very funny. The wind blew so hard we could only fill our cups half full of coffee. It would just blow away right out of the cups. So we packed up and went home—most of the hundred miles sliding all over the road in the mud." Of a day she visited Stieglitz's gallery at 291 Fifth Avenue: "It was a day with snow on everything. I remember brushing snow off a little tree by the railing as we walked up the steps of the brownstone."

O'Keeffe began what was to become "Georgia O'Keeffe" (it could stand a better title) in the early thirties, when the painter William Einstein urged her to write about her art. In her typically blithe way, she tells us that, after she had begun, Einstein "went away and I forgot about it until Virginia Robertson found the writing a few years ago and encouraged me to continue." With the aid of Juan Hamilton, who helped principally with the technical aspects of assembling the pictures and the layout, she then worked on this book for three years. Parts of the text are reprints from catalogue statements that she wrote for exhibitions she had in 1923, 1939, and 1944. There are also sections taken from her "Some Memories of Drawings," a handsome, trim volume that appeared, in 1974, in so limited an edition that it is virtually unknown. But if "Georgia O'Keeffe" has been worked on over a long period of time, with many interruptions, and with transplants from other texts, you aren't aware of this jumbled history when you read it. In mood, it's seamless, completely of a piece. O'Keeffe must think of it primarily as the ideal picture book of her art, and the text certainly is geared to the demands of the pictures. In the original, 1976 edition, now out of print, the book's size was enormous—sixteen by twelve inches (which means twenty-four inches when you open it)—and a typeface had to be chosen that was big enough so that the words wouldn't look like army ants marching across the pages. Even so, when you go from the text, which for the most part is placed on the bottom half of the left-hand page, and look up at the reproductions bearing down on you on the right, the sensation is like riding through a canyon. The canyon effect was a bit lost in a slightly smaller-sized edition that was published in 1977 and will be reissued this fall ($45 clothbound, Viking; $16.95 paperbound, Penguin).



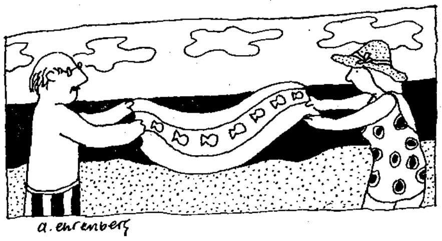
"Sit. Roll over. Play dead. Good dog!"

Yet O'Keeffe came up with more than an extra-large picture book with autobiographical remarks floating off to the side. In her late eighties, she produced a work that, far from being a rehash, reintroduces and perpetuates the qualities that make her original. The memoir is not just a feather in her cap; it's the whole cap, which completes her outfit. O'Keeffe has been one of the best-known figures in the world of the arts for over fifty years—in part as one of the few women who, at a time when it was difficult for any American to keep going as an artist for more than a decade, made full-fledged, lifelong careers for themselves. The only other woman painter of that period nearly as distinctive was Florine Stettheimer, but she self-consciously thought of herself as an amateur, and she was always a purely New York, and somewhat coddled, personality. Stettheimer had a cult following, whereas O'Keeffe was a figure with a national renown that cut through art circles and reached the widest public—a public that often had little or no interest in the art world. O'Keeffe's fame was special in that it was based equally on what people knew of her work and of her life. As the most famous couple in American art, she and Alfred Stieglitz each glamorized the other's career in his photographs of her—a legendary series of pictures, roughly five hundred in number, made during the years 1917 to 1937. The photographs (which to date have not been exhibited in their entirety) gave O'Keeffe an almost movie-star aura that, before Jackson Pollock, no other American artist had ever had. Whether she appeared, as she did in *Vanity Fair*, standing in front of one of her paintings, wearing a man's hat, or whether the photograph was simply of her hands touching her overcoat, Stieglitz's images dramatized a vein of bluntness in her—a conviction that had already been felt in her art. People responded to O'Keeffe because she conveyed an almost storybook sense of the responsibility one can have toward one's art. Her painting, with its images of romantic, isolated purity, became an embodiment of an individual who was strong enough to live out her life exactly as she wanted to. For O'Keeffe's public, the pictures were almost as much about the attainment of privacy as they were about the flowers and bones, the Lake George and New Mexico landscapes she painted. And this privacy didn't have a snobbish or secretive overtone, perhaps because the themes in her art were so broad and accessible. For many Americans, especially in the twenties, thirties, and forties, O'Keeffe was a living symbol of self-assertion—not belligerently or anxiously, or with Pollock's tragic excessiveness, but with a mild, unflappable, resolute integrity. Her memoir has that same integrity.

There are artists' writings that can be called great literature—van Gogh's letters certainly; Delacroix's "Journal" probably. There are also writings—Noguchi's "A Sculptor's World," say—that don't quite get off the ground: they give you a faint sense of the artist's mind, but the expression is too public; the artist sounds like his or her own press secretary. O'Keeffe's memoir, like Gauguin's fragmentary "Noa Noa," lies somewhere in between. It doesn't have a robust or expansive spirit; there isn't much variety in the things it tells. Yet it is never monotonous, and though you may not want to embrace it, you can respect it. There are no loose, florid, or fancy touches, and her carefulness with language is charming and, ultimately, affecting. Every sentence seems to have been held up to the light, and tapped for soundness. Perhaps even more consistently than Gauguin, who dashed off "Noa Noa," O'Keeffe has a real presence as a writer. Her voice is hauntingly off-key: it is always a shade too remote, too headstrong, or too naïve. The way she presents herself, she could be a character in a short story (in length, her memoir is a long short story). She is the too isolated, eccentrically different adolescent who assumes she is not going to learn much from anybody, accepts her uniqueness, and grows to take some pride in it. Highly opinionated, she sticks to her opinions even when, as she says, she doesn't know where they come from. But while she is entrenched in her isolation, she still wants to make contact with the world; she continually wants to rehearse the scene where she asserts her differentness. She might remind you of Frankie in "The Member of the Wedding," except that she is never as vulnerable as Frankie. O'Keeffe is tougher; she has a mulish, Dreiser-like hide.

O'Keeffe surprises you most—she has an unexpected peppiness—when she recounts her dealings with people. "From my teens on," she says, "I had been told that I had crazy notions so I was accustomed to disagreement." But even earlier than that she had found that people questioned her, and she had to be adamant:

> My first memory is of the brightness of light—light all around. I was sitting among pillows on a quilt on the ground—very large white pillows. The quilt was a cotton patchwork of two different kinds of material—white with very small red stars spotted over it quite close together, and black with a red and white flower on it. I was probably eight or nine months old. The quilt is partially a later memory, but I know it is the quilt I sat on that day.... Years later I told my mother that I could remember something that I saw before I could walk. She laughed and said it was impossible. So I described that scene—even to the details of the material of Aunt Winnie's dress. She was much surprised and finally—a bit unwillingly—acknowledged that I must be right, particularly because she, too, remembered Winnie's dress.



At the American Watercolor Society exhibition, in 1914, she looks skeptically at her earliest competitors, and trots through the show with the flip determination of the adolescent who can afford to brag because competition is still something being played out more in the mind than in reality:

> Everyone was just about as they had been six years before. I hadn't been looking at pictures during the time away from New York, but I was really very bored with all of it as I walked around and I thought, "Making a painting as good as these is no problem. I'll go home and make one this afternoon for their next show."

She never loses that adolescent confidence. In the early twenties, when she becomes a significant figure in New York (she was to be the subject of an early *New Yorker* Profile by Robert M. Coates), O'Keeffe eyes her competitors with the cocky assurance of someone who enjoys playing the outsider:

> It was in the time when the men didn't think much of what I was doing. They were all discussing Cézanne with long involved remarks about the "plastic quality" of his form and color. I was an outsider.... I never did understand what they meant by "plastic." Years later when I finally got to Cézanne's Mont Sainte-Victoire in the south of France, I remember sitting there thinking, "How could they attach all those analytical remarks to anything he did *with that mountain?*" All those words piled on top of that poor little mountain seemed too much.

But she humors them, these unnamed "men"—or "city men," as she refers to them elsewhere, or "boys," when she is talking about student days. In 1922, she is up at Lake George (where she and Stieglitz went in the summer), using "the Shanty," a large one-room shed beyond the farmhouse, as her studio. The Shanty

> looked very shabby. It had never been painted and the outside boards were scorched by the sun. The clean, clear colors were in my head, but one day as I looked at the brown burned wood of the Shanty I thought, "I can paint one of

those dismal-colored paintings like the men. I think just for fun I will try—all low-toned and dreary with the tree beside the door."

In my next show "The Shanty" went up. The men seemed to approve of it. They seemed to think that maybe I was beginning to paint. I don't remember what the critics said about it, but when Duncan Phillips saw it he bought it for the Phillips Collection. That was my only low-toned dismal-colored painting.

The world of "the men" is a comedy for O'Keeffe, but that isn't how she sees her own life. "Georgia O'Keeffe" has the ornamental delicacy of observation of "Noa Noa," and also shares its vision. Gauguin's novelistic memoir about his Tahitian voyage is a dream of uncivilized strength and beauty told by a man who wants to live in such a dream and imagines he is coming closer and closer to it. O'Keeffe's is a more summery, self-assured version of that dream—"Noa Noa" without Gauguin's victimized, high-strung, all-or-nothing edge. Gauguin had to struggle to stay in his paradise, but O'Keeffe seems to have been born in hers. About one of her desert camping trips, made near her home in northern New Mexico, she says, "We went on a warm still night. We were very comfortable in a new tent. I was up before the sun and out early to work. Such a beautiful, untouched lonely-feeling place—part of what I call the Far Away." O'Keeffe sees every facet of her life as imbued with the spirit of "the Far Away." She isn't mystical in the religious sense, but she has a mystic faith in perfectionism. She tells about sitting in on Alon Bement's course at the University of Virginia in the summer of 1912. Bement, she says, "had an idea that interested me. An idea that seemed to me to be of use to everyone—whether you think about it consciously or not—the idea of filling a space in a beautiful way. Where you have the windows and door in a house. How you address a letter and put on the stamp. What shoes you choose and how you comb your hair." She could have added "how you make a book," since the few books, catalogues, and portfolios that there are on O'Keeffe, including this one, have been done under her supervision, or with her participation, and are quietly ritzy productions, simpler and clearer in format than most art books, made with a greater feeling for the best possible quality of reproduction, the finest paper, the least obtrusive layout.

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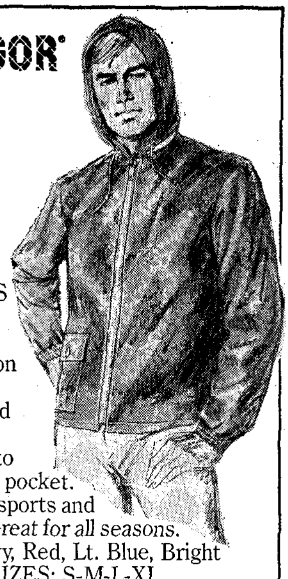

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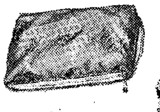

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of life that is based on the idea that all experience can be seen aesthetically. Yet these souvenirs don't travel very well. Like Shaker furniture, they demand their own setting. In the open competition of the museum, her pictures can seem awkward, raw, precious; you can see that she is serious, but the paintings leave a residue of something garish and untextured. They're sparklingly bright in the wrong way, like Old Master paintings that have been cleaned excessively and turn out to look naked. O'Keeffe, of course, would be the first to say that she isn't speaking the language of "the men"—Mont Sainte-Victoire, in her mind, will always be an actual physical object, "that poor little mountain," and never a motif. She is one of the most ambitious artists of her generation, but she has never been fazed by the great desire of her contemporaries, and of subsequent generations: the desire for one's painting to hold its own next to Cézanne, Manet, or any of the modern heroes of the museum. Her art does something else. If O'Keeffe's are often the paintings that we are attracted to when we begin our careers as museumgoers, it may be because, especially when we come to them in our adolescence, they are among the first paintings that give us an inkling of what style is—of the way every nuance in a work of art can come back to one conception, and the way you can hold that conception in your head, as if it were a real thing. Hemingway does something similar when we first read him. He takes the anonymity out of language, and shows how personal and three-dimensional the use of words can be, how a sentence can have a profile and be as contoured as a carving. O'Keeffe enlarges and animates the formal elements in art and keeps each one distinct: the sharp, clean line and the gauzy lack of line; the heightened bright colors and the glistening blacks; the voluptuous never-ending curves and the abrupt, pinpoint conclusions; the creamy surface and the dry, brushy surface. Feeling our way through the parts of a painting of hers is for many of us one of our earliest experiences of the physical act of painting. In retrospect, the experience can seem too simplified; you may want art that gives you all these elements without any of the distinctions among them. Yet, at the time, seeing the elements so distinctly is what is so powerful.

If O'Keeffe expresses the glamour of style for many Americans, it may be because her audience (rightly) intuits in her a disinterest in the sociable, urban side of style. She represents style withou the overtone of stylishness, fashionableness, artificiality. O'Keeffe's aestheti is closest to Art Nouveau, but sh doesn't have the conscious sense o style or the witty-and-romantic doubl awareness that we expect from figure of the fin de siècle. (Born in 1887 she just missed being part of that era though she did grow up in its shadow. Beneath the Art Nouveau surface o her art there is a more deliberative even obdurate layer, and i expresses itself in a way tha almost makes her seem lik a primitive—though not i the untaught sense. She resembles a primitive in tha she is devoted to reproducing the real world as it appears before her and carrie in her mind a very firn idea of how things shoul look—and the two don' quite match. There is a distorted overlap, and, as is often the cas with primitive artists, you don't knov how much of this distortion she i aware of. Very little of it, you suspect The paintings hint at this out-of-syn clarity: it is there in her visionary looming sense of scale, and in the difficulty of knowing, from painting t painting, whether she wants to be photographically precise or abstract.

In the memoir, you are constantly aware of this sleepwalker's realism. It is often hard to be sure whether she is being sarcastic, or deliberately funny, or simply getting to the point as directly as she can. And what are we to make of Juan Hamilton's photograph of her on the back of the book's jacket (which one assumes she planned, or at least wanted)? We see her from the rear, standing on a small rise of earth, with the desert landscape and sky spreading out before her. Her left arm is planted on her hip, and her right arm holds a wooden cane, which, at its sporty angle, hardly seems to be for support. Her only company is a chow, and the dog is turning its back on us, too. Sensing that the photograph must have been taken recently (O'Keeffe is ninety now), we can't help feeling a dramatic nobility in the moment. But it is also a very stagy photograph. It could have been meant as a parody of the last scene in a Western. There is an unattractive Cheshire Cat archness about it, as if O'Keeffe were being as sporty with her own public image, and with her public, as she is with the cane. Yet no one "meaning" seems more right than any other, and you are left swimming with them all. The last plate in the book is

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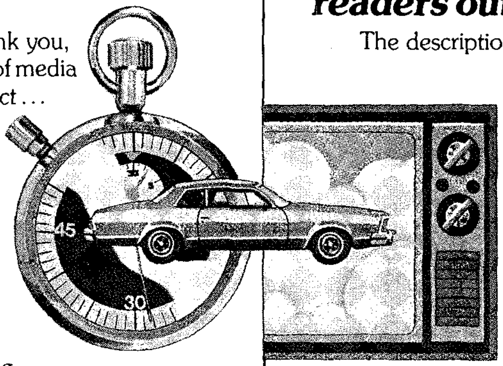

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another, though less ambiguous, photograph of O'Keeffe, this time showing her in a darkened pottery studio, touching one of the pots on a plain wooden shelf. (All the pottery is Hamilton's.) The pots are each a different shape and size, and, placed in the foreground and background, they enframe O'Keeffe. Dressed in black, with a black kerchief on her head, and with a bit of white shirt showing at the throat, she looks like a member of a monastic order; as she reaches out to feel the shape of the pot, she also could be a gardener making rounds in a greenhouse. Poised and easy, she appears at home in a world of simple, elegant, well-made objects.

You go back and forth between these two O'Keeffes—the tomboy with her angular feelings and her back to us, and the serene high priestess of aesthetic decorum, a work of art in her own person. They don't intersect neatly and coalesce; like the elements in her painting, they remain separate. Between them, though, you can gauge how much theatrical blood she has in her; you can see how Stieglitz could want to keep photographing her again and again for years. In the portraits he made of most of his friends and family, Stieglitz showed both what his sitters were and what they imagined themselves to be: he exposed and poeticized his subjects. But O'Keeffe didn't allow that much of herself to flow out, and he never got one definitive, psychologically rounded image of her. What he did get was a performance. In these pictures, O'Keeffe is the one great actress of still photography. She can appear as a madonna or a clown, an icy romantic princess or a waif, and throughout the series the mood is never more than surface-deep. Yet the photographs of her aren't superficial, and you don't question her sincerity or Stieglitz's, because she seems so lost in that surface. She isn't mugging or impersonating, she's entrancing herself. She may be wearing masks, but they have been brought up from within—they are her own. In the memoir, she personalizes the qualities that give her such an elusive, mysterious presence before the camera. But while she lets you draw closer, she doesn't reveal any more than Stieglitz was able to get. Writing about her life, she is still entrancing herself.

—SANFORD SCHWARTZ

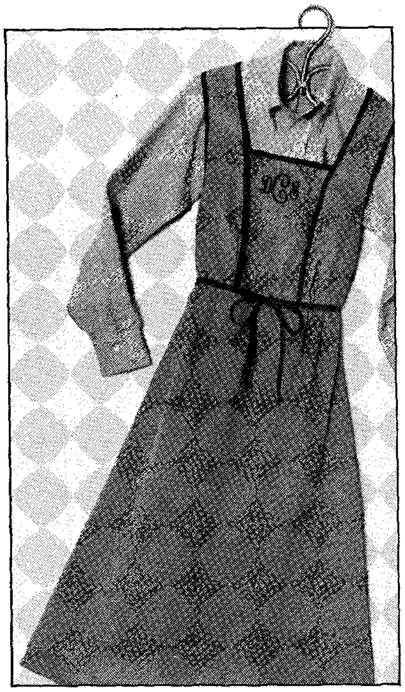
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CLOSE TO THE SUN AGAIN, by Morley Callaghan (St. Martin's; $8.95). Ira Groome (Commander Groome, "Ribbons" Groome, Canadian naval hero in the Second World War) has just taken over the job of police commissioner in Toronto, and he is a model not only of excellence but also of soldierly correctness and polite impersonality. This unapproachability, we learn, has cost him his wife and alienated his son, and now he is drifting away from his devoted married mistress and, strangely and secretly, into alcoholism. Mr. Callaghan then takes us back to the war, to an embattled convoy, to a shipwreck, to the experience that forged Groome's rigid character. It is not, unfortunately, a very interesting, or even a reasonable, explanation, and in spite of Mr. Callaghan's sometimes impressive efforts, the novel slides away and becomes as remote as Groome himself.

THE LAST YEAR OF THE WAR, by Shirley Nelson (Harper & Row; $9.95). It is the last year of the Second World War, and eighteen-year-old Jo Fuller, ready and eager to take off for the Calvary Bible Institute, in Chicago, barely reacts to the news that her brother is missing in action in a plane crash over the Adriatic. In Chicago, she is delighted at first to study and worship among her peers in religious enthusiasm, but her euphoria falters and she begins to suspect that she is outside the fold. By midwinter, various emotional and academic troubles have made her life as messy and difficult as ever. There is one fact that she must face, and when she does she is ready to return to the real world: her brother is dead. Descriptions of the dormitory, which rings with uplifting songs, and the streets outside the campus, where the students try to spread the Word, are fine, and help to explain Jo's mixed feelings about everything. This is Shirley Nelson's first novel, but it radiates the graceful confidence of a seasoned writer.

THE MEDICI HAWKS, by Martin Woodhouse and Robert Ross (Dutton; $8.95). Mr. Woodhouse is, among other things, a pilot and a parachutist, and Mr. Ross is a fan of Leonardo da Vinci; together they have written a clever adventure story (the third in a series) starring their own idealized version of Leonardo—youthful, sassy, and daring. It is 1480, and the Turks, having captured coastal Otranto, plan to add the Italian boot to their empire. A traitorous Roman (the nephew of Pope Sixtus IV) in command of the



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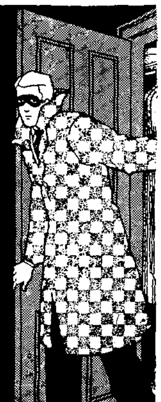

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anti-Turkish forces equips the Turks with fifty of the famed cannons invented by Leonardo and known as the Medici Guns. Leonardo and his *donna*, the seventeen-year-old ward of Lorenzo de' Medici, suspect the truth, and Leonardo's counterplot lands him and his faithful crew in a variety of perilous spots—inside a sewer pipe, on top of a burning tower, in the Sultan's prison, and suspended from giant kites. This is good-natured fantasy, and the inventions with which Mr. Woodhouse and Mr. Ross credit their Leonardo are delightfully ingenious. The ending, of course, is a happy one.

PROMISED LAND, by Karel Schoeman, translated from the Afrikaans by Marion V. Friedmann (Summit; $8.95). A cautionary tale set in South Africa some twenty years from now, some twenty years after a revolution in which the position of blacks and whites was reversed. A young Afrikaner, born in the veldt but raised in exile abroad, returns to visit his farm birthplace and his parents' surviving friends and former neighbors. We see the country and its oppressed white peasantry as he sees them. Mr. Schoeman strives to suggest an atmosphere of dread, of lost-cause hope, a yearning for the great days of the past, but his methods are too passive, too timid, too withholding, and the lurking evil that he tries to summon up never—even in a climactic police raid—takes on any sort of substance. We are left with a gallery of ancestor worshippers. In fairness, it might be added that Alan Paton is on record with the publishers as calling "Promised Land" "a masterpiece."

LOVERS AND HERETICS, by John Hale (Dial; $6.95). In Berlin, in the early sixties, a young, green working-class British soldier meets an older, cynical cultured Austrian Jewish homosexual; the latter needing a listener, and the former eager to learn, a friendship—deep and emotional, but not sexual—develops. Mr. Hale's novel, told in short, riotgun spurts in a time sequence that moves forward and backward (touching on the Austrian's memories of the Hitler war and on the Englishman's later experiences in Cyprus and in Belfast), is the story of that strange, almost obsessive friendship, and the strange, almost complete reversal of roles that time effects for the two men—a reversal in which the conventional cynicism of the opening years finds a curious counterpoint in the turmoil of contemporary Britain. A cranky but considerable achievement.

GENERAL

DEEP LIKE THE RIVERS: EDUCATION IN THE SLAVE QUARTER COMMUNITY, 1831-1865, by Thomas L. Webber (Norton; $14.95). This treatise on the education and training that young black slaves were given by their families, out of sight of the master, began as a doctoral dissertation; even though faint marks of the dead hand of sociology remain, it is an enlightening and thoughtful piece of work. The author, aided by the vast oral history of slavery which has been taken down from ex-slaves and stored away in university archives, tells us, for instance, that black slaves in the South, as a rule, considered themselves superior to white people; they thought they were more efficient, stronger, and able to work longer and to better effect than their white masters and overseers, whom they considered lazy and dissolute and incapable of running profitable plantations. We learn also that in spite of the most rigorous efforts of the masters to keep the blacks in ignorance and make them content to spend their lives working to enrich others, the slaves perpetuated their cultural heritage, and instilled in their young a hardy disbelief in what the white master and mistress told them, and even in what the minister read to them from the Bible—the "master's Bible," they called it. This is the burden of Mr. Webber's book—the cultural impregnability of the black slaves in America, and the futility of the centuries-long white endeavor to enslave the black mind—and it is an impressive lesson.

THE TWO DUCHESSES, by Arthur Calder-Marshall (Harper & Row; $9.95). The time is the latter half of the eighteenth century; the duke is the fifth Duke of Devonshire (1748-1811), and his two duchesses are Georgiana (1757-1806) and Elizabeth (1759-1824). Though he wed them seriatim (he married Elizabeth after Georgiana died), he enjoyed them simultaneously. All along, the two women were devoted friends, immensely sympathetic to one another and to all their children, legitimate and illegitimate. The complexities of this romantic cotillion are inexhaustible, and the doings of the noble trio and their kinfolk make modern fiction appear demure. The problem was that such people married to preserve and increase property, and since wedlock could not be undone, it had to be circumvented. The author has chosen not the most flagrant specimens but the most fascinating: women who collected art as well as admirers, and who were good-natured, charming, witty, and beautiful.

Camille Pissarro, by Kathleen Adler (St. Martin's; $12.95). There is not a bad thing that can be said about Pissarro. He was a first-class painter and a wonderful teacher. ("He could have taught stones to draw correctly," Mary Cassatt said.) He was a true friend, and generous, and a loving father to his large brood; he had an eye for talent in others, and encouraged it, especially in the young and the unknown. He influenced many artists, notably Gauguin and Cézanne. (Gauguin reacted with spite, in keeping with his rather hateful nature, but Cézanne said, "As for old Pissarro, he was a father to me, a man to consult and something like the good Lord.") This book, by a young English art historian, is a rounded biography of Pissarro; it is sympathetic, critically measured, and well stocked with anecdotes, quotations from Pissarro's letters, and intimate, homely detail. Pissarro was not, like many painters, a loner—far from it—and Miss Adler has stressed his many fruitful friendships: with Monet, Manet, Renoir, and the rest of the early Impressionist clan; with van Gogh, Seurat, and Signac; and with the radical, humanist, and revolutionary writers and thinkers of his day, with whose ideas Pissarro, often to his personal endangerment, was in accord. Illustrations.

Ice!, by Tristan Jones (Sheed Andrews & McMeel; $8.95). Mr. Jones, a Welshman now living in the United States, tells us here about a two-year cruise (1959-61) that he made around Iceland and into the high Arctic Ocean east of Greenland alone in a thirty-six-foot ketch, with only a one-eyed, three-legged dog for companionship. It was a turbulent experience, and Mr. Jones recalls it, with every violent emotion, in a vocabulary rich in "bloody"s and "sodding"s and other pungencies. In the intervals between the more threatening natural emergencies (polar bears, aggressive icebergs, epochal blizzards), he shares with us a peculiar learning all his

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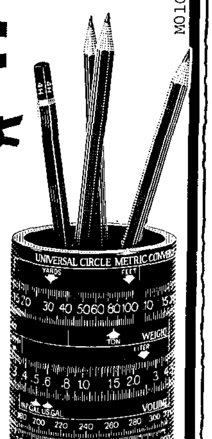

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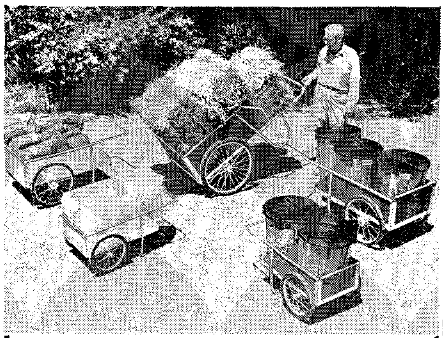

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YANKEE FROM GEORGIA: THE EMERGENCE OF JIMMY CARTER, by William Lee Miller (Times; $10.95). A brisk but not summary attempt to describe the qualities of the man rather than offer a plus-and-minus assessment of the President. Mr. Miller sees in Carter a continuation (or revival) of an old-time American character usually associated with New England Puritanism. The author cites as Yankee traits a ceaseless effort at self-improvement, diligence, thoroughness, and intense application, and finds it ironic that this Puritan drive serves a Southerner's passion to show the rest of the country that his region can produce a capable national leader. Mr. Miller is persuasive in suggesting that the President's faith and practice are not Southern exotica but traditional American Protestantism.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE RAG BAG CLAN, by Richard Barth (Dial; $6.95). Mr. Barth introduces us in this first attempt at a thriller to a widowed Social Security pensioner who is the center of a coterie of shopping-bag ladies and other derelicts on the upper West Side of Manhattan. He calls her Margaret Binton, but she is really an American incarnation of Miss Marple. That is to say, she is fussy, silly, and as clever as they come, and when the police enlist her as a decoy to trap a drug ring she turns not decoy but detective, and at no more cost than five hairbreadth escapes from certain death handles the case herself.

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[*From the Enid* (*Okla.*) *Daily Eagle*]

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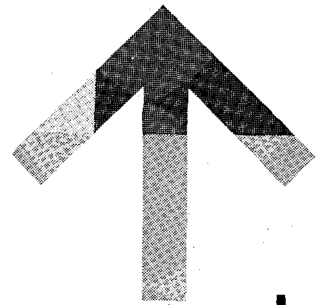

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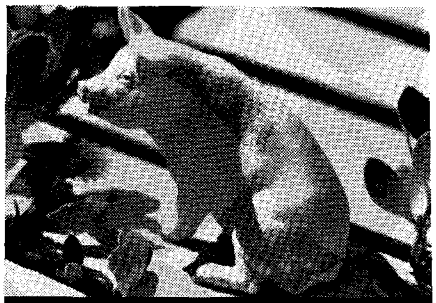

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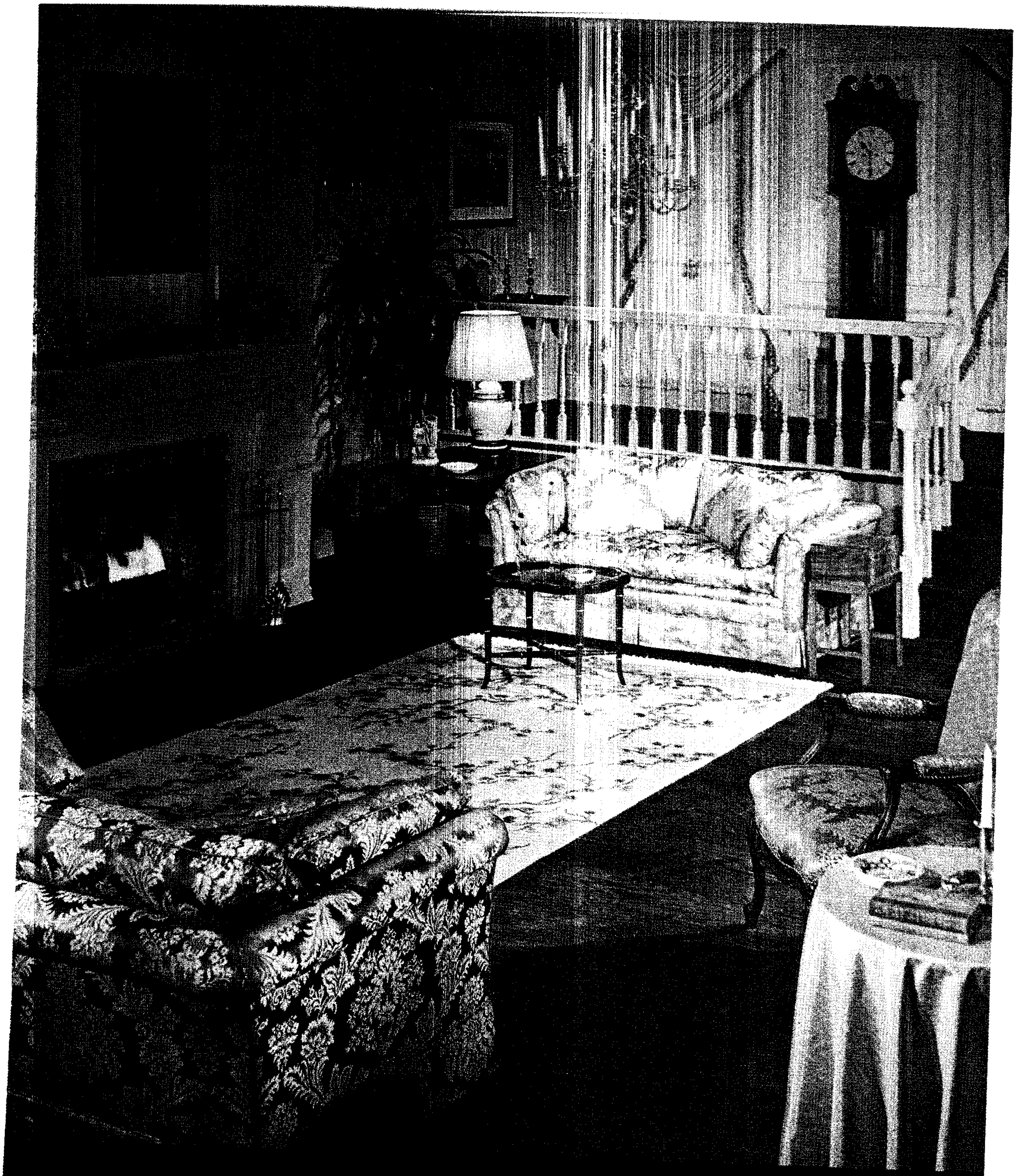

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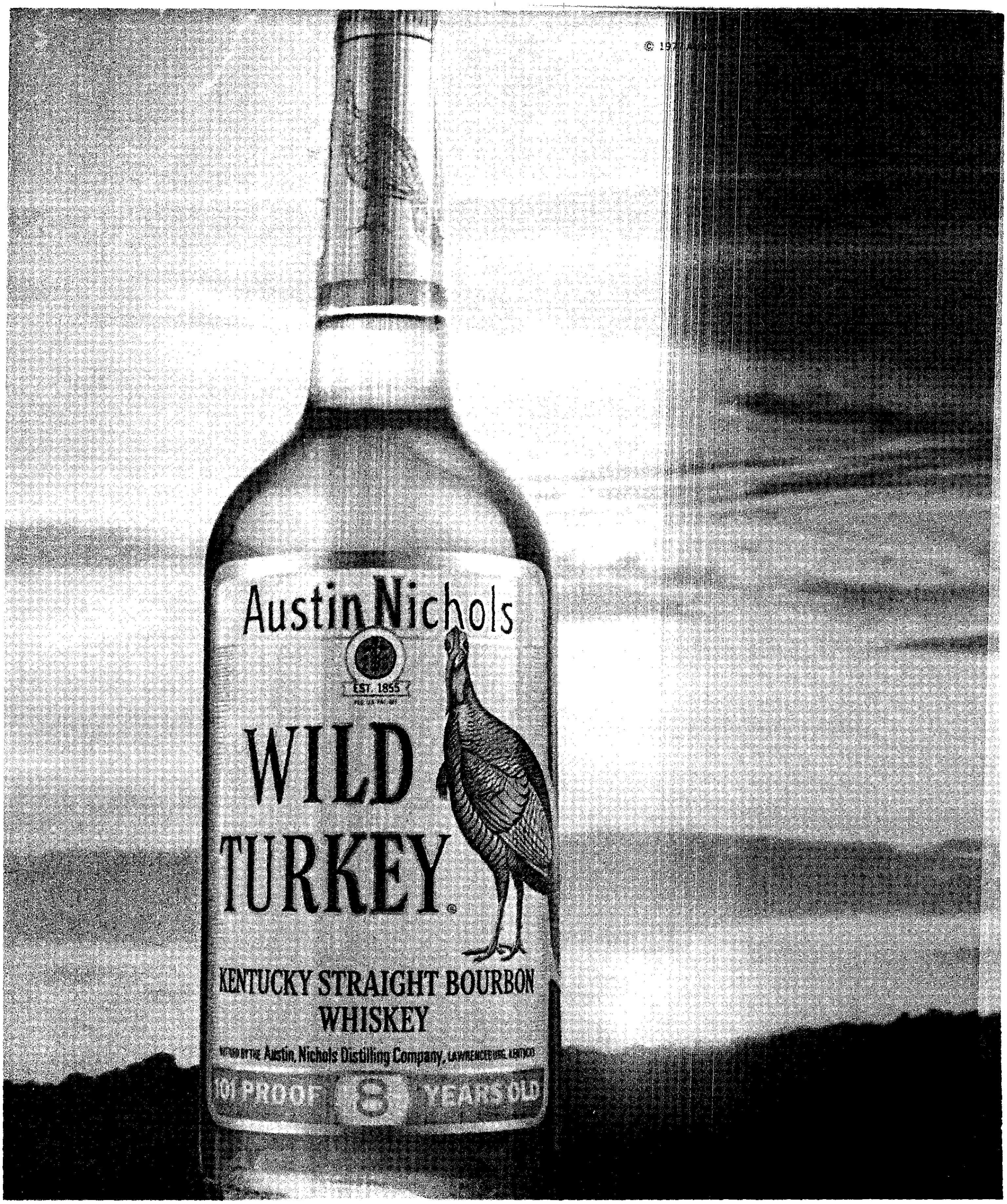
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